

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

October 19, 1940

5¢ A COPY



IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS OF ALL THE NEW CARS

SEE PAGES 14-15

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN HENDERSON
417 E MADISON
IOLA
KANSAS
9A411
8 17

Oct. 19, 1940



Start the day right

You can see a perfect breakfast "coming up"... if you employ the modern magic of a *Toastmaster* automatic toaster!

It's the little things that start the day right—or jam it with static. Is the coffee robust and steaming hot? Are the berries sweet and the corn flakes crisp? Is the orange juice cold as an iceberg? Above all, is the toast *Toastmaster* toast—or isn't it?

The name on the handle tells the tale. There's only one *Toastmaster* toaster—the toaster that *invented* perfect toast. You nudge the little button

to Light, Dark, or In-Between—*your* kind of toast. Then, with the Flexible Timer taking complete charge, that's the toast you get, every time. Up it pops, piping hot—and hot it stays, in the warm-air current from the toaster oven, if you aren't quite ready.

Yes, only one *Toastmaster* toaster for performance... but *two* for meeting the need at *your* table.

The famous 2-slice model is \$16.00; its 1-slice toastmate, \$9.95. See both, and other fine *Toastmaster** products (\$7.50 to \$23.95), wherever fine appliances are sold.

TOASTMASTER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Automatic Toasters





Some Size. Some Class. Some Car!



FASHION-TONE INTERIOR — An exquisite harmony of color, fabric, appointments — luxury and charm you'll be proud of anywhere. It is unlike anything you've ever seen in a low-priced car! Special De Luxe models have 2-Tone upholstery.

**Plymouth for 1941 — New
High-Torque Performance,
New Fashion-Tone Interior,
New Powermatic Shifting
— 19 Great Advancements!**

THIS YEAR, GO ON the luxury standard...step out in a stunning new Plymouth! With all this new beauty and luxury—with its 117-inch wheelbase—it's a pleasure to remind yourself that it's a *low-priced car!*

You'll get a wonderful feeling of great power

under perfect control. Increased horsepower, increased torque, new transmission and new axle ratio give you thrilling new mastery of hills and distance and traffic!

This Plymouth is a new high in *value*. You get a new Oil Bath Air Cleaner and new-design Engine Bearings for longer, quieter engine life... new Safety Rims on wheels to prevent "throwing" of the tire in case of blowout. Coil springs, big 6-inch tires, metal spring covers are standard on even the lowest-priced models.

Stop in at your nearby Plymouth dealer's today and drive this quick-stepping new beauty! You'll agree, Plymouth's the "One" for '41! **PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.**

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURSDAYS, 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.
SEE THE NEW 1941 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!

PLYMOUTH
THE "ONE" FOR '41



TRY THE POWERMATIC WAY TO DRIVE!

You'll find driving effort has been vastly reduced. And with Plymouth's new transmission, there is actual elimination of certain shifting motions in normal driving.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS England
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
MAX WILKINSON Fiction

WM. O. CHESSMAN
HENRY L. JACKSON
GURNEY WILLIAMS
DENVER LINDLEY
FRANK D. MORRIS
IFOR THOMAS
CLARENCE H. ROY

Art
Fine Feathers
Humor
Articles
Articles
Photographs
Syntax

W. B. COURTNEY
FRANK GERVASI
MARTHA GELLHORN
JIM MARSHALL
WM. HILLMAN
ROBERT MCCORMICK
JOHN T. FLYNN
Germany
Mediterranean
Articles
The Orient
European Manager
Washington
Associate Editor

THIS WEEK

OCTOBER 19, 1940

SHORT STORIES

FRANK FENTON

The Flying Dutchman. Don't trust even your worst friend with your girl. Page 9

HARRY SYLVESTER

One Man's Meat. An old-timer fights in a new war. Page 12

JACLAND MARMUR

The Middle Watch. The making of an officer. Page 17

CHARLES BONNER

This Nettle, Danger. Fast-moving man meets slow-moving girl. Page 18

COREY FORD

Preview Tonight. Two men, one girl. All three won. Page 32

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

Last-Born, by Mona Gardner. Page 88

SERIAL STORIES

MARGERY ALLINGHAM

Traitor's Purse. The seventh of ten parts. Close call. Page 16

ERNEST HAYCOX

The Drifter. The third of ten parts. Allied with the nesters. Page 70

ARTICLES

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Direct Hit. Eyewitness account of an air raid on London. Page 11

KYLE CRICHTON

The Auto Comes to Stay. Daring death in the gasoline carriage. Page 13

DRIVE IT AWAY!

Your first look at all the 1941 cars. Page 14

FRANK GERVASI

Homeless at Home. Return of the refugees. Page 19

JIM MARSHALL

Hawaii Wants a Star. It's bidding for statehood. Page 20

OSWALD JACOBY

Close to the Vest. Expert poker by a poker expert. Page 69

LUTHER DAVIS and JOHN CLEVELAND

And You Know Who I Am. The man who wrote Ballad for Americans. Page 80

BENNY FRIEDMAN

Huddle Muddle. Wanted—a quarterback. Page 92

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. Page 6

EDITORIALS

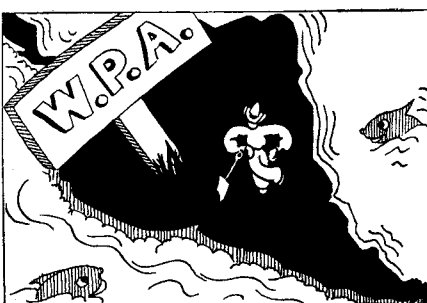
How About All That Gold?
Hoe Your Own Row. Page 98

COVER LAWSON WOOD

ANY WEEK

HAVING flown about ten thousand miles in search of the answer to the approaching elections, we've landed as usual in Washington. We're almost persuaded that this was a mistake—not the flying back and forth and up and down but the Washington stop. And in this we found agreement with a Mr. Huntziger of Corpus Christi, Texas, who told us that "six weeks in the capital was usually more than enough to ruin a good mind." He said, too, that America's best minds seldom, if ever, visited Washington and that in his opinion it was a good thing for America. We met Mr. Huntziger at a party which turned out to be a gathering of thoughtful persons who were convinced that the world's current condition was hopeless and therefore not worth pondering. Therefore the future got quite a working over. We left early, having hung around long enough to hear a brilliant member of the party bring down the house with the opinion that America was about to decide whether it should be a public utility or a private futility.

HOWEVER, we had a call from a group of South American gentlemen who wanted to sell us a few bales of propaganda. When we told them that Collier's was about to publish a series of Latin-American articles by W. B. Courtney they said that they felt pretty sure that they had something that no North American journalist had heard. They gave us a hint. Sometime next year, they said, Congress was going to be asked whether United States relief funds and WPA projects are to be expanded to include the destitute citizens of South and Central American countries. We said something about that being nonsense. But they went away bidding us to wait and see. So we guess we'll have to do that.



THAT excellent soldier who happens to be one of our cherished friends, Major General Johnson Hagood, protests with his customary vigor against our recent article, What Good Is West Point? Several other soldiers have written us similar challenges. As we get it, none of these gentlemen regards the new graduate from the Point as a finished soldier, ready at once for his baton. They're inclined to admit that the Academy could get along teaching a little less drawing-room deportment and dancing grace but they're unani-

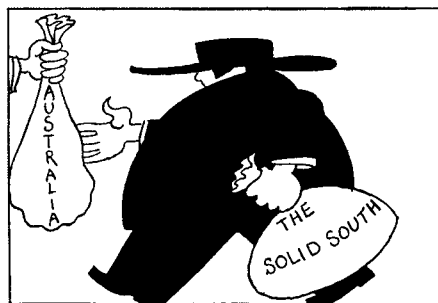
mous in assuring us that all West Point aims to do is teach a young man how to prepare to become a soldier. It's all pretty involved and we feel that we've made a mess of explaining. Anyway, it's a pretty place and they're nice guys and if we were young enough to get into the Army we'd want a West Pointer for our C. O. We hope this is satisfactory to our friends in the Army but have a sneaking feeling that we've only made matters worse.

WE MIGHT have done better if we hadn't been interrupted by a telephone call from Mr. Harry Dehne of Richmond, Virginia. Mr. Dehne said that he had just seen a bellboy wandering around a hotel lobby paging Mr. Peter Ibbetson. Mr. Dehne spoke to the lad who said that he had been paging Mr. Ibbetson off and on for a month—always for the same party, an Englishman, Mr. George Du Maurier. Mr. Dehne, wishing to be helpful, said that Mr. Du Maurier was dead and that Mr. Ibbetson had never existed. But the lad wasn't convinced. "That's okay for you," he said, "but I'm paging Peter Ibbetson. You can't take chances in this business."

THE very welcome assurance has reached us from Mr. Ernest Bassarat of Toronto, Canada, that the "strong grit of the English people will ruin the Hitler engine of war and that it will not be necessary for the United States to take an active part in the war." And yet Mr. Bassarat is not wholly calm. If it should be necessary for the government of Great Britain "temporarily to abandon London and the British Isles what," he demands, "is to become of King George and Queen Elizabeth?" They would be welcome in Canada, he says, but what would their official capacity be there? "I regret to say," goes on Mr. Bassarat, "that certain Canadian elements would be opposed to turning control over to their majesties but I'm blest if I can see how we can take them in and not permit them to reign. Would it not be a friendly and gracious thing for the United States to grant them refuge for a while? However, I am sure the emergency won't arise and I am not presenting you with an immediate problem."

THE excitement attending the transfer to Britain of those fifty "over-age" or obsolescent destroyers has abated, but the whole transaction has left a number of government departments and agencies shaky. A gentleman who has devoted the past twenty years to helping to keep our government alertly alive has told us that no one knows what may happen if giving away or otherwise disposing of over-age and obsolescent property (human or otherwise) becomes an administration policy. Then, somehow, the con-

versation turned to the U. S.-Canadian Defense Board. "That guy LaGuardia, for example," he said. "I'm afraid of him. I understand his powers are limited and that's just fine. Give that LaGuardia a free hand and we'll wind up swapping the Solid South for Australia, or California for a carload of roller skates."



WE WERE speaking, too, to a youth who, with six others, was picketing Willie headquarters. He carried a large banner which proclaimed him to be completely unwilling to fight for anything or anybody. His comrades carried signs whereon the conscription bill was denounced as Fascism, Nazism and otherwise undesirable. We asked him what else he did for a living. "Nothing much," he said. "But I got a couple of lines out. I almost had a job with the Defense Advisory Commission but I didn't have enough political pull. They don't want brains down there."

WHICH isn't what we were told at the Defense Commission when we dropped in to look into the young fellow's accusation. We had lunch with one of the commission's lawyers who told us that the place was packed to suffocation with brains. "We have brains and practically all the money in the world. Now, if we only had a few tanks, airplanes, battleships and guns," he mourned, "we'd be set. What this country needs is not more brains but more equipment to blow brains out with."

WHEREUPON he told us that one of his department's jobs was to interview inventors. No day passes, he said, that the commission isn't offered patented ways and means of exterminating people. As we went in we passed an outgoing genius who was prepared to guarantee that he could decimate whole armies with the simple pressing of a button—the button being the top of a sinister contraption he had just perfected. "He's sore," said our friend. "Not because we aren't giving him a couple of million dollars for his device but because we told him that we could not induce the Army to assign a regiment or two for him to demonstrate on."

THE sissies. . . W. D.

Vol. 106, No. 16 Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, Copyright, 1940, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed en-

velopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States; \$2.00 a year, \$3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Price in Canada, 7 cents a copy; \$3.00 a year; two years, \$5.00; three years, \$7.00. Foreign subscriptions including postage: \$5.50 a year to all other countries. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

BIGGER *in all ways!*



Leader...NOW!

It's a **SIZE** sensation . . . this massive new . . . with longer, larger, wider Fisher Body "couple roominess" in all sedan models. **largest, most luxurious car the leader.**

Here's the *biggest* car ever built by the leader . . . the *biggest* size for the *biggest* crowd, and the *biggest* money's worth . . . in fact, the *biggest* package of value, any way you care to look at it.

It measures seven inches longer than the great Chevrolet which last year earned the title "longest of all lowest-priced cars." It has a longer, larger, wider Fisher Body, bringing it even more closely into the class of high-priced cars. And all sedans are styled to suit.

which means you three passengers three in the car. You carry your own weight. Kneel Action for world's greatest 90-h.p. motor gives the motor performance with. It goes to the top. . . .

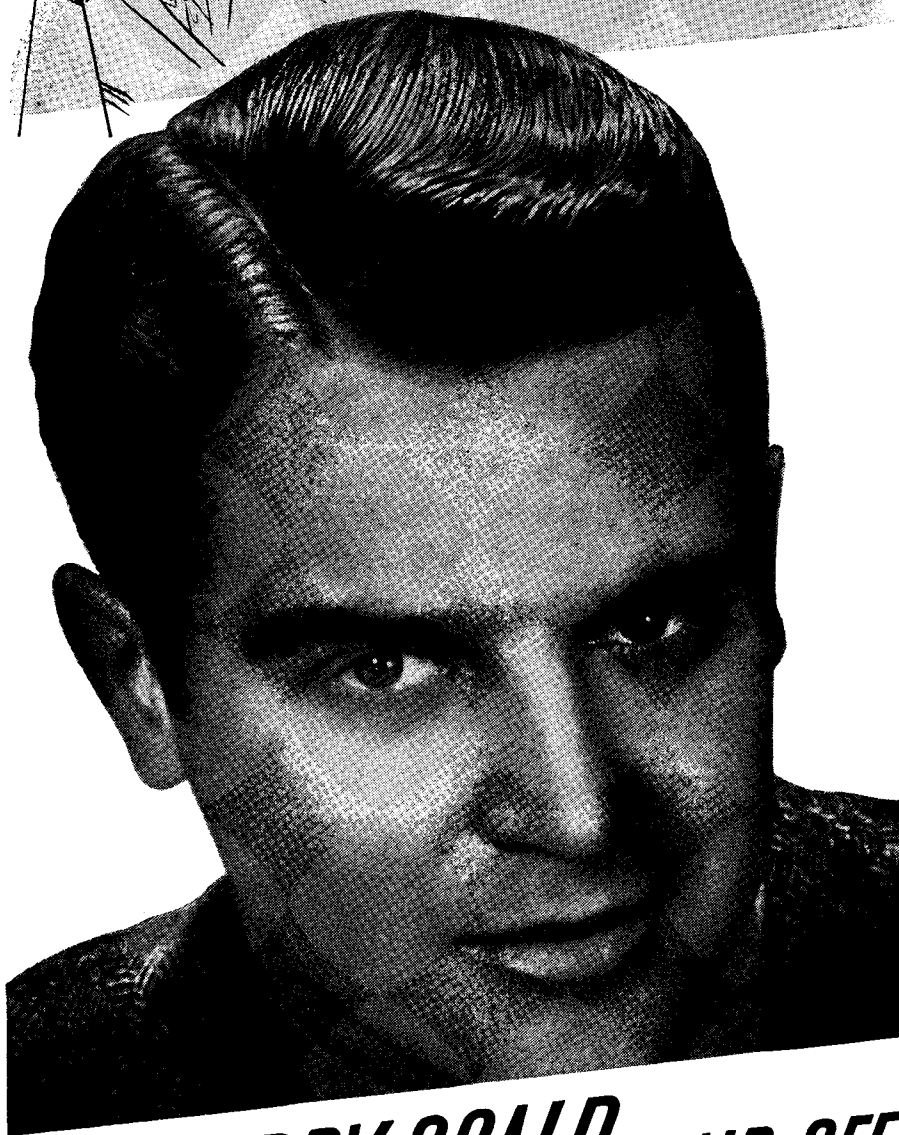
You'll Say
"FIRST
because it's
FINEST!"

Again CHEVROLET'S the LEADER



Hair dry...straggly...hard to comb?

Don't let your hair go this way! Start using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today! It supplements the natural scalp oils... tames hard-to-manage hair!



**CHECK DRY SCALP.. AND SEE
HAIR GROW HANDSOME!**

MANY people are astonished to see how quickly hair takes on attractive, healthy-looking lustre when the scalp is massaged regularly with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

There is a good reason for this. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic does more than keep hair well-groomed and handsome. It actually supplements the natural oils of the scalp... effectively checks Dry Scalp, a condition frequently followed by loose dandruff, persistent itching and abnormal loss of hair. Begin using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today. See how quickly you'll notice an improvement in the appearance of your hair!

A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair good-looking.

EVERY MORNING shake on a few drops when you comb your hair.

EVERY WEEK before shampooing give your scalp a generous 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage for extra protection against dryness.



40¢
and
70¢

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copyright, 1940, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, Ohio



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The president of the Dominican Republic is believed to be the only head of a government who requires a special (25¢) stamp on all letters addressed to him by the citizens of his country.—By John D. Jones, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Louisiana, which recently repealed its general sales tax law, is the seventh state out of thirty-one to abandon this method of taxation in the past six years. The other six states are Idaho, Kentucky, Maryland, New Jersey, New York and Vermont.

Of all the high crimes and misdemeanors whose perpetration may result in the impeachment and conviction of an executive or officer of the United States government, treason is the only one that is defined in the Constitution.

The statue engraved "Olmedo," which stands in Guayaquil, Ecuador, in honor of that country's most famous poet (1780-1847), is a secondhand statue of Lord Byron. It was purchased in a London junk shop because a made-to-order memorial would have cost too much.

In a recent study of the effects of high altitudes on human and animal life, during which a rabbit was confined in a chamber with atmospheric pressure equivalent to that at a height of twelve miles, the animal swelled to twice its normal size, through the reduced pressure on its body.

René Lalique, famed for his objects of art made of pure crystal glass, is the only person who was ever invited by the French government to give an exhibition of his art in the Louvre Palace in Paris, which he did in 1933.

The largest ballot ever printed in America was used by the 23d Assembly District of New York State at the primary election of March 26, 1902. Designed by Tammany politicians to express their dislike for this kind of election, which had just superseded the caucus, the ballot was sixteen inches wide and fourteen feet long.

The Short "Sunderlands," giant flying boats of England's Royal Air Force, contain fully equipped kitchens and messrooms so hot meals can be served to their crews during flights, which sometimes last for more than ten hours.

Lithuanian sons and daughters express their grief over the death of a parent by placing, on the grave, their own individual mourning symbols—stones cut in the shape of a heart.

The matapalo, a tree of Guatemala, kills another tree by growing up and around it, eventually choking it to death.—By Mary Franklin, New York, New York.

During the 1940 college football season, approximately 18,000,000 tickets costing about \$25,000,000 will be sold. Gross receipts per game will reach a maximum of \$300,000 and two or three colleges will probably net close to \$400,000 in the few weeks of play.

Approximately eleven hundred persons in American embassies, legations and consular offices in about sixty countries have the authority to draw drafts on the Department of State.

Gold miners employed by the McIntyre Porcupine Mine in Schumacher, Ontario, are obliged to don goggles and shorts, after their evening bath at the mine, and stand on a moving platform which carries them through parallel batteries of ultraviolet-ray lamps. Although the exposure lasts only one minute, the effect derived is equivalent to that produced by one hour of bright sunlight.

Any employer who allows a person to work in his office, store or factory without pay in order to gain experience violates the Wage and Hour Law.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

America Gets a New Kind of Low-Priced Car!

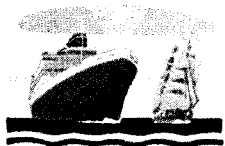
Only
Nash
offers

- ★ 25 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline!
- ★ Roomier than many cars costing up to \$200 more!
- ★ Flashing pickup of new Flying Scot engine!
- ★ A coil spring ride on all four wheels!
- ★ New torpedo-type "Unitized" steel body!
- ★ Improved Weather Eye conditioned air system . . . and Convertible Bed!
- ★ Overall economy saves you \$70 to \$100 a year!

SOMETHING's happened in the lowest-price field. A new kind of car is here—the 1941 Nash!

Big as it is—it's powered to deliver 25 to 30 miles a gallon, in good driving, with you at the wheel! And with this long awaited economy, here are features no car at this price ever offered before—

A new kind of ride with special coil springs on all four wheels! It glides like an ocean liner over roads that make your present car buck and wallow.



A new kind of two-way Ball-Bearing Steering that makes this Nash a honey to handle—and a joy to drive!

A new kind of engine, the Flying Scot, that for all its economy can deliver terrific new pickup. You go like a streak—from 15 to 50 in 12 seconds, high gear!

You ride within a new kind of car body, unitized with the frame . . . made safer, stronger, yet rid of useless dead weight.

Beautiful? It's two-tone styled, inside and out! And talk about big—it's 194 inches overall! Its roominess (the front seat is nearly five feet long)



Over 500 Miles a Tankfull

suggests that of a \$1,200 car. It has the Convertible Bed for vacation trips.

Its Manifold-Sealed Engine and its amazing Weather-Eye conditioned air system are features money can't buy elsewhere today.

At its new low price, plus the extra \$70 to \$100 you save on gas, oil and touring expenses in a year—this 1941 Nash "600" can be the most inexpensive car you ever owned!



There's Room for All in a Nash!

Go to your Nash dealer's today and see what it's like to drive a new kind of car that's years ahead! You'll get the thrill of your whole car-owning experience!

3 SERIES . . . 15 BEAUTIFUL MODELS— ALL AT NEW LOWER PRICES!

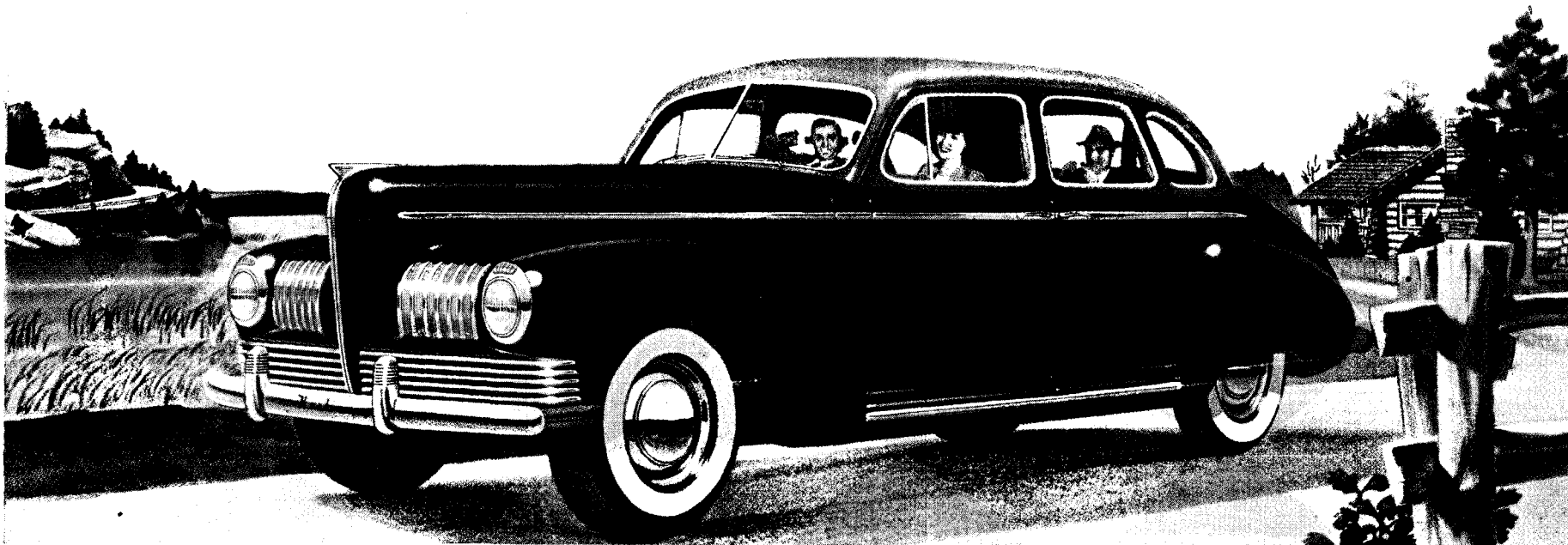
The Nash Ambassador "600" . . . America's newest low-price car. 6-cylinder Manifold-Sealed Engine. 194 inches over all. Six models.

The Aeropowered Nash Ambassador Six. 105 HP . . . 6-cylinder Twin Ignition Valve-in-Head engine. 200³/₄ inches over all. Five models.

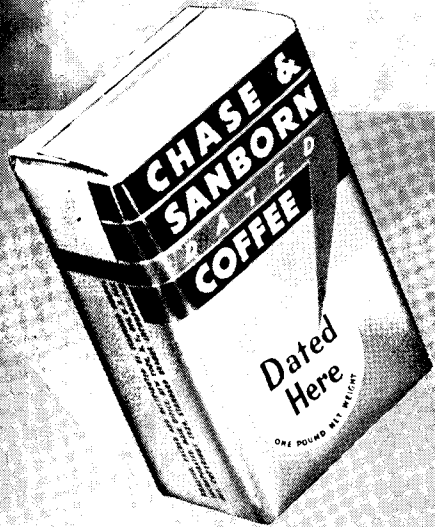
The Aeropowered Nash Ambassador Eight — 115 HP . . . 8-cylinder Twin Ignition Valve-in-Head engine. 200³/₄ inches over all. Four models.

Go **NASH**

and Save Money Every Mile



Chase & Sanborn's *"friendly flavor"* is Aces High with University of Kansas Student Pilots

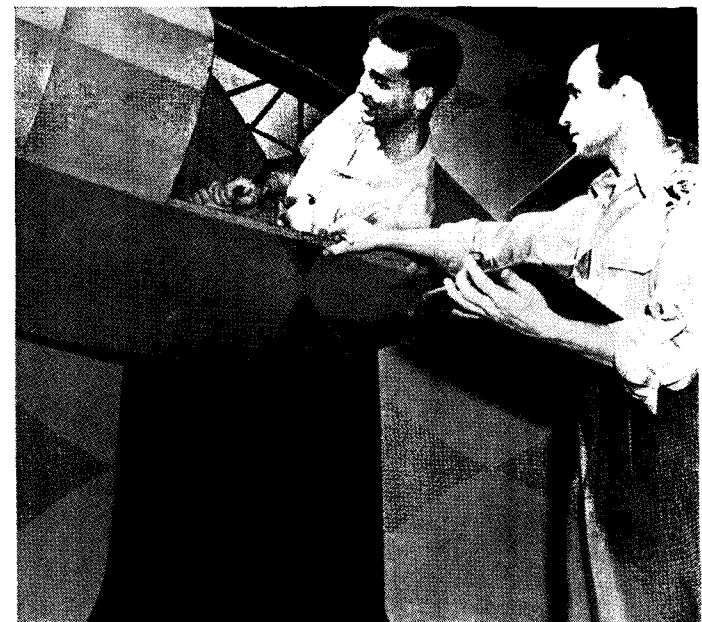
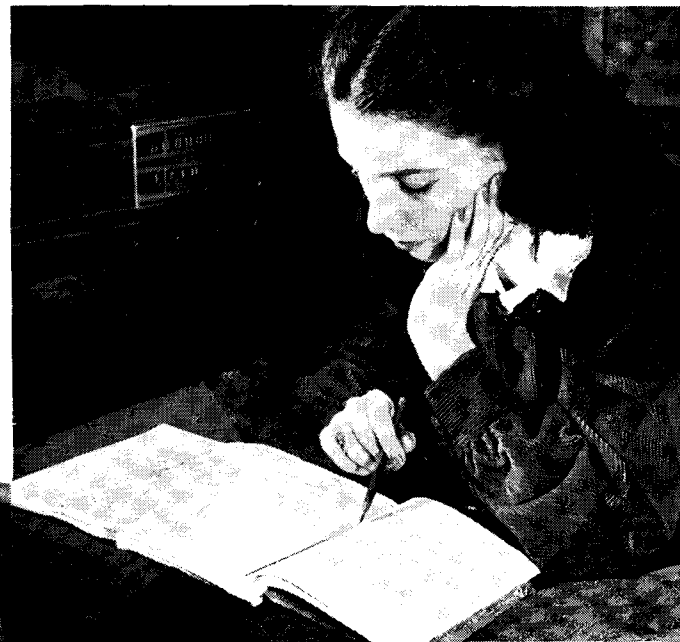


Cross-country hops are high spots in course, are often turned into picnics by young student fliers. Instructor Ken Razak picks out a landing field near a river. Betty Wyatt, in charge of eats, plans a feast of hamburgers and tempting, fragrant Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind Coffee—"Friendship in a cup." Sky-high in quality, Chase & Sanborn's superb, sparkling, tangy flavor matches young fliers' high spirits!



Applicants must be between 18 and 26 years of age. Applicant student pilot, Fred Lawson, 19, has just taken the "whirling-chair" test. Fred feels a trifle dizzy, but thinks he is sitting up straight! Also thinks he'll make straight for a rich, reviving cup of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee, rushed fresh and bracing from the roasting ovens. Don't worry, Fred—you're O.K.

Helen Hay, only girl among 1000 U. S. students in advanced CAA course, studies for exams in Meteorology, Navigation. Her head's full of cloud formations, isobars and isotherms, dewpoint, drift, dead reckonings. She's in a fog. Tune in on Chase & Sanborn program, Helen. Go into a tailspin of laughter over Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy. See if it doesn't clear the mists right out of your brain—NBC Red Network, Sundays.

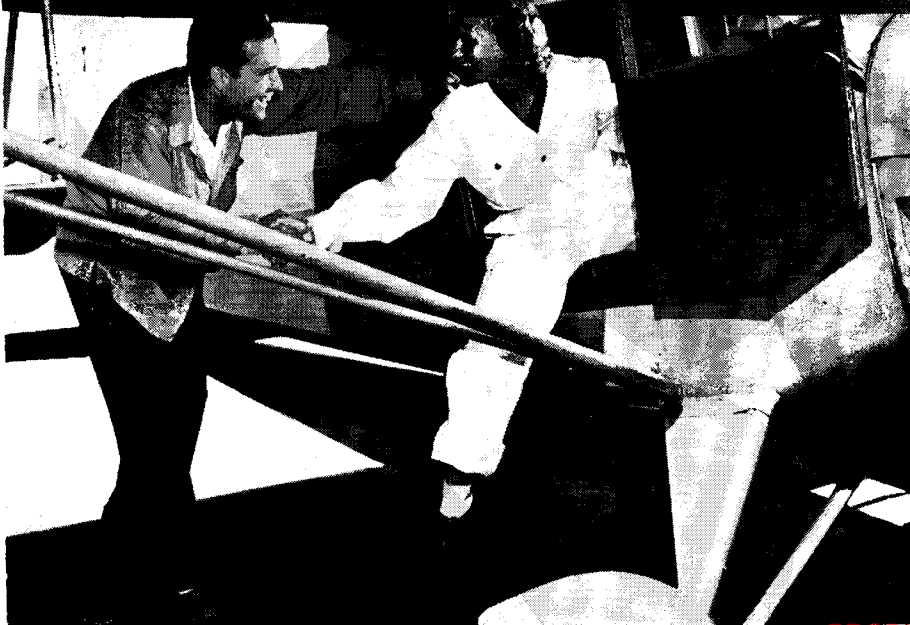


Acroplane trainer simulates flight "attitudes"—banks and rolls like real plane as Jud Keeling manipulates controls under instructor's watchful eye. "Right 'attitude' about coffee? Easy!" Jud says. "Give me Chase & Sanborn every time, with the date of delivery marked plainly on the money-saving package. You can depend on its fresher, fuller flavor to make your spirits gain altitude quickly."

Copyright, 1940, by Standard Brands Inc.

First solo is greatest thrill in flying. Flight instructor, Don Ashcraft, on ground, watches Virginia Bell make a perfect approach.

(Below) "**Ginia**" receives congratulations, after fine 3-point landing, from Fred Lake who's advanced to loops and wing overs. "How do you feel, Ginia?" "Like a cup of coffee—wonderful, I mean." "I'll treat—your favorite Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind"—glorious soaring, inspiring flavor worthy of America's future skymen and skywomen.



"Hangar flying"—watching fellow student pilots take off and land, and criticizing their mistakes, is favorite and instructive pastime in 2-hour rest periods required between every 2 flight hours. Opportunity, too, for appeasing hearty air appetites—doughnuts and delicious, full-strength, full-bodied, heart-warming Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind Coffee warm up the "human engines."



The Flying Dutchman

By Frank Fenton

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Adolph was two hundred eighteen pounds of dynamite, with nothing much of anything between the ears. But even a mental lightweight knows better than to buck a pretty girl's laughter

That remark got him to his feet. He clenched his hands. A cold fury clouded in his eyes. I started for the door. "So long, sucker!" I said

JUST as there are many ways of serving one's country, there are many ways of serving one's Alma Mater. There are the great athletes and there are the unsung heroes behind the All-America thrones. For example, everybody has heard of Adolph Kroger, "the Flying Dutchman." But it was I who, as sports editor of the university daily, gave him that sobriquet. I was his Sven-gali, and I discovered him playing sandlot football in the little coal-mining town of Ironton. He had just finished serving his time in the local high school, where his record as a fullback was already a legend. And on that sand lot he looked like the Scourge of God.

When I talked to him he reminded me of one of the Jukes. "Kroger," I said, "how would you like to play football at the state university?"

"What's in it?" he asked.

"A college education, *cum grano salis*," I told him, "and twenty bucks a week. You show up one day a week for your check at the Fisher Shoe Factory and you get your rent free at my fraternity house."

"I take it," he said thoughtfully, and that's how it began.

I DID things for him. In a way he was my protégé. I spent his first check buying him some collegiate clothes. I got him enrolled in the Arts school, which is the easiest and has the largest percentage of coeds, thinking that the feminine environment would please and also keep him attending his classes. I muscled him into my fraternity, largely by guaranteeing to share my room with him. When he flunked three courses in his freshman

year, I even went to summer school so I could help him get eligible.

But by now people no longer laughed at me. For the legend of his prowess as a freshman footballer had taken root. He weighed two hundred and eighteen pounds in the pink, and it was all dynamite. He made holes in the varsity forward wall big enough for a motorized column to go through. But there was something peculiar about him. After he smacked through the line, he seemed to slow down, and once he crashed past the secondary defense he was just a fat boy delivering a loaf of bread. He was always caught from behind. But then by that time he had gone plenty of yardage and so Coach Yager never beefed about it. He mentioned it once or twice to the Dutchman, but Adolph was a hard man to talk to and Yager let it go.

But I didn't. One night when he was sitting up in bed, just looking around the room waiting for me to quit reading and turn out the light, I said to him, "Dutchman, what happens to you after you pile through that line of scrimmage? You're Firpo till you get into that secondary and then you act like Zorina. How come?"

He stared at me and chewed his tobacco thoughtfully. Then he leaned over and spat into the spittoon he kept beside the bed. It will give you an idea of what I went through. "That's right," he said. "I don't know, Ed. I see them fellas there all crouched over waitin' for me, makin' faces. I just ride on into 'em. When they ain't there . . . I don't know. You're a smart fellah. You say it."

I walked over to him and slapped his face with my open hand, smiling at

him. He lunged to his feet and a terrible look came over his usually placid face. Then he picked me off my feet and threw me all the way to my bed. I imagine it was pure friendship that made him pick the bed instead of the window, and I appreciated it. "Go back to bed, Dutchman," I said, "and turn out the light."

He gave me a woebegone look, but couldn't think of anything to say, so he obeyed in silence. I lay in the dark thinking it over. First, what was wrong with him was he was dumb. Second, he was ignorant. Third, he was a sociological misfit, not a throwback to the anthropoid exactly, but a guy who thought he had a beef against society, a guy who had always had to strong-arm his way through life.

But I had more immediate problems. One was the opening of the football season with little Wesley College and the Dutchman going to bat in the big league for the first time. The other was what was going to happen at eleven o'clock the next morning.

What happened was this. At exactly eleven I walked into Professor William Greif's office, sat down in the chair he indicated, and listened to him. He was a nice old man who wrote pretty good poetry and gave interesting lectures on English composition. At this moment I thought his smile was slightly cynical. "Mr. Sampson," he said, lighting a cigarette against the rules, "I am going to begin with a compliment and conclude with a warning."

"Proceed, sir," I said, waiting for it.

"Mr. Sampson," he went on, "I want to express the opinion that you write extremely well. I believe in your talent."

"Thank you, sir," I said.

"Mr. Sampson," he continued urbanely, "I always enjoy your themes—even when Adolph Kroger signs his name to them."

"But, sir—" I started to say, determined to play it out to the bitter end.

He held up a silencing hand. He still smiled. "The trouble with you," he said, "is that you have too original a style to be a successful ghost writer. And the trouble with me is that I believe in your literary future considerably more than I believe in Mr. Kroger's professional future—or his contemporary prowess. I am a football fan, but first of all I am bound to consider myself an educator. My contract so stipulates. Therefore, from this unhappy day henceforward, Mr. Kroger will be required to compose his own themes, and I shall be the sole judge of whether he has done so. Do you understand?"

I did.

IN DEEP distress I always turn to June. Her full name is June Brook, June Ayer Brook, and she is that almost incredible specimen, a beautiful and intelligent girl. She was also the woman I loved. When I left Professor Greif's, I found her in the corner booth of the campus restaurant, drinking a lemon coke and reading Joseph Leighton's *Man and the Cosmos*.

"Hello," she said, and closed the big book. I sat down and rubbed the wrinkles out of my brow. "Darling," I said, "things have come to quite a pass, and the worst of it is the Dutchman has got to be the fall guy."

"Would you mind translating that for me?" she asked sweetly.

"Okay," I said. "In elegant English it means that the Herr Professor of the Dutchman's English class has decided that the Dutchman will have to write his own themes."

"Is that so bad?" she asked.

"It is worse than that," I said, "when you consider that Adolph would have a hard time filling in the correspondence space on a post card. So far I've been

doing 'em for him, and I thought I was pretty near down to the Dutchman's literary level, only now it develops that I've got a style, which is just like leaving my fingerprint on the paper when that grammar detective goes to work."

June laughed. "I can see that," she said, "but I'd hardly call it an insurmountable problem. Why don't you let me write them for him?"

"You're too high-brow," I said.

"Let me talk to him," she said, "and I think I can do it. All I need is some idea regarding his mental outlook."

"He may have an outlook," I told her, "but it ain't mental."

But it was worth trying, and so that evening I said to the Dutchman, "Adolph, you and me are going out stepping tonight and I got a girl for you that'll knock your eyes out."

"Pretty, huh?" he asked suspiciously.

"Knock your eyes right outa their sockets."

"Okay, we'll go," he said.

The girls were ready at eight o'clock. I'm five feet six inches tall, and the one for me must have been a full six feet. Her name was Billie. I whispered to June, "What do you think this is, a comic strip?"

"Quiet," she said. "Did you think I was going to get you the campus *Cleopatra*?"

We went out. I drove the car and the Dutchman sat in the back seat with June. The top was down. The wind blew away what they were saying, but sometimes I heard June's beautiful voice talking to Adolph. I didn't hear Adolph say a word. At a dance hall up the river we worked out on the floor until about ten o'clock. The Dutchman did pretty good. He was a little corny around the edges but he didn't look bad. He had a strange look on his face, and it didn't come off until the thing happened. And in a way you can't blame him for it.

It was just about ten o'clock, and al-

most time to put him to bed, because he was in training, when it happened. It was simple. The Dutchman was dancing and some guy wanted to cut in. June smiled and shook her head at this stranger, and that should have ended it. But it didn't. The guy insisted just once. He overrated himself. Maybe he underrated the Dutchman. Anyway, the next second he was flying across the floor in a sitting position, looking very surprised.

That should have ended it too, but the bouncer had to come and go through the same routine. Then the waiters came in a batch, but they were cagey. They treated the Dutchman with more respect, and so the four of us left the dance hall with an escort as far as the car. One thing I remember clearly: that June walked beside the Dutchman with her arm linked in his, and smiling a very amused and superior smile at the mob of onlookers.

That night in bed I didn't mention the ruckus to Adolph. I only said, "Well, how was she?" and he just nodded his head and stared out the window.

ISAT beside June in the press box when Wesley College made their annual pilgrimage to our stadium. They were always tough in their own league, but they only came up here for the cut of the gate. They were a little tougher this time and only seven points behind at the start of the second half, when the Dutchman went into his first big-league game.

He was a cinch for All-America first time he went off tackle. Everybody in the press box felt it. He made seven yards, then sixteen, then ten. They piled up on him but he carried them for five. He smacked over the goal line and stumbled ten yards farther before he could stop his terrific momentum.

I looked around at the wise guys in the press box and grinned. It was a personal triumph for my ballyhoo. Then I looked at June. She was on her feet yelling. She waved her pennant and threw her chrysanthemum at the field. I had never seen her that way before. "Take it easy, honey," I said, "this is only Wesley. The roots on them Notre Dame guards and tackles grow deeper."

She smiled and kissed me and that night she went out with the Dutchman.

I sat in the Varsity Café and drank beer and discussed the game. Coach Yager came in and talked to me in the tone he generally reserves for people like Grantland Rice. I felt pretty good, and only the problem of the Dutchman's themes remained to be solved. So I went home to write my story of the game, but Adolph was there already. He was trying to write a theme. "What are you trying to do?" I yelled. "Get yourself thrown out of school?"

"She told me to," he said. "I write 'em once, and then we do 'em over together. That keeps my personality in it."

"That's different," I said, and let it go at that. But the spectacle of him trying to work was something of a shock. It was not the only shock, for gradually, as the Saturdays went by, strange changes came over Adolph Kroger. First, he began combing his hair regularly, and polishing his shoes. Second, he read his economics text through from cover to cover at one sitting. Another thing that seemed rather alarming was that he quit chewing tobacco. Slowly, under my very eyes, the Dutchman was becoming refined.

And as the viciousness receded, so did the football scores shrink. Only by the barest margins were Minnesota and Illinois and Ohio defeated. And in all three games the Dutchman was a perfect gentleman.

Three days before the Notre Dame game I got him backed up against a corner. "What the hell is the matter with

(Continued on page 28)



I'm five feet six inches tall, and the one for me must have been a full six feet. I whispered to June, "What do you think this is, a comic strip?"



A German bomb falling in a London street wrecked this building and slammed a big double-deck bus against it



There's always work for the firemen when bombers leave. These are fighting a blaze in a food-supply warehouse

Direct Hit

By Quentin Reynolds
CABLED FROM LONDON

FIRST there's Eddy Duchin. I mean for me. I'd rather hear Eddy Duchin play the piano than hear anyone else in the world play the piano. But Tim Clayton comes second. I live in a very large apartment house and Tim Clayton and his band play in the restaurant, which is below the street level. I usually have dinner there and listen to Tim Clayton and his band.

Tim looks like Paul Whiteman, which is no distinction, but Tim is just as grand a guy as Paul is and that is a very definite distinction.

Tim has a relief band in the restaurant which gives him a chance to sit with me now and then and have a drink. Last night I had dinner alone and when I was through Tim sat down and had a drink and then he thought he'd go outside and have a look at things. He came back ten minutes later looking anxious.

"It's bad tonight," He shook his head. "Worst night we've had. Some of them are falling very near. And those heavy anti-aircraft guns are making a hell of a noise."

He looked around the crowded room. It was midnight. Half the men present were in uniform: officers on leave. Everyone was fairly gay; as gay as we can get in London these days.

"These chaps on leave, now," Tim said slowly. "Pity they can't have their few hours in peace. Down here you don't hear the bombs unless they're very close and you don't hear the guns. But they're getting closer. I tell you, suppose I play loud as hell? Even if they fall close they can't hear them then."

"Not loud enough, Tim," I told him. "Play *Begin the Beguine*. Give it lots of brass."

Tim slid onto the piano seat and his lads deftly replaced the members of the relief band. The music never stopped. Then Tim started *Begin the Beguine*. Cole Porter, who wrote it, would have screamed with horror. Tim played it as though it were a Sousa march. Maybe it wasn't good but it was loud.

The dance floor was crowded now and men were laughing and girls were smiling with their eyes. Faintly, because we were below the street surface and because of the music, I heard the horrible "crump" sound of bombs falling. They weren't far away. But here in the night club none had a thought for bombs.

Tim played a popular song and the whole band sang it—but loud. Tim played for an hour and his relief band appeared.

Bad News for Girl Babies

It was just one o'clock. I walked through the air-raid shelter to the elevator. It used to be the cellar, and the walls are still whitewashed. There were eighty people there asleep on mattresses. A heavy door cut off the restaurant from the shelter. Faintly you could hear the music. You could hear the anti-aircraft fire much more clearly. It was almost continuous. The light was dim and I picked my way carefully over sleeping forms. One very small, very white-haired and very old lady was sitting up knitting. When I saw what she was knitting, I gave her a startled look. She smiled and shook her head, "My daughter is going to have a baby soon," she said.

"If it is a girl I hope she won't call it Siren," I told her.

Hundreds of girls are going to curse the air raids we are having now. Everytime a girl is born during an air raid proud parents name her Siren. I walked through the shelter to the far end. There is a service elevator there which goes through to the roof. It was quite dark and then I heard a throaty growl. I looked around and discovered it came from a brown cocker spaniel.

I said, "Don't growl at me or I'll slug you." Then the dog whined a little. I asked him if he wanted to go out. He yelped happily. The woman who owned him was asleep and she had the leash tied around her wrist. I reached down and untied the leash from her wrist. He

kept making small, whimpering noises. I said, "Shut up, you dope. If she wakes up she'll think I am stealing you."

He shut up all right. The dog and I got into the elevator and went to the roof. During air raids you aren't supposed to be on the streets or on a roof. But I had a key made for the door leading to my roof and I go there when it's a good air raid because it is quite a show. And then I honestly think you're as safe on a roof as anywhere. If a bomb scores a direct hit and you're in a vault in the Bank of England a hundred feet below the ground you are going to be killed. No air shelter is proof against a direct hit by a big bomb. Bomb fragments kill people and sometimes anti-aircraft bullets dropping kill people. That is what air shelters are for.

My apartment house is ten stories high. If a bomb fell in the street, bomb fragments could not reach the roof. I like my roof during an air raid; I get nervous cooped up in a shelter with a hundred other people. People get afraid in an air raid. We all get afraid. Only a half-wit wouldn't be afraid. When you are alone on a roof you aren't quite so afraid. When you are with a hundred other people who are afraid, their fear somehow emanates from them and the cumulative fear of them all is somehow communicated to you.

You Couldn't Scare Sweetheart

Up on the roof I never feel very much afraid because I make believe it's all a show put on for my benefit by Billy Rose. I make believe the searchlights are something that Grover Whalen thought up to make London more attractive at night. I make believe that the obscene tearing roar of the bombs is a Fourth of July celebration and my nieces and nephews are firing off Roman candles and firecrackers. That's how you keep sane in wartime. If you accepted the reality of it you'd go mad.

The dog and I got to the roof. I said, "What's your name, pal?" He cocked

his head at me and smiled. If you have ever owned a brown cocker you know they can smile. I tried a dozen names but he didn't respond; he just sat there smiling. Then I said, "Come here, Sweetheart." And he bounded into my arms and that was pretty nice.

We were alone on the roof. It is a very big roof about a hundred yards square. Sweetheart wanted to play. He charged a chimney, growled at it, worried it and then came back to me. He wasn't a bit afraid. That was rather amazing.

I was staying at a farm in Kent last week end. Bombs fell near us. There were sixty cows in the meadow. When they heard the noise of the bombs exploding they stampeded. They ran as fast as they could until they hit a fence and then they turned and ran back. A bull doesn't get scared. A bull gets mad. When he hears the bombs he lowers his head and charges until he hits something. At this farm they keep the bull in a stall all day. He cost a thousand dollars and it would be silly to let him kill himself charging into a tree. But cows get scared.

When the cows stampeded, my host swore softly under his breath. "No milk tonight," he said. "When they get scared their milk is no good. It turns acid."

Horses get scared, too. But dogs don't get very scared. My little brown cocker wasn't scared. Maybe he was but he wasn't showing it. So we watched the show and it was a good show—wired for sound.

We were high. There were searchlights on all four sides of us. I counted 132 and then gave it up. Their white fingers cut through the night, disturbing the night which was meant for sleep.

A parachute flare filled the night. It lit perhaps a thousand feet from the ground. I stood there and found that I was saying, "Go out. Go out."

It didn't go out. It lit up half the city. It drifted down slowly, seemingly

(Continued on page 90)



One Man's Meat

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Among the lads who went up that evening to meet the Germans was an American. He had won his wings in the last war but he still had much to learn

FOR a tiny village in the midlands of England the pub wasn't bad; you could get almost anything you wanted to drink there. The man leaning with his back to the bar was tall and an American, although the gun-metal uniform with the two silver stripes on the arm were those of a flight lieutenant in the Royal Air Force. On the wall above the pretty girl at the corner table was a poster. It read:

*A woman loved,
An unguarded word,
A comrade dead,
And Hitler served.*

The American stared at the poster, with a caricature of Hitler and an out-sized ear on it. He wasn't thinking of the barely touched brandy-and-soda in his fist, and he thought one more time that it was a hell of a war. You didn't land on a field any more. You landed on a steel grill that rose out of carefully weighted grapevines, and if you didn't come in just right, dipping your wings in the correct signals you were just as likely to be knocked down by a pom-pom gun as though you came in

His plane had been shot out of the air and caught fire as he managed a safe parachute landing on a strip of beach not twenty feet from the water

flying a plane with a swastika on it.

If you could believe the posters, you weren't supposed to make love to anyone, and if you believed your flight commander you weren't supposed ever to engage in single combat with an enemy plane. Flying wasn't what it used to be, Abe Johnson thought, and realized it wasn't a very new thought. He had gotten pretty tired of having government inspectors tell him that in the States, and he had come to realize that people no longer thought it a distinction that he was spoken of as the man who could fly better drunk than most fliers sober.

So he had come over here again, partly because the government inspectors had taken his license away one more time, partly because he liked to fight in the air. He had been an ace at sixteen in the last war, lying about his age to get in, and now at thirty-eight, he was the oldest flight lieutenant in the R.A.F. Fame, he thought; some big shot. He tasted the drink in his hand and didn't like it. He was getting so that he didn't like to drink any more, but hadn't bothered to reason why; probably, he felt, because he was near, if not already into, the kind of flying he liked.

HE LIKED the girl, though; he liked her a lot and wondered what could be done about it. The place was filled with Englishmen in uniform and she looked very English, too. Probably named Diana, he thought; they were all named Diana. Well, he didn't care much what she was named.

Young Tanner-Copeland came in and the girl had obviously been waiting for him. She even rose a little to greet him. That was fine, Abe thought; that was nice. Some war. He turned his back on them, drank what was in his glass and slid it down the bar for another one.

He began to think of what Tanner-Copeland had said the other day.

Abe had been unable to stand the dullness of ceaseless patrols without action. The Nazis stayed on their side and the English kept to theirs. A lone Nazi reconnaissance plane was too much for Abe. He had ducked out of formation in a diving attack, ignoring Tanner-Copeland's shouted command on the radio to return to formation. Abe had managed only one burst of machine-gun fire before he found himself the target for an entire flight of enemy fighters which had appeared suddenly out of an island of clouds.

He had fought and maneuvered doggedly, deliberately avoiding retreat because he thought his own flight would join in the battle. But they had remained aloof, continuing their patrol. His plane had been shot out of the air and promptly caught fire as he managed a safe parachute landing on a strip of beach not twenty feet from the blue waters of the Channel. Floating down, he had been angry with them. The car that picked him up had brought him directly to Captain Tanner-Copeland, his flight leader.

He had stood before Tanner-Copeland, the stink of burned leather from his own coat acrid in Abe's nose. Abe was very mad. What surprised him was that Tanner-Copeland was mad, too. He hadn't thought the young captain could get mad.

"You are an American," Tanner-Copeland began. "You had an excellent record in the last war. That is why we waived the age limit for you. This, however, is a different war."

"I notice," Abe had said. "We almost never used to let one man fight six—"

"You fail to understand, Lieutenant Johnson. Orders would not be issued if there were not a sound reason behind

(Continued on page 53)

The Auto Comes to Stay

By Kyle Crichton

THE selling of motorcars is now a refined and dignified profession. Even when you go in to buy a secondhand bus you might be waited upon by a gentleman in a cutaway coat and striped pants. Subdued lighting, soft conversation, elegance. In the old days the salesman had his problems. It took more than reason to get a sensible man in one of those contraptions with the motor under the seat and a water tank hanging from the rear. The salesman had to be a promoter, a mechanic, a ballyhoo artist, a stunt performer and a magician.

The first automobile show was held in New York in November, 1900, but cars had been sold before that. J. H. McDuffee, now vice-president of the Electric Auto-Lite Corporation, represented Locomobile in New York, in 1899.

He knew what he was up against. The only real market he had was among the town dudes, who would do anything for a thrill. But even the hot sports weren't offering themselves as buffoons. McDuffee figured his best chance was to place a car in a spot where it would be preceded by a riot wherever it appeared. He centered his campaign on Fire Chief Croker.

"What do I want with the thing?" demanded Croker. "The horses are doing all right."

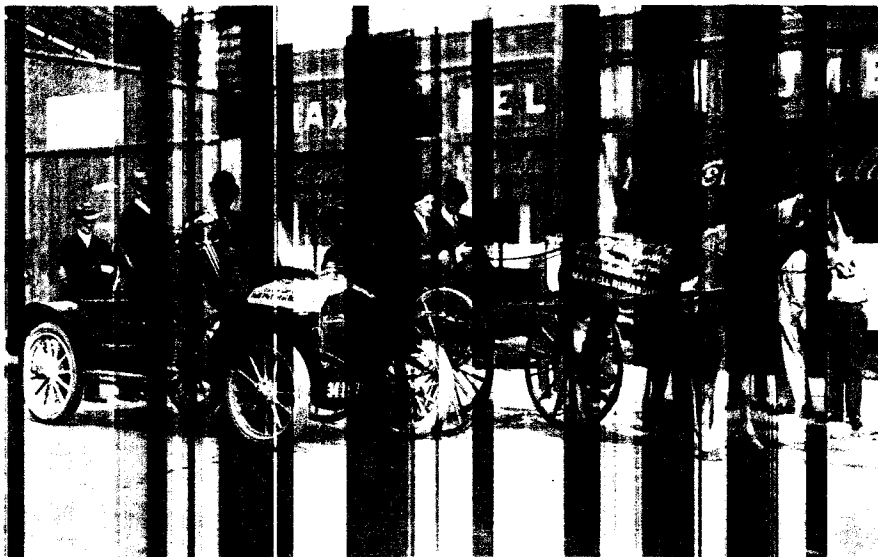
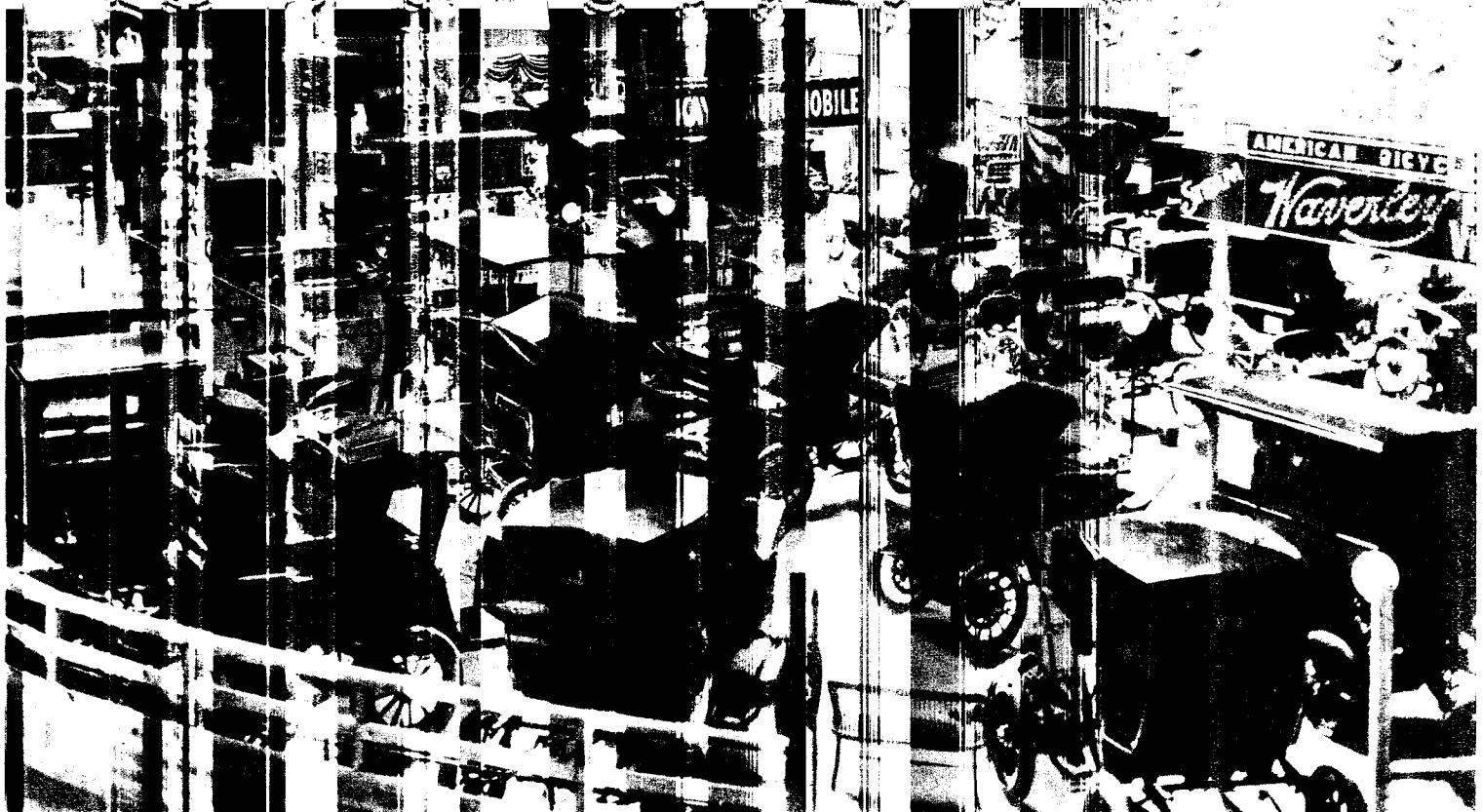
But McDuffee talked him into giving it a free trial. McDuffee would drive and the chief would cover the burg as it had never been blanketed before. One night they went bouncing up Fifth Avenue to a three-alarm blaze. Just as they reached Dewey Arch at Madison Square, with several thousand patrons gathered to watch the town burn down, the automobile struck a wet spot on the pavement and started going around in circles. The chief showed his confidence in science by leaping out of the chariot and landing on the back of his head.

Just as the chief arose with a bloody look in his eye, Mr. McDuffee greeted him.

"That," he cried with rare presence of mind, "was just a test to show you that under no circumstances will a Locomobile lose its balance."

That was a defeat and worse came later when both McDuffee in his steam-operated car and Arthur Lee Newton in his Wood Electric were pinched for exceeding ten miles an hour on Broadway. The disgrace for McDuffee was that he had been overtaken by a bicycle cop—not an excellent advertisement for the merits of his product. Newton could only get out of the pinch by making a confession.

"I couldn't have been going ten miles



America's first automobile show (at top) was held in 1900 at the old Madison Square Garden in New York. Manufacturers were far from in agreement as to how an automobile should be built or should look

Pick your winner. This is an Official Economy Test to answer the raging question of Horse and Buggy vs. the Automobile. It was held on September 26, 1910. But don't ask us who won. History doesn't say

The automobile racing cars were not scientifically balanced in those early days, so, as the car careened wildly about the track, the mechanic hung on the side to prevent it from capsizing on the turns

an hour," he pleaded. "This car can only make eight miles an hour."

The only cars doing well at that period were the French Panhards and the Renaults, brought over from Paris by American millionaires. That made it a class issue and helped very little in interesting the general public. With that public it was not a matter of selling them a car but in getting them to ride in one of the little death traps.

If by chance a dealer in New York should sell a car to a man in Philadelphia, he would load the thing on a flat car and then hurry down to Philadelphia to meet the automobile when it arrived. After getting the new buyer properly launched on his career as a driver, the salesman would return to New York and wait patiently for the inevitable letter asking would he be so good as to come down and make the mess run. He generally found that the driver had either neglected the formality of putting water in the boiler of the steamer or of having the batteries of the electrics recharged.

These were regular occurrences but the automobile people plugged along, stirring up publicity, shanghaiing people into riding in the cars, occasionally selling one where it would do the most good.

Henry T. Ewald, now an important advertising man, was a young fellow working with the late Roy Pelletier. In a road contest sponsored by the Munsey papers for the best record between Boston and Washington, Ewald was riding through West Point. The signs were up in the military reservation: Speed Limit 8 Miles Per Hour.

"Turn it on as fast as it'll go!" Ewald shouted to the driver.

"We'll get arrested," protested the driver.

"Sure we will!" cried Henry, "and what a story—arrested by the United States Army. Maybe we'll even get court-martialed!"

They were arrested but when Ewald tried to file a story of the incident from the telegraph office at West Point, it was refused. He rowed across the Hudson and sent it from a little station on the east shore. It was used in all the papers, even though he had been warned that employing the Army for promotion purposes was dangerous business.

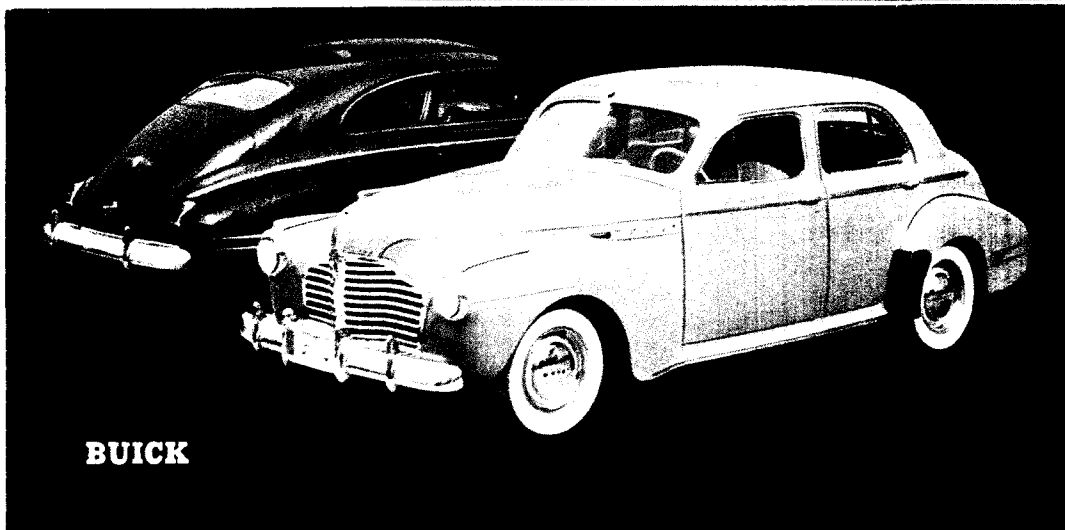
But what served to popularize the cars most rapidly was success in the races. The first was put on by the Chicago Herald in 1895 and was won by Charles E. Duryea in a gasoline car.

The first Vanderbilt Cup race was run in Newport, 1900, and was won by Joe McDuffee in a Mobile. The regular series of Vanderbilt Cup races started on Long Island in 1904. Foreign drivers and cars swept the event until George Robertson in 1908 got his Locomobile across first, averaging 64.39 miles per hour.

Quite conscious of what publicity meant in the way of sales, Henry Ford baited Alexander Winton into meeting him in a match race. Ford drove his specially built racing car and licked the Winton on the Grosse Pointe dirt track in 1901. It was much like Corbett's triumph over John L. Sullivan or David finishing off Goliath. After that he hired Barney Oldfield as his driver and Oldfield and the famous 99 became sensations. The success of the Ford enterprise is attributed to these early triumphs.

Chris Sinsabaugh reports the legend about the meeting of Henry and Barney years later, with Henry remarking: "Well, Barney; you made me and I made you."

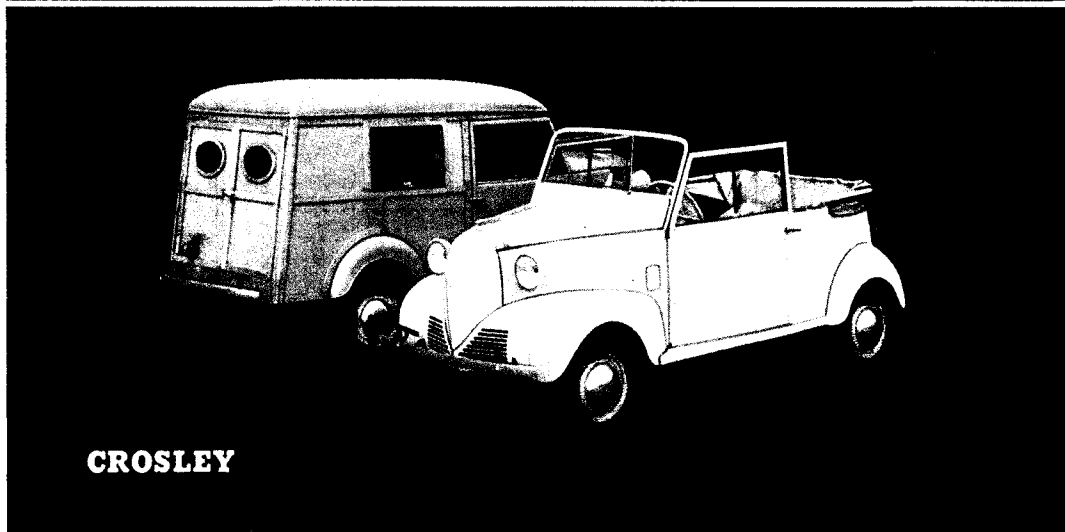
"The only difference," Barney is reported to have said sadly in reply, "is (Continued on page 62)



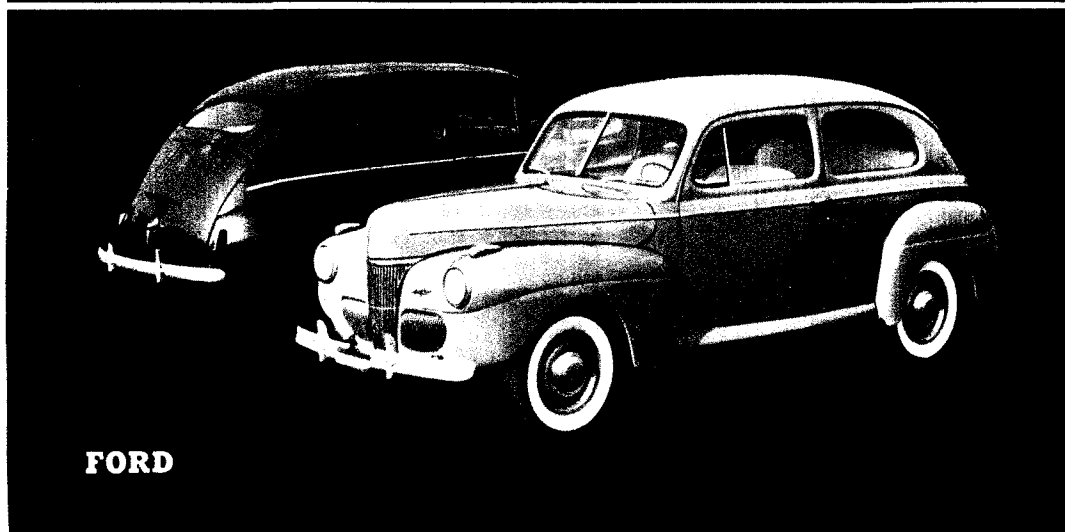
BUICK



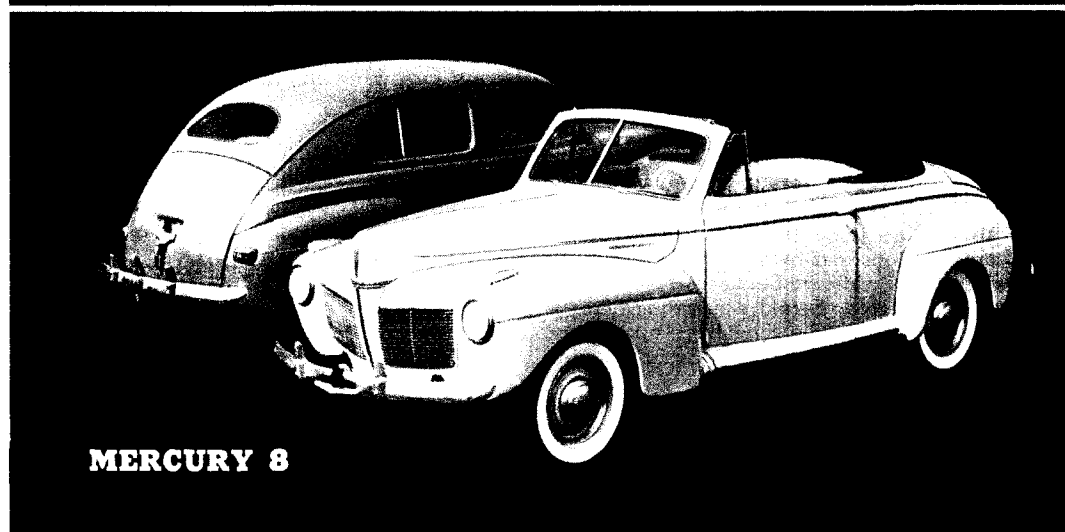
CADILLAC



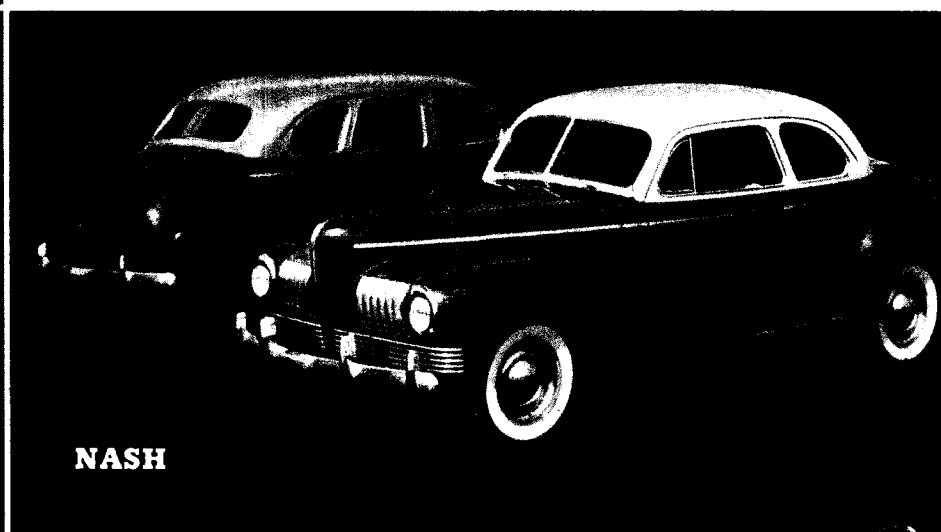
CROSLEY



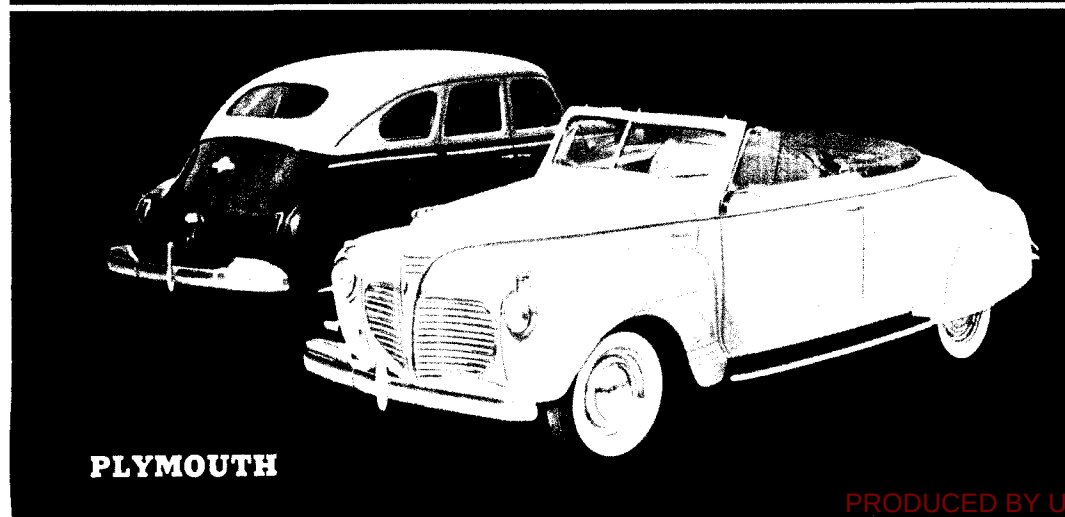
FORD



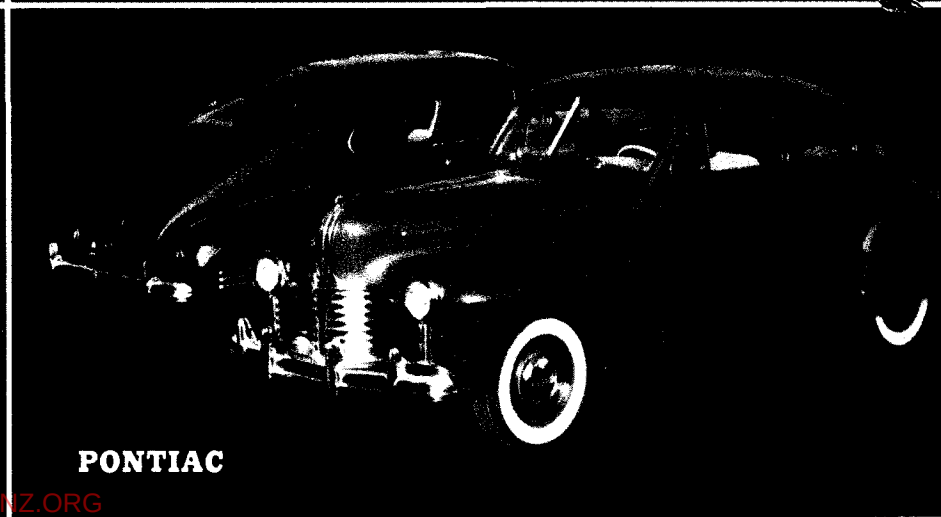
MERCURY 8



NASH



PLYMOUTH



PONTIAC

Drive It Away!

Your first look at 1941's cars will give you an impression of massiveness; of sleek, close-to-the-ground length. You'll see 1941's characteristic lines in more models than ever before, with builders generally expanding into wider price-and-model ranges.

Bodies are even wider than last year's, with fenders, lamps and bumpers often streamlined into them. Vision has been increased. Running boards may be standard, concealed, or absent altogether. Brighter colors predominate, with increased use of two-tone combinations, while interiors are going luxuriously modern.

Many of this year's cars have increased horsepower and higher compression ratios and lower operating costs. You'll like the further simplification of driving through improved transmissions and wider use of the liquid-drive principle. New gadgets are: electrically operated tops on open jobs, windows that flip up or down at a button-touch, electrical direction signals. In short, here's your new car.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY VALENTINO SARRA



BUICK VROLET



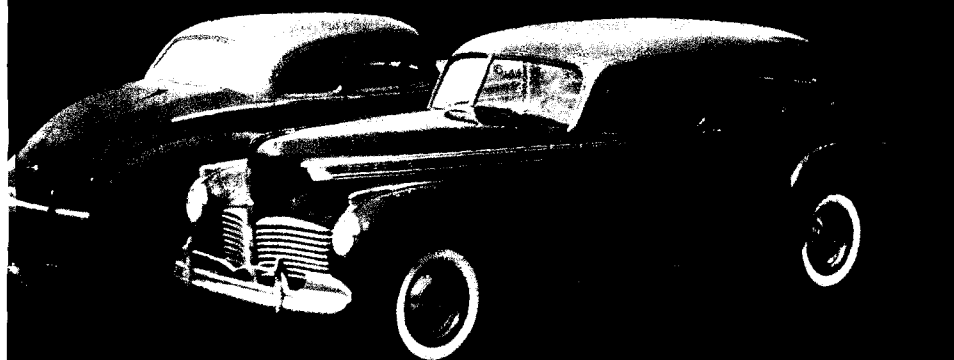
CHRYSLER



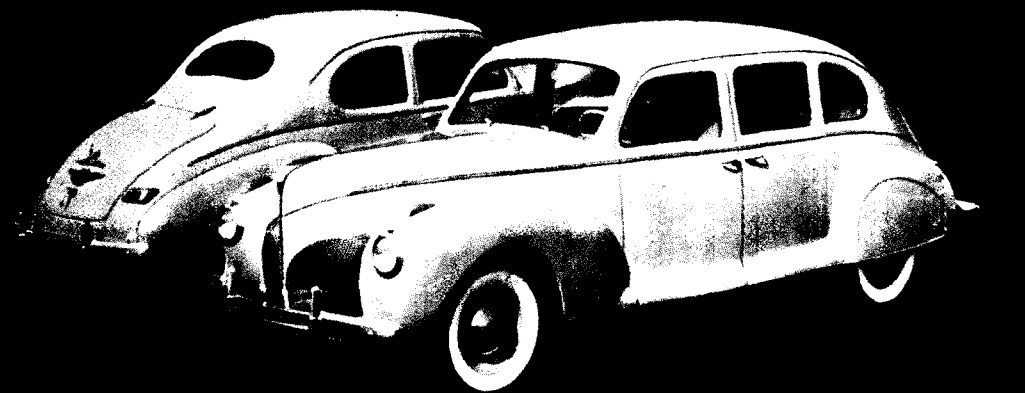
DE SOTO



DODGE



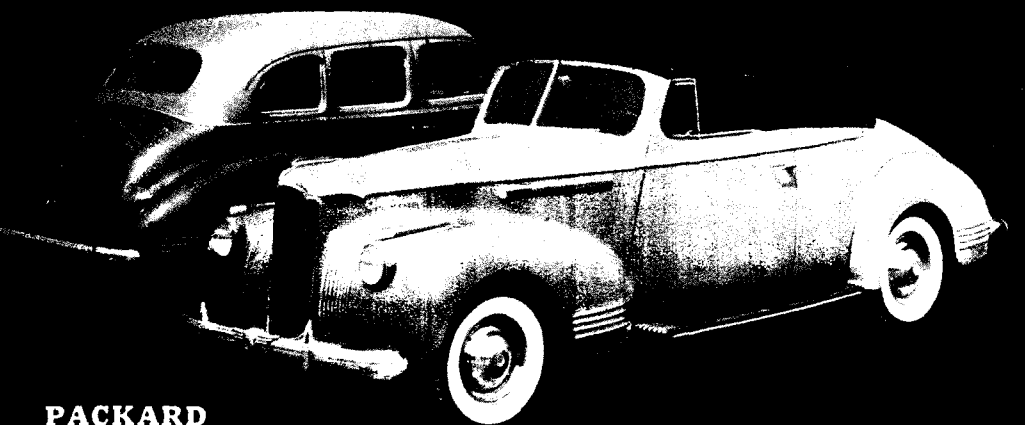
HUDSON



LINCOLN-ZEPHYR



OLDSMOBILE



PACKARD



STUDEBAKER



WILLYS

Traitor's Purse

By Margery Allingham

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

ALBERT CAMPION awakens in a hospital room in England, to find that he can recall nothing of his past life. Gathering, from a conversation he overhears, that he has attacked a policeman, he slips out of the hospital and makes his getaway.

An elderly man and a girl ("Amanda" and "Mr. Anscombe") follow him in a car and pick him up. They seem to know Campion well. After dropping Anscombe at his home, the girl drives on to the home of one Lee Aubrey, who appears to be their host. Shortly before dinner, the police arrive and question Amanda and Campion about the murder of Robert Anscombe!

From a letter that has been held for him,

Campion learns that he is co-operating with Scotland Yard on a matter of tremendous importance. So he is not surprised when Superintendent Hutch, a local official, summons him late that night and takes him on an exploring trip through an old fortress not far away. Hidden in the stronghold, the two men find, is an enormous garage containing some three hundred lorries.

The "Town Masters," Campion gathers, use the fortress as a meeting place. Aubrey tells him that the "Masters" are a local group; they back and exploit inventors; in the course of several centuries, they have become very rich and powerful.

Superintendent Hutch shows Campion an

anonymous note (probably written by one Pyne) in which suspicion is thrown on Campion.

Realizing that Hutch is preparing to arrest him, Campion knocks him unconscious, steals his car and speeds away.

Certain persons try to bribe Campion for some reason or other. But why? Campion has no idea.

Anscombe's sister, a little old maid, sends for Campion. He goes to her, finds Amanda with her. Miss Anscombe tells Campion that she suspects her brother was deep in a smuggling plot at the time of his death. Then she shows Campion the dead man's diary. On one page are two scribbled words: "Minute Fifteen."

VII

CAMPION sat down. The strain had snapped. He felt flat and exhausted. If the fifteenth was not a date there was no hurry. As he sat gazing at the page, however, the three printed dates stood out in relief. Sixteenth? Seventeenth? Eighteenth? Which? None of them or all of them?

The insufferable burden of anxiety returned more heavily than before. Weaver, B's, mission became more rational and therefore more serious. Fifteen itself was still a mystery. "Minute Fifteen" might mean anything.

Miss Anscombe rose to her feet.

"Where is Annie?" she inquired, looking at Amanda.

"In the next room, waiting for you. Are you sure she can take you home all right?"

"My dear, don't let her hear you say that." The old lady laughed as she spoke. "Annie used to be my personal maid. Now I think she's my guardian. She delivered the message safely to you, did she, Mr. Campion?"

"Eh? Oh, yes, rather. Brilliantly. Was that your maid?" Campion was talking without thinking and he bundled his scattering thoughts together impatiently. "I'm afraid she must have thought it a rather unconventional method of approach," he said.

Miss Anscombe patted Amanda's hand.

"Not at all," she said unexpectedly. "These are unconventional times. We're not blind. It's no good being conventional in a world which is blowing up all around one. When the streets become a shambles one has to raise one's skirts. Goodby. I don't know if I've been helpful, but at least I've cleared my conscience without giving poor, miserable Robert's mistakes over to the police."

"Wait." Campion was still clinging to the pocket diary. "Who is Henry Bull?"

Both women stared at him. Miss Anscombe looked startled.

"Sir Henry is a Conservative and one of the Tey family," she said. "At the moment he's the Senior Master of Bridge and the Junior Lord of the Treasury."

"Don't be silly. You know that," said Amanda. "Besides, we met him, didn't we, at your sister's wedding?"

Amanda came back into the room after seeing Miss Anscombe and her maid out. She closed the door carefully behind her.

"I say, what's the matter with you?" she demanded.

He eyed her guiltily and got up to get away from her searching inquiry.

"I'm all right. When the wind is southerly, I can tell a hawk from a handsaw."

The quotation escaped out of some shrouded cupboard in his mind without any context, so that he heard the words as though for the first time. They meant nothing to him now he considered them, and left him considerably startled.

"That's good," said Amanda. "The fancy dress was a mistake," she added, picking up the peaked cap. "I told you to come clean. She's that sort of old pet. I thought that would warn you."

"Oh, I see. I'm sorry. It never occurred to me to take the words literally. I didn't realize the message came from you, you see."

"You . . . ?" She swung around and stared at him. He did not understand her expression. She was astonished, but also, in some indefinable way, hurt. "But we've used that sort of language between ourselves for years and years," she said at last.

(Continued on page 42)

Then she slapped him. It was a gesture rather than a blow, very light and very quick. There was no smile on her face now and no animation





"Haul!" he bellowed. "The rest of you bail! Bail and haul for your lives!"

The Middle Watch

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Tommy Barclay learns the truth about himself one turbulent night at sea

IT WAS in the middle watch, far to the north of Fayal in a late spring gale, that three things happened in the cargo and passenger steamer Parthenon out of the River Tagus, bound toward the port of New York: The bridge sighted the sinking British tramp, the chief officer proved himself right over grim old Captain Kilraine in a judgment of one of the foremast hands—and

young Tommy Barclay grew up at last.

Not that Tommy was a small boy. He wasn't. He stood just under six feet, with shoulders broad as a door, and crinkly, rust-brown hair the girls were mad about. After eight years in the fo'c'sles of many ships, he walked a deck with a lurching, sure-footed stride, looking at his officers with a from-under stare out of disdainfully laughing eyes. But there was some faintly sullen thing about his laughter, as if he sensed there was somewhere on earth a good thing worth his youth and all his strength, but a thing he hadn't been able to find as yet. And it was about Tommy Barclay, able seaman of the middle watch, that old Captain Kilraine murmured to his mate.

He said he thought that tough young nut who was always getting into trouble ought to be got out of the ship; he wasn't worth the powder to blow him to hell. The chief officer, who stood no bridge watch in that line, was talking over the work in the darkness of the captain's bridge before turning in. And at this he slowly shook his graying head.

"There's the making of a fine officer there," he said in respectful disagreement. "A master even, if he—"

"A master!" Captain Kilraine gave an explosive snort. "Is that why you ride him every chance you get?"

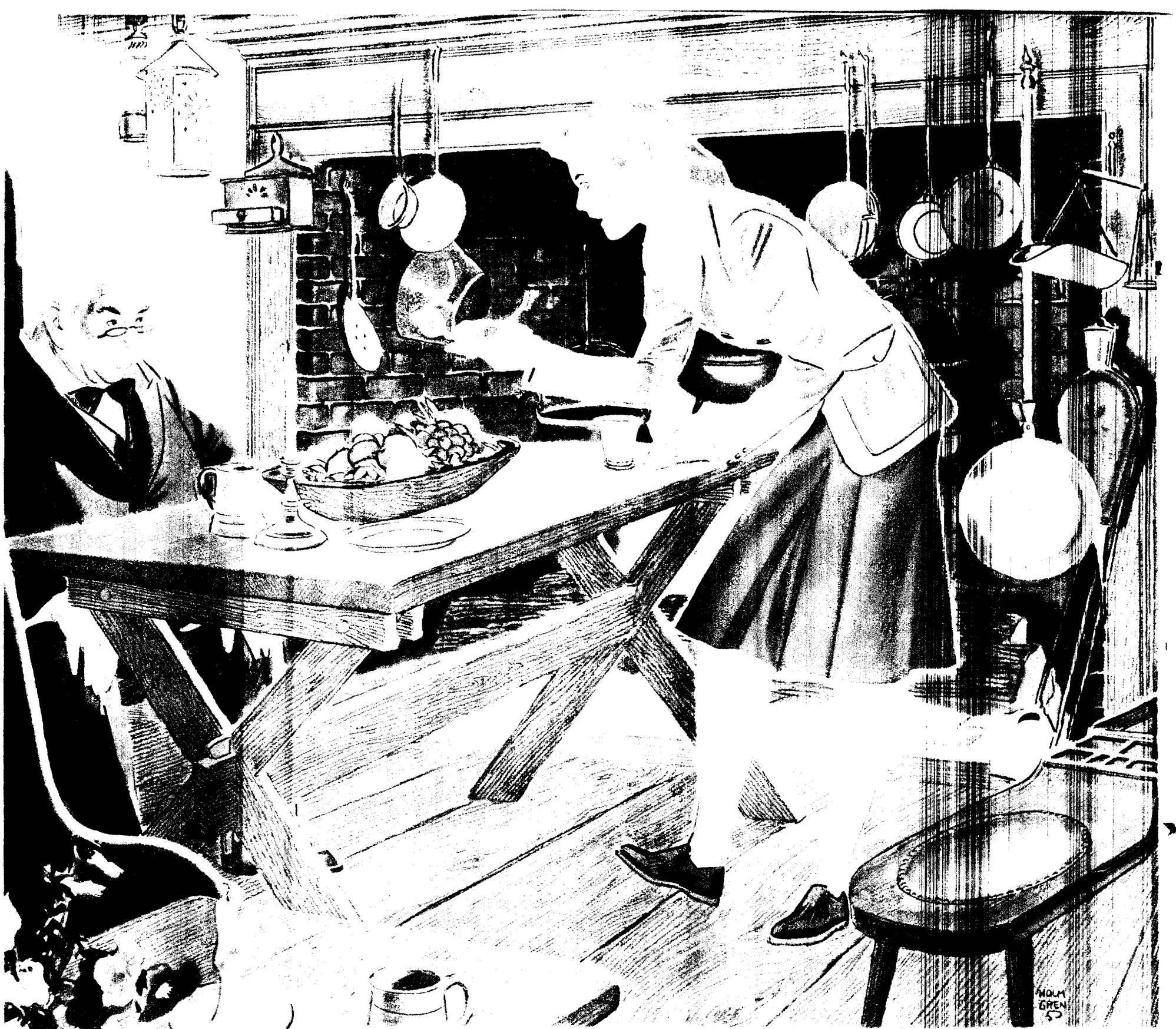
"Well, yes; in a way." Mr. Slade's shaggy brows came together. He grinned faintly. "Do him good."

"Officer, indeed! I tell you these fel-

lows today are no good." Captain Kilraine was very sure of it in the lee of his cabin house. "I know the breed. Came off the streets of Brooklyn down Atlantic Ferry way. Took a pierhead jump to a Bush Terminal tramp because there was nothing else he was fit for. And he'll stay a tough fo'c'sle boomer the rest of—"

"Oh, he's tough enough," Mr. Slade agreed. "That's needed out here lots of times. I was tough, too." He looked obliquely at his commander's square, teakwood face in the dim light of storm. "So were you," he could venture dryly, having sailed with John Kilraine for seven years. "A school-ship lad or a lollypop out of a yachting sloop looks

(Continued on page 56)



"It is my opinion you should go back to him," Mr. Baggas said. He was shocked by his own impertinence

This Nettle, Danger

By Charles Bonner

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

In Mr. Kent's business speed was essential. So was a Miss Crane. The two didn't go so well together

IT ALL seemed reasonably normal to Judson Kent as he came to, painfully turned his bandaged head on the pillow and opened the good eye. The pretty-good eye. There were the hospital-room walls, painted a therapeutic off-white; the clever windlass and girder work suspending his left leg; the chart and ther-

mometer, the little nest of bottles on the table at his right; the carnations in the majolica vase in the corner; a faint odor of carbolic; the watchful face of Monica, studying his splinted elbow—the lovely fan of amber hair falling down beside her face.

It was a familiar scene.

He closed the eye quickly as she shifted her gaze; and, pretending unconsciousness, plunged into the probable causes of that flattest of flat pancakes with which the new, cherished 21 pursuit plane had let him down on its first test flight.

He was still struggling with this problem when, a half-hour later, Monica

rose quietly and leaned over him, her soft breath warming an inch-square patch of cheek in the nesting of gauze.

"Poor darling," he heard with satisfaction. And she tiptoed out.

Judson now sighed expansively, opened the eye and reached for the button on the end of the long cord which lay like a friendly snake across the bed-clothes.

He was hungry. It was possible he hadn't eaten in days. You could never tell how long you'd been out after one of those crack-ups. But he recognized the phase of his recovery: he was ready for food and not quite ready for Monica.

"She's a good sport," he assured himself with a touch of uneasiness; and returned to a correction of the defects of the 21 pursuit.

There was no hiding, however, the next day. Because when Monica came in, the eye was firmly open and Dr. Gannett was looking deeply into it from behind one of those round rear-view mirrors.

"He's going to be all right, Miss Crane," he said with professional confidence. A note of mild exasperation succeeded: "Don't ask me to tell you why. Apparently, you just can't break him. I'd like to understand the biological

(Continued on page 22)

Homeless at Home

By Frank Gervasi

From uncensored dispatches of Collier's correspondent in France emerges the moving story of a people lost in their own land

THOSE with cars fight for gasoline. Those who haven't cars walk. If they are very lucky, they ride a train. All are going home. The war, for France, is over. The people are going back to their fields, their villages, towns or cities, their shops and factories. But it isn't easy to go back.

They fled before the invaders. They had been told the enemy would rape and rob and kill. So they left the grain, nearly ripe then, to rot on the stalks. Most of those who fled were women and children. The men were in the army. There was no one at home to still the fear in their hearts, and mothers gathered up children and belongings and piled them into cars they didn't know how to drive or on barrows or in carts and they moved away, westward, southward, anywhere, but away from the Panzer Divisionen and the Stukas.

In the great exodus the government did nothing to avert panic. Fleeing senators and cabinet members with their mistresses screamed at gasoline-station attendants demanding precedence, shouting for recognition of their privileges. The gall of them! Frenchmen spat upon them. The gall of them, when it was they who had betrayed France!

Side roads were clear. The fleeing tens upon tens of thousands could have gone by side roads, but they didn't. They moved along the main highways, the arteries that carried first the troops toward the front and then the retreating French armies. Refugees clogged the arteries. The auto caravans of the helpless moved along at a mile an hour;

sometimes not at all and sometimes it took a day to move one mile.

How many thousands died along the way nobody will ever know. At least fifty died for every Frenchman hurt by the enemy. They died in accidents and collisions, and of starvation and disease. Some went mad. On any hundred miles of main road in France even now there are a thousand or more wrecked cars. Those who survived were mostly those who walked, dragging tired small children by the hand, their backs burdened with bedding and the pitifully small bundles of food and clothing left to them.

Six Million Turn Back

They walked through sun and rain, their baggage roped to their backs. Ahead of them only despair, behind them a crumbling France. Yes, it was terrifying, that exodus. But it is more than matched now by the trek back to homes and fields.

The same old cars. Older, more rickety than ever, their low-powered engines as exhausted as the spirit of the men or women who drive them. Six million, homeless in their homeland, are going back now.

They drive up to the gasoline depot in a town. As refugees they are entitled to gasoline to return home. Great crowds cluster at the doorway of the

depot. There a guard tells them to go to the Préfecture de Police, where they must fill out papers saying who they are, where they are coming from, how much gas they want and why.

A tired old man does all this and returns to the depot. A policeman receives his papers and gives the old man a slip of paper with a number. The old man looks at the number and it is "631."

"What number are you receiving now?" he asks the policeman.

"Seventy-one," the other answers.

"How long did seventy-one have to wait?"

"Three days," the policeman says, and there is a gruff compassion in his voice.

"Three days," the old man mutters. He debates a moment. Should he wait, or leave the car? No, he can't leave the car. The children can't walk very far, nor very fast. His daughter-in-law is with child and she couldn't stand the strain. No, better stick to the car, so long as it holds together.

The days pass and the old man gets his gasoline—twenty liters, four gallons—just enough to get to the next town and begin again the fight for more gas to reach the next town.

On the trains it's pretty bad. Trains run irregularly. The Germans need all main arterial lines for the movement of troops and munitions and supplies. Passenger trains run only when the schedules permit and can be sidetracked at any moment to make way for Germany's war against England. Nothing must interfere with that—certainly not the convenience of forty million conquered Frenchmen.

The trains are so fabulously overcrowded that it is a privilege to find a place to sit down in the passageways of the coaches, on the platforms, or on the mountains of baggage. Trunks, bags, bedding are breast-high in the carriages.

Stations in southern France are crowded twenty-four hours a day. Children sleep grotesquely, like broken dolls, on piled luggage.

No matter how he travels, the refugee's first problem is food. There is never quite enough for all. He must forage like an animal to find what is needed for a family.

His second problem is shelter. Usually he sleeps in the car, or in a barn, or in the railroad station. His third problem, his fourth, fifth or sixth, vary in order of importance according to the kind of man he is. His first two are always food and shelter. But his third might be the whereabouts of other members of the family. Where are those who went to war? Are they dead? Are they wanderers too? And the Frenchman wonders if maybe they wouldn't be better off dead.

It's Better to Sleep

He wonders if his house is still where he left it. Will he find Germans in it? He worries about the crops. There was no one left to take them in. They'll be rotting in the fields. He wonders, if he's in southern France going northward, whether the frontier that divides sixty per cent of occupied France from "free" France will be closed. What will happen then?

Every thought, any thought, for him is a torment. It is better not to think, he decides, and to sleep.

The peasants and villagers and townsmen along the way try their best to help.

But their capacities to give food and warmth and shelter are absurdly overtaxed. Their men are still away too. They are among those two million French who are still prisoners of war. The very dogs in the village street look restless and hungry and troubled.

Often, though, the refugee's problems, his physical problems at least, are over once he's in the occupied zone. There are posters everywhere showing a young man carrying a small child and leading another by the hand. The legend on the posters says:

"Abandoned People, have confidence in German officers."

And the people do, usually. If they have cars they get enough gas to go on. They can get food from any German army kitchen or soup wagon. The Germans are kindly and gentle with them, (Continued on page 95)

BONNEY



Part of a French family waits for a train to take them toward the homes they fled when France fell. Grandmother holds a child born during the flight

Hawaii Wants a Star

By Jim Marshall

Number Forty-nine is coming up. In November the Hawaiian Islands will get their chance to go on record for statehood. Forty-nine stars would look fine—to everyone except the U. S. Navy

Hawaii is American enough to go in for college beauty contests. The University of Hawaii at Honolulu selected these five as its most beautiful coeds



Both Army and Navy have a share in protecting Hawaii. Below, one of the long-range coast artillery guns

Taro must be planted before dawn, according to custom. From its root is made poi, chief staple of native diet



ON NOVEMBER fifth, while you're looking over your ballot, nearly 23,000 Polynesians in Hawaii will be reading on theirs: "*Makemake anei oe e lilo o Hawaii i Mokuaina?*" This question will be translated into American for the other sixty thousand voters on the islands. They'll read: "Do you favor statehood for Hawaii?"

This question will be quite a shock to a lot of people in other parts of the United States—including the erudite Republican national committee, which thinks Hawaii is part of the Philippines and on a recent occasion directed literature to "Honolulu, P. I." America's gaudiest business magazine, on the other hand, holds to the belief that the Hawaiians are a foreign nation altogether and inquires, with childlike curiosity, if Americans would be willing to defend them against attack. A manufacturing firm in Chicago probably walks off with the Confusion Championship by inquiring about "Hawaiian tariff rates" in letters to "The American Consul, Honolulu, Tahiti."

This sort of thing is slightly annoying to the 415,000 citizens of the territory, and probably they will vote in favor of statehood. They think this may help to clear up a lot of wrong ideas about their islands which, they point out, are just as much part of the United States as Iowa or Vermont.

Not all Hawaiians are in favor of statehood, however. This summer the battle was being waged along the statistical and argumentative front. But as the campaign winds up this fall the statehood forces will throw logic to the trade winds and go Hawaiian in a big way, with hula girls and ukuleles, roast pig and poi and the dreamy croon-moon peaches-on-the-beaches mid-Pacific melodies and you can't tell what may happen. The Hawaiians are incurably sentimental, like the rest of us, and it's hard to resist a hula girl with red hibiscus in her black hair when she sings soft and low and murmurs: "Please vote Ae on Mokuaina no Hawaii."

How We Got the Islands

But we've plenty of time before the ukuleles start for a small dose of geography, history and easy-to-take facts. Open the mind w-i-d-e now:

The Hawaiian Islands were discovered—by the Polynesians—about eight hundred years ago, but this doesn't count, nothing being officially "discovered" until a paleface lands on it. So the place was officially discovered two years after America declared her independence, by Jim Cook, a British explorer. At that time the Hawaiian name was *Owhyhee*, but Captain Cook threw that away and tagged the group the Sandwich Islands, after the Earl of Sandwich. You remember the earl? He was the guy who was such a hard-bitten poker player he couldn't stop for meals and fed on bread and meat slices.

You can still buy sandwiches in Hawaii, but the fact has slight political significance nowadays.

Captain Cook was killed a few months after his discovery, on the island of Hawaii. His grave is part of the British empire, officially British territory—a rather nice gesture on our part, don't you think?

In 1795, when we were getting the United States into operation, a guy named Kamehameha organized the twenty islands under one rule—his own. We recognized the independence of this kingdom in 1842. The monarchy lasted until 1894 when a republic was set up. Three years later the legislature voted to amalgamate with the United States. In 1898 the islands became United States territory and started telling the world about the beach at Waikiki.

(Continued on page 76)

INTERNATIONAL

De Luxe

DELIVERY TRUCKS



*with All-Steel...
Streamlined METRO Bodies*

FEATURES YOU'LL LIKE

- Double the cubic capacity of the standard panel body on the same wheelbase length.
- Designed especially for door-to-door delivery—not body-builders' conversions.
- Easily parked in small space.
- Easy to load and unload.
- Load accessible to driver—easy to work on routes.
- Roomy driver compartment.
- Gear-shift control on steering column.
- Modern insulation; refrigerator insulation also available.

TWO MODELS: The D-2-M, $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton chassis, and the D-15-M, $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1-ton chassis. Both built in 102-inch wheelbase for the 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ -foot body; and 113-inch wheelbase for the 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ -foot body.

METRO MAGIC DOOR, exclusive, patented! Double and single hinged doors also available.

The Eyes Have It!

Here's trim streamlined style in the one spot where Beauty serves best in a truck — *house-to-house delivery service* where contacts are made *with customers!*

These famous de luxe INTERNATIONALS—with the *exclusive* METRO body—are the perfect solution for multi-stop truck operation. Prestige, good will, and new business follow when these smartly styled units carry your name along city and suburban streets. They provide up-to-the-minute delivery service to match

up-to-date merchandising methods. Their economy reduces delivery costs. Their comfort, convenience, and ease in handling just naturally make a hit with any driver.

Compare these trucks with any and all multi-stop trucks. Compare styling, capacity, engineering, economy — *and ask for a demonstration on your own routes.* International De Luxe Delivery with METRO body has the call today. Place your order through any International dealer or branch. Write us for catalog.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Copyright 1940, by International Harvester Company

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

THE HANDS OF



Helen Hayes

First Lady of the American Theatre

The theatre has been Helen Hayes' life work. Her natural talents were matured into the highest dramatic powers through a career that began as a child actress. Her greatest role "Victoria Regina" was a national triumph. It did much to reestablish the living theatre throughout the country. She is a gracious, significant personality on the stage, the screen, and the radio.

Miss Hayes' watch is a Longines "Victoria"

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED HANDS
WEAR *Longines*
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

It is natural that people of consequence should prefer a watch of competence as well as beauty. Longines watches have been honored by 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals, and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece. In 77 countries, now as for 74 years, the world's most honored hands wear . . . Longines, the world's most honored watch.

The traditional accuracy and long life of Longines watches are beautifully expressed by the Longines "Hall of Fame" watches. With fully-jeweled Longines movements, they are priced at \$69.50. The ladies' models have 14-karat gold cases. Longines-Wittnauer jewelers show other Longines watches from \$40 upward; also Wittnauer watches from \$24.75, products of LONGINES-WITTAUER WATCH CO., INC. 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



principle. I'd like to write a paper on it. It'd make my reputation. What is this—the third time?"

"The fourth," Monica said briefly.

"The fourth," repeated Dr. Gannett, shaking his head as he went out.

Judson suppressed a grunt of pain and turned over so his shoulder intervened between his pretty good gray eye and the hard little gleam in Monica's ordinarily soft brown one.

"You see," he said before she could speak, "old Gannett says I'll be as good as new. You can't kill me."

"I could," she said in a cold voice. But a small break quickly changed that. "Jud, Jud, when will you ever—you promised—oh, darn!" A soft hand crept around his shoulder, found his lips. "Darling, I've been out of my mind! You're sure you're all right?"

A smile curled lazily into her palm, and the president of the Kent Engineering Company, designers of speed planes and racing cars, slept.

HE SAT in a wheel chair on the porch of his bungalow overlooking Balboa Bay, with the blueprints of the projected 22 pursuit in his lap. Occasionally he rested his eyes on the green water dotted with toylike sailboats. He had decided the boats looked like cornucopias on the bias when the view was suddenly blocked out and Monica's sober, beautiful face was before him.

"Well, Jud?"

"Hello, honey."

He made a hurried and unsuccessful effort to hide the plans of the 22 pursuit under the folds of his green, yellow-striped lounging robe. "Mmm. Gorgeous," he said. "That gray getup is a wonderful foil for your amber beauty."

She kissed him, seated herself on the top step, clasped her knees in long, intelligent hands and leaned back against a porch pillar. "I like a man who sees things," she said.

"I have my esthetic side."

"Even when it's not a swift, gray goose or a slim, gray plane? What is this?" She leaned forward and deftly removed the blueprints from the folds of his robe, sorted them quickly. "It's a beauty," she conceded.

"The new 22 pursuit," Jud said with eager appreciation. "You'll love her." "I shall," she said steadily. "Especially as someone else will have to find out if she's a bum or a lady."

Jud uttered a mechanical chuckle. "That's a good one. I must remember that. And you can rest easy, honey. After I've taken her up, I'm going to cut testing." He looked at her anxiously. "Altogether. How do you like that?"

Slowly, she laid the plans down. "I don't like it. You said the last time was the last time."

Jud shifted, picked a sloop out on the bay and rested his eyes there. "Just this once. I swear it. You don't know what this means to me."

"I know what it means to me," she said. "Four times now, and I'm only your fiancée. Four times I've sat beside your bed not knowing whether I was going to a funeral or a wedding. With the blood squeezed out of my heart, the breath out of my lungs, my mind crazy. And something happening to my soul. You know, soul, Jud. You can't keep on doing that to a soul forever."

He gripped the wheels of the chair, shifted it around. "Tough on you," he said. "You've been a brick. But you must see. It's my career. My life. My duty—if you want it that way. I'm not a flag waver, but these are times when

we've simply got to have the best planes in the world." He leaned back, tired. That was as near as he'd ever come to expressing the things that were pent up inside him. "There are things every man—must do," he said. "I'm rotten at explaining."

"I suppose so," she said. "But there are things women must do and all the people who aren't dealers in—speed." The last word came out covered with hate.

He laughed a little. "Speed? Yeah, that's right. Speed."

"You haven't thought much about that, have you, Jud? You haven't thought much about what I must do. I'm not talking of babies. They're out, of course, until there's not a plane within a thousand miles of you. I'm not a German child factory. What I mean is—well, to put it modestly, my career."

He seized on that eagerly. "Your antiques and things? You could set up a little shop right here in Balboa. I'd back—"

"Oh, Jud," she said with a wry smile. "When will you learn that knowing something about history, art and decoration isn't confined to streamlining a pursuit plane or auto racer and painting numbers on the side?" She plucked at the blueprints. "I have my plans, same as these. I want to go east, settle down in some calm, old New England town, meet a few civilized people, finish my book in the—in the right atmosphere."

She put the sheets in his lap, stood up and brushed down the front of the snug jacket which displayed her enchanting figure so well. She raised her chin a little challengingly. "A book on eighteenth-century decoration may not be so much, but it is something. It might even outlast the 22 pursuit."

"Look at the world, Monica," he said patiently. "We're living in a different day, a different tempo."

"Speed," she said, interlacing her fingers until they were white. "Speed. Excitement. Noise. That's all that's important. No. I want to get away. I have my dream, too. I want to go where there are old things, beauty, quiet, proportion, history—"

"You'd be sick of it in ten days."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Nostalgia, you can call it. Who wouldn't be nostalgic for—something else after seeing your man smashed to bits four times?"

"Monica, I love you, and I don't know what you're talking about."

She leaned over him, a hand on the arm of his chair. "If you could," she said, quite softly.

He tried to draw her to him. She held him off.

"Well, Jud, what'll it be? I'll give up my dream if you'll stay on the ground."

He shook his head—helplessly.

"Goodbye, darling," she said.

"Dinner here tonight," he called after her. "Seven as usual." . . .

It took three weeks and thirty-one telegrams to various parts of the country to convince Judson Kent finally that Monica Crane had gone and was not returning. Then he called up Tim MacFarland, his foreman, and told him to tune up the road racer which he called the "aluminum cigar." He was no zany. He knew he wasn't ready for the air yet.

"I'm going on a trip, Tim. A long trip."

"What about the 22, Chief?"

"Put it on ice."

JUDSON KENT sat in the taproom of the Red Doe Inn in the Berkshire country of Connecticut. He sat behind a table in a sort of alcove let into the old knotty-pine wainscoting, his third pewter mug of beer before him, a more than faint contempt within him as he surveyed the afternoon crowd of men and women distributed with self-conscious ease around the trestle table in front of the fireless hearth, drinking beer, chatting lazily, calling for "mine host," several of them smoking long, clay pipes.

It was the twenty-sixth quaint New England inn he had visited in a little over two weeks and he admitted he was heartily fed up on the picturesque.

"I'll down this one," he told himself, "put the quiz to the manager—with the usual luck, I suppose—and blow."

He took a deep draft. It wasn't half-bad beer, despite the fact that a lanky, middle-aged woman in riding clothes with a kindly horse's face and one booted



LOUIS PRISCILLA



Compare Pall Mall with your old cigarette

...FOR GENEROSITY

Place a Pall Mall beside your old cigarette. The difference in value is startling. Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer.

And this longer cigarette brings you not only more tobacco, but the finest tobacco money can buy.

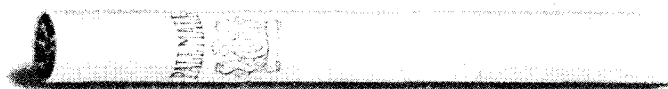
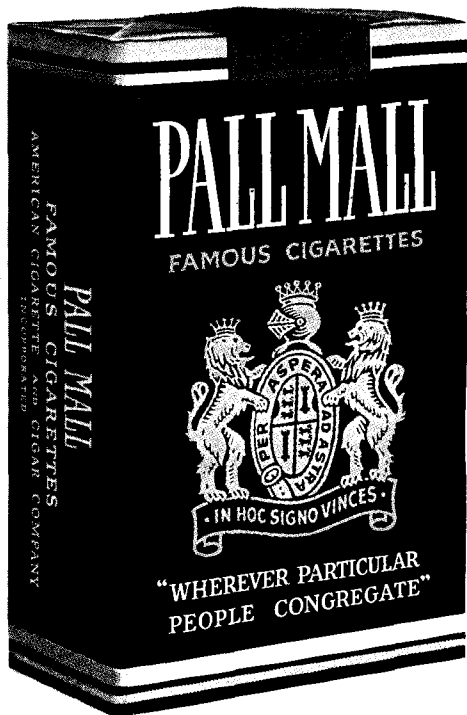
Moreover, you receive a definite service, too, for the additional length travels the smoke further, giving you a noticeably cooler cigarette.

...FOR SMOOTHNESS

The rich smoothness of Pall Mall is the result of re-discovering the almost lost art of BULKING — an old-fashioned, slow, deliberate method for mellowing fine tobaccos.

In BULKING, an unhurried miracle of nature transpires; harsh qualities grow mild, delicate aromas merge, permeating every shred of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos. The result is a mellower, really smoother smoke.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!



PLACE YOUR OLD CIGARETTE HERE

You'll see this better cigarette

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"



A VIEW TO LINGER OVER! A wide choice of handsome Multi-tone harmonies—not merely in the cushions themselves, but in side panels and instrument board—are available in the luxurious new Packard interiors for 1941 (as illustrated above in the Packard One-Ten Deluxe Touring Sedan).

The year's most glamorous "Inside Story"

HERE, IF EVER, is a story worth looking into!

It's a story of new colors . . . harmonies . . . contrasts—just the kind of smart Multi-tone interior you'd expect from Packard, where superlative good taste in design is proverbial.

All told, 261 upholstery combinations are available—122 of them at *no extra cost*. That's like being your car's own interior decorator!

Slip into the front seat for another thrilling chapter in this story—the new Multi-tone "Beaut-

ility" instrument panel! Note the handsome colored plastics (yes—you have a color choice!)

Those lower, softer, deeper seats are an invitation to relaxation. And why not, with so much to see? There's more vision—162 sq. inches more!—and a new, bigger rear window of one-piece curved glass. There's the roominess you've always wanted—dimensions figured in *inches*, not fractions!

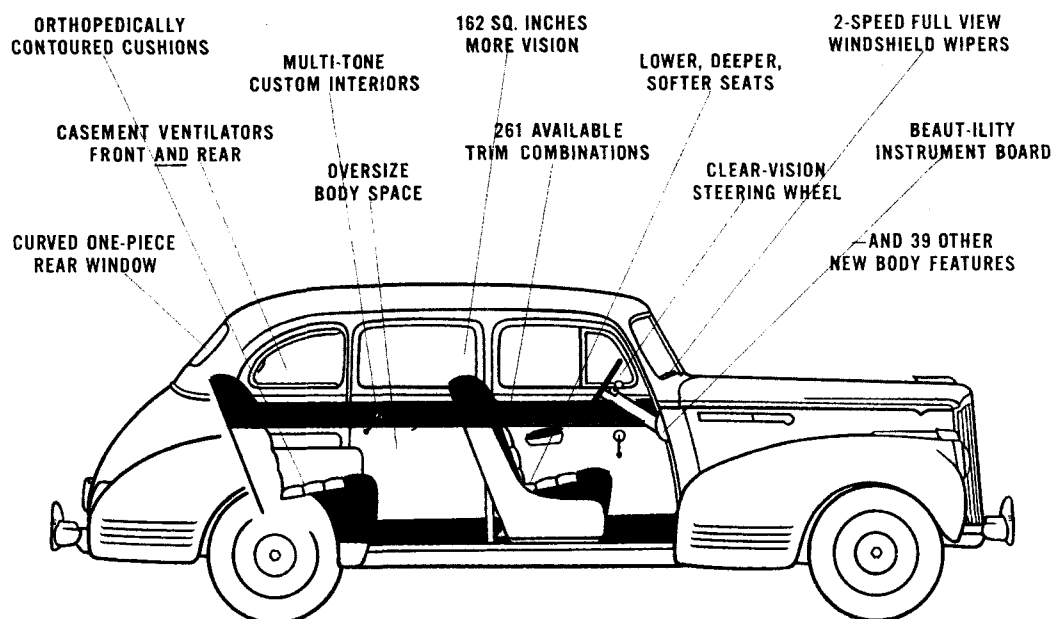
Exciting? Yes! And to even things up, the mechanical features are just as exciting. Try the Elec-

tromatic Clutch*, which lets your left foot loaf—the car itself operates the clutch! Save money with the Passmaster Engine—10% more economical than even its thrifty predecessor!

Aero-Drive* boosts your savings still more—one free mile in five! Try Air Conditioning* (a Packard first) with *real* refrigeration. Try the smoother, mellower Air-Glide ride. All these—and 59 more important new improvements—are yours in this value of values! See it now! *Ask the man who owns one.*

* Available at extra cost.

NEW PACKARD - the Class of '41



Just a few of the stunning new upholstery trims—122 offered at *no extra cost*. See all of them in your Packard dealer's "Color Harmonies" selector.

P.S.
Your Packard dealer has the good news about 1941 prices!

foot up on an antique cobbler's bench insisted upon calling it "nut-brown ale."

"If they don't stop playing Robin Hood, I'll go silly," Jud murmured to himself and then, beckoning, said aloud: "Mr. Proprietor." He'd be darned if he'd fall for any of this "mine host" business.

With a pleasant, knowledgeable smile, the tavernkeeper surrendered his place behind the bar to a pretty waitress in a Peg Woffington cap and advanced across the room, stroking the slightly overlong gray sideburns which framed a face as round, ruddy and unlined as a baby's.

"What is your pleasure, sir?" he said, bending a comfortably thick waist. "John Baggas, at your service."

"My pleasure," Jud began, mentally framing an adequately disgusted retort—to find he had to abandon it in the face of the really inoffensive good will of Mr. Baggas' mild blue eyes. He remembered also what his mission was; experience had taught him the need for tact. He made a fresh start: "You've got a nice place. Lots of atmosphere."

Mr. Baggas bowed his head in a modest gesture of appreciation and launched himself.

"It is a completely authentic restoration, I'm glad to say," he said, his eyes straying over the room with approval. "The old knotty-pine paneling was removed from the Pritchard house, built near Newburyport in 1700; the oak trestle table was first assembled in 1690 in Deerfield; the straight deer-hide chairs, now grouped comfortably around the cobbled hearth, were put together by Jonas Van Dynck at Red Hook in 1672; the clay pipes, which you see some of my patrons smoking, are really museum pieces, as is the George IV fire-back which I must say cost a pretty penny at Bernstein's in New York. I should be happy to have you smoke a pipe, sir. The policy of the Red Doe is to provide a retreat into the past and, if a whiff from an old Dutch clay pipe aids that journey, so much the better. Good food, good drink and the past in good measure is the fare I serve."

IT WAS apparently a lecture carefully committed to memory, but Mr. Baggas had to pause for breath and that enabled Jud, concealing his exasperation, to interject his question:

"Is Miss Monica Crane stopping here?"

He thought he detected a slight reactionary flicker of one of Mr. Baggas'

eyelids, but he could not be certain; the question had been put more bluntly than he had intended. He must be more careful. These innkeepers could be awfully cagey, and it was by no means obligatory upon them to expose their blotters to any casual inquirer.

Mr. Baggas, however, smiled courteously and said, "If you will kindly follow me, we shall examine the register."

Reflecting that, whatever the annoyances of quaint, old hostelries, antique politeness had something to recommend it, Jud picked his way carefully behind Mr. Baggas through the dark seventeenth-century passage which led from the bar to the parlor and office of the inn. There Mr. Baggas placed himself back of the polished-oak counter—a buffet, he explained, from an old Farmington house—which served as hotel desk, and reached beneath for the register. This he began to study, following the lines with a pursed mouth and a goose-quill pen.

"No one by that name," he said finally, looking up.

"Thank you," Jud said stiffly, his irritation returning. "I was certain I'd find her in some place like this, and this one is more like it than any other cheerful little crypt in New England."

"Crypt?" Mr. Baggas asked uncertainly.

JUDSON nodded. "These colonial mausoleums which dot the Eastern landscape. These funk holes for people who are afraid of their shadows. These—"

He broke off abruptly and strode across the parlor to the door, stepped out under the columned portico, onto the ancient lawn, past the lemon-yellow post chaise and the cast-iron horse and stopped at the side of the car parked in the driveway—his beloved car—the long, sensuous, cigar-shaped sheath of brightly polished aluminum without visible wheels, fenders, running boards or any of the usual protuberances. After a sweeping glance at this fifth-decade creation to cleanse his mind of all antique cobwebs, he lifted a curved metal flap above the steering gear and inserted himself in a narrow slot much as one would post a letter. Now he turned his head, nodded curtly at Mr. Baggas, who had followed him with bulging eyes, and leaned down to work the hidden levers.

"Wait!" Mr. Baggas cried.

Judson looked up impatiently.

"That car!" Mr. Baggas said.

"What about it?"

"It's a beauty! It's a lovely!"

Judson Kent's cheek muscles relaxed into a grin, although he still felt fundamental suspicion of Mr. Baggas, the Red Doe and all they stood for.

"I don't see how any old antiquarian," he said bluntly, "can be interested in objects of art of this sort. This job belongs to the present—to the future." He caressed the shining side of the aluminum cigar with a loving hand.

But Mr. Baggas wasn't listening. He raised an eloquently pleading face. "Give me a ride," he said.

Judson said witheringly, "I'm afraid I've left my whip and reins at home."

But, somehow, inside of another minute, Mr. Baggas was neatly stowed in the cockpit of the car, streaming smoothly at eighty miles an hour along the road to Great Weston, his pink cheeks puffed in a large smile, his muton chops stiff with the wind.

"This isn't driving," he shouted in Judson's ear. "Not motoring. It's a new sensation."

"You don't have to shout," Judson said. "It's a new principle all right. A new principle in wind slipping, spring design, power transmission and a few other things."

"Did you invent it?"

They were taking Colfax Mountain in high.

"I put it together, using some aviation ideas," Judson said. "But my real job is planes. Got a nice little factory out west."

"Oh," said Mr. Baggas. "This is a little vacation in the old, historic East?"

"Baloney," Judson said. "I've got a job to do here. Soon as it's done, I clear out. An extra-special job."

"What is that?" said Mr. Baggas, without apparently reflecting it was none of his business.

Judson's face hardened. "Harnessing a she-mule."

"Oh," said Mr. Baggas. "Let me take the wheel?"

Judson put his foot sharply on the brake and brought the car to a smooth, abrupt stop. He squeezed himself around in the seat, facing Mr. Baggas with surprise and kindly contempt.

"This is no coach-and-four with out-riders," he said.

"You're right at that," Mr. Baggas agreed, quietly nudging Judson out of the driver's seat. "But I used to be considered quite a hellion on the dirt tracks."

Hypnotized, Judson surrendered his place. Settled behind the wheel, Mr. Baggas with sure instinct felt out the usual change-speed mechanism, and in two seconds they were off.

IT WAS a ride. They took Cavalry Cliff at sixty-four, skirted Cemetery Rock at seventy-eight, made ninety across Ryan's Plains. Mr. Baggas didn't bother about two wheels on the hairpin turn at Coleman's Mill. He merely jammed on the brakes and skidded around, dirt-track style.

Judson Kent's hands were shaking when they drew up at the Red Doe. "Will you light a cigarette?" he asked Mr. Baggas. "I can't."

"Certainly," said Mr. Baggas politely. "She handles sweet."

Cigarettes lighted, they leaned back and inhaled.

"Now," Judson said finally with ungrudging respect in his voice, "will you be kind enough to tell me who you are?"

Mr. Baggas laughed happily. "Just nobody, son. I was raised not ten miles from here in the good old-fashioned way. They aimed to make me a lawyer, like my dad. But somehow it didn't take. I wanted to do things too fast. So one thing after another, I tried race-track driving, circus stunting, parachute jumping. Then I got a little more sense

"Wonder who sells that brand?"



When you want to buy a certain advertised product, or anything sold in your community, see if it's in the Classified Section of your Telephone Book.

The 'yellow pages' are a mine of helpful buying information. Note, in the example below, how easy it is to find the advertised brand you want. You simply refer to "Typewriters" and there, under the name of the brand, you will find a nearby dealer.



CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Typewriters—(Cont'd)

CORONA TYPEWRITERS

New "Speedline" models — Silent, Sterling, Standard — and new lightweight Corona "Zephyr." Also used machines. Sold, rented and exchanged. Convenient terms arranged.



Corona

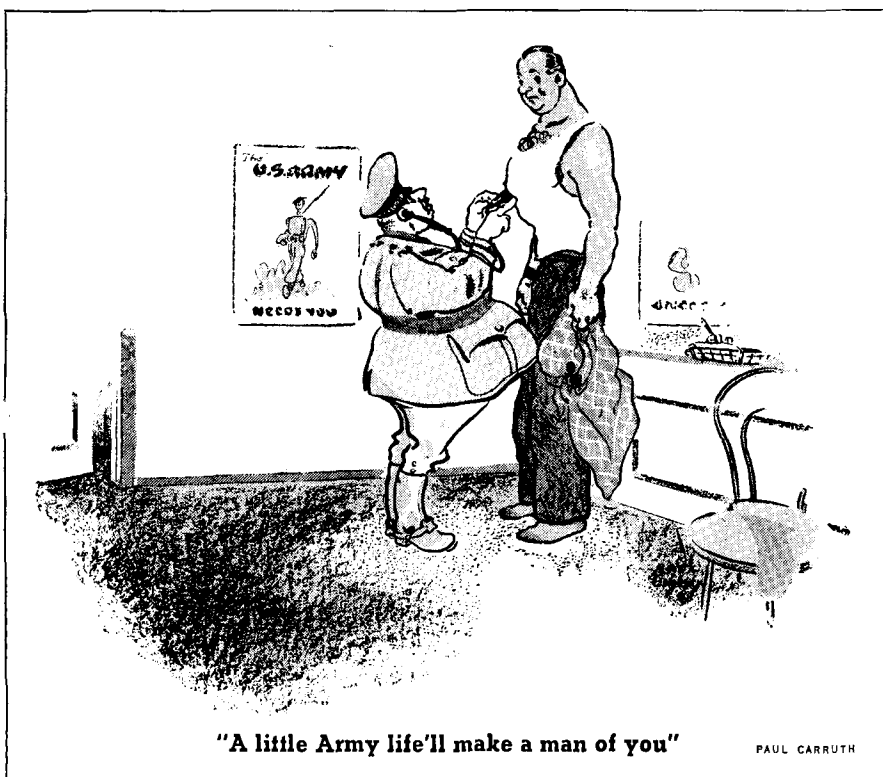
"WHERE TO BUY IT"

BRANCH OFFICE

Smith L C & Corona Typewriters Inc. 1109 Locust. MA in-3215

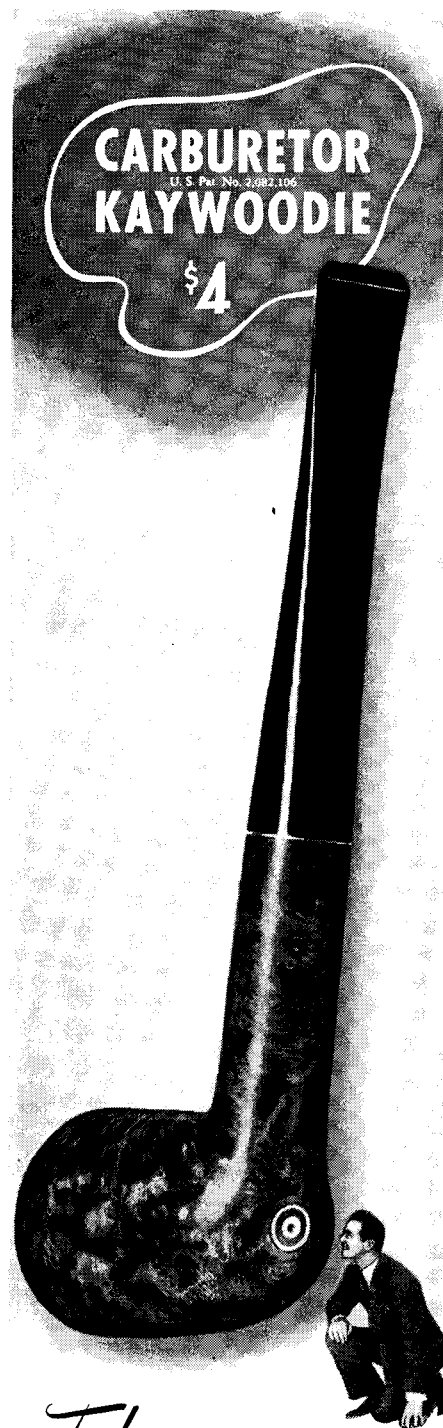
DEALERS

Delmar Typewriter Exch 4557 Delmr. RD sedale-9129
Famous-Barr Company Olive to Locust 6th to 7th GA rd-4500
FLETCHER TYPEWRITER CO 806 Pine MA in-0843
Roberts Typewriter Serv Century b. GA rd-5564
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Inc. Olive & Locust from 9th to 10th. CH estnt-7500



"A little Army life'll make a man of you"

PAUL CARRUTH



*Takes care
of YOU*

Being such an intimate personal possession, a Kaywoodie Pipe naturally must adapt itself to a man's personal requirements—his habits, his comfort and his way of smoking. The patented Carburetor Kaywoodie does this to a fare-thee-well—in particular, it effectively takes care of one idiosyncrasy quite common among smokers—fast, furious puffing. The harder you puff on it, the more air you draw in through the Carburetor in the bottom of the bowl. This moderates and tempers the combustion process. Your smoke is always cool and serene. See this handsome piece of extra-pleasure, added-comfort, enhanced-usefulness—not to be found in other pipes, at your dealer's. Better take \$4 with you. Shown above, No. 13.

*Yours for the asking: Pipe-Smoker's Almanac
21 interesting facts about pipes*

KAYWOODIE COMPANY

Makers of Fine Pipes since 1851

New York and London

In New York, Rockefeller Center, Fifth Avenue

COPR. 1940 KAYWOODIE COMPANY

and I went west to help build up the country. I did my bit, I guess. I brought in a pile of oil wells, laid some roads, prospected, put in a heap of fruit trees. Finally I drifted into contracting—you know, bridges, roads, irrigation projects, and it paid me well. So I came back here and invested it all in the Red Doe."

Judson looked unconvinced. "But why here—after doing all those things?"

"It's only natural to bury the old bones in the old sod—after you've done your job. You were right, young man. The Red Doe is a crypt—a mighty pretty one." He looked fondly at the tall columns of the portico. "But that's something all done and finished with. The Red Doe and John Baggas won't grow any more. What's interesting is your trouble, young fellow."

Mr. Baggas peered with tentative inquiry into Judson Kent's face, as if recalling it was a staple of the Red Doe and his own character not to be too nosey. But there was no need for delicacy.

"After that driving," Judson said, "I'd break down and confess murder."

The story then poured out with a good deal of the headlong rush of the aluminum cigar.

"She wanted to come to some mellow old place," he ended, "where she could find beauty and peace. I've been hunting her for six weeks. Lord, I—"

Judson succumbed to speechlessness. Mr. Baggas did not reply at once. He considered the brooding elm which shaded the little Negro groom whose iron hand formed a hitching ring.

"It is beauty," he said, "but you can find that in many places, different kinds. As for peace, I don't think she's exactly ready for that, if she's like you say she is. I mean this Miss Monica Crane."

"She's beautiful," Judson murmured. "Amber hair, eyes like a deer's."

"Amber spectacles?"

Judson laughed. "Nothing like that. She can look through you—and me."

"Give me a little time, son," Mr. Baggas said. . . .

IT WAS eleven o'clock the next morning and the taproom seemed a good place because ordinarily no one came there until the afternoon. Mr. Baggas sat nervously on a deer-hide chair, his conscience somewhat bothered by the fact that twice on a single day he had violated the Red Doe's cardinal principle of nonintrusion in other people's affairs; although he took some comfort from the thought that there might now be a greater principle at stake.

The sun now slanted through the little west casement of the taproom and picked out, in small brilliant diamonds, the polished brass of the warming pan which hung on the opposite wall. For only a second did Mr. Baggas debate.

"Well . . . he called this morning," he said.

Miss Cartwright sat up straight, started to speak, checked herself and finally said with an effort at casualness: "Who called? I don't understand."

"Mr. Judson Kent," Mr. Baggas said, "Miss Crane."

Slowly she took off her spectacles and for some minutes studied them in silence. "Very well, Mr. Baggas," she said quietly, "although I had come to think of the Red Doe as a sort of—sanctuary."

"That's its first rule, Miss Crane, but some rules are made to be broken. It is my opinion you should go back to him."

Mr. Baggas was shocked at his own impertinence, and amazed to find he had no intention of desisting from it.

Monica got up abruptly. "Mr. Baggas, when I ask for you—"

"You're afraid," he said with calculated brutality.

But then she went to pieces. For

Monica Crane's arms were suddenly stretched out on the table and her head was pillowed between them.

For several minutes Mr. Baggas sat and wondered if he should stroke the soft amber hair which spilled over her shoulders. Instead, he took out and wound the Queen Anne watch a collector had found for him in Baltimore. By the time he had replaced the key on the chain, Monica had begun to dab at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Sorry to be such a fool," she said. "And thank you, Mr. Baggas. You're kind, but you just don't understand. Jud is incorrigible. Incorrigible. He's modern and swift and new. He hasn't the slightest interest in lovely old things. While I—oh, there's simply no use discussing it."

"The new things are for today," Mr. Baggas said. "They're the only things that count."

MONICA halted in the act of restoring her glasses and looked at him in surprise. "What about yourself, Mr. Baggas?"

He smiled and shrugged. "Oh, I'm a has-been. It is proper I should spend my twilight in an atmosphere of twilight." He thoughtfully stroked his sideburns. "Besides, it's good business."

"But I like old things," Monica persisted. "I like quiet, peace."

"Not at your age," he said positively. "Quiet? Peace? This is an era of speed, my dear."

Monica put her hands to her temples and shuddered. "Speed!" she said. She shook her head violently. "How I hate it! It's an assassin. Killing, killing, killing in the air, on the water, over the ground. It's insatiable. Speed always breeding more speed and more death!"

"Out of this nettle, danger," quoted Mr. Baggas, "'we pluck this flower, safety.' Where would we all be if it hadn't been for the guts—pardon me—of our ancestors, male and female, who pioneered this country?"

"I don't know," she said sullenly. "I don't want to be a pioneer."

Mr. Baggas rose to answer the telephone on the bar. He lifted the receiver and said, "Hello, Baggas speaking." He said, "Good Lord!" He shifted his body and said, "Yes. Immediately."

He put the receiver on the hook and turned. Monica was standing up, her face white, but the hand holding the spectacles was steady.

"I can tell," she said. "Jud. Is he bad?"

"The aluminum cigar," Mr. Baggas

said, leaning against the bar. He felt suddenly weak and old. "They don't know yet."

Deliberately, she placed the bridge of the glasses on her nose, slipped the hooks under the curls above her ears.

"I'll go with you, Mr. Baggas," she said. "It's the least a civilized person can do, isn't it?"

He gave her a shocked glance; but he couldn't tell anything from her face.

In the visitors' room of the little six-bed country hospital, the old doctor looked unrecognizingly past Monica, gave a pleasant nod to Mr. Baggas.

"Is he a friend of yours, John?" he asked.

"An old friend," Mr. Baggas said firmly.

"He's been asking for you. You can go right in."

Mr. Baggas raised his eyebrows questioningly.

"Fifty-fifty," the doctor said over his shoulder as he went out. "Maybe better."

"I'll wait here," Monica said without expression. "He asked for you." She sat stiffly in a mission chair, her hands folded on her knees.

When Mr. Baggas came out again, he crossed the room and for a silent moment looked down at Monica with eyes full of compassion.

"I've come around to your way of thinking," he said. "He needs you, he's got to have you. We'll make him give up this sort of thing. At least I'll do my best."

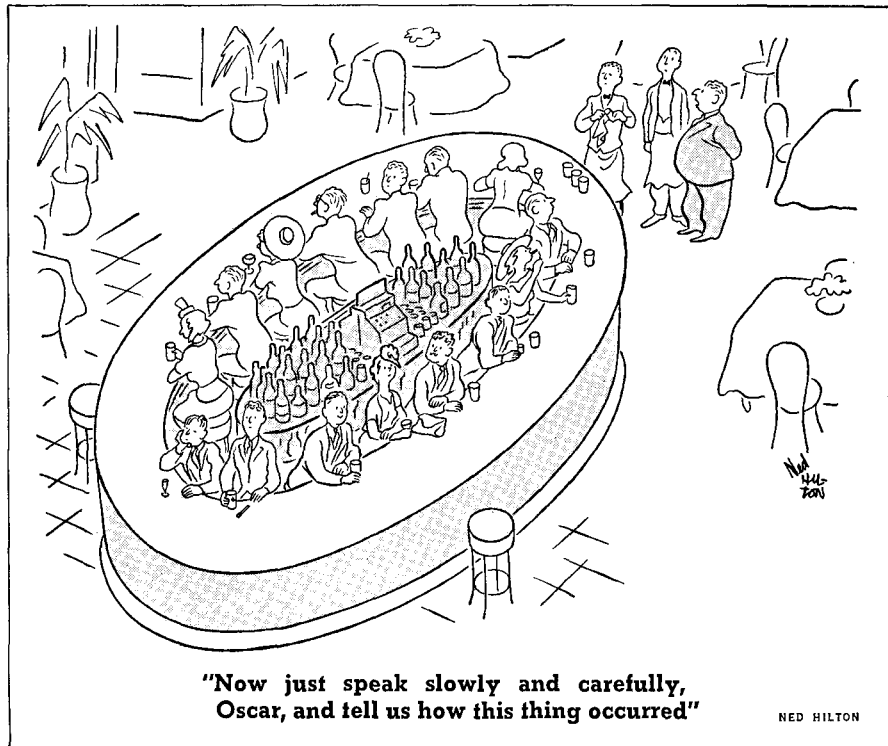
MONICA rose slowly, slowly removed the spectacles. Mr. Baggas was struck again by the beauty of her eyes, and now by a new purpose in them.

"And ruin his life, his career, Mr. Baggas?" she said, her voice charged with incredulity. "That's unthinkable. He has something to give the world, to give his country. What right have we to keep it back?"

Mr. Baggas saw the spectacles go smashing against the gilt radiator in the corner, he was aware of the fleeting pressure of moist young lips against his cheek and heard the whispered words, "We'll come back to the Red Doe some day—when the job is done."

After that, eavesdropping came easy. "Honeydew, I've made a scientific discovery. The aluminum cigar won't climb an absolutely vertical wall. Will you see me through just this one?"

"Jud, you idiot. Jud, darling. This, and the next thousand."



"Now just speak slowly and carefully,
Oscar, and tell us how this thing occurred"

NED HILTON



A PRODUCT OF DELCO-REMY

In **1941** *as in every year since 1934* all General Motors
cars and trucks will be equipped with
DELCO batteries

Feel the zest of brisk October

Morning or night, or in between, there can be quick refreshment in the simple act of brushing your teeth



Brushing your teeth *needn't* be a dull, necessary routine. It *can* be one of the day's most stimulating and refreshing experiences. Simply brush your teeth and gums with cool, minty Squibb Dental Cream* and *feel* the difference. Your drowsy mouth awakens. Sense of taste is sharpened. And you feel immediately fresher, cooler, *cleaner*.



Squibb Dental Cream contains Squibb Milk of Magnesia—concentrated. And that Milk of Magnesia helps form a *clean tangy* bath, neither soapy nor sweet, that gets right down around your teeth and gums... *cleaning, freshening*... as you brush away stale deposits.



The more regularly you use this Dental Cream the better it is for you—and the better your mouth *feels*. Squibb Dental Cream was developed by the Squibb Laboratories to provide the best possible home aid to your regular professional dental care. Yet it costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why not try it—*today*!

*Squibb Dental Cream contains Squibb Milk of Magnesia—concentrated. An utterly safe cleanser. A valuable anti-acid.

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

Taste and feel the refreshing difference

The Flying Dutchman

Continued from page 10

you?" I said. "Have you gone soft?"

He pushed me away and sat down on the bed with a calm dignity, whereas I recalled bitterly there had been a time when he would have slammed me into the wall. "That was merely a defense mechanism," he said, with his brand-new academic intonation. "You don't have to be a bully to survive, except in primitive society. You should realize that, Ed."

I stared at him aghast. Then I walked up the hall, grabbed the phone and called June. "Who do you think you are?" I said, "Delilah?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"What have you done to the Dutchman?" I said.

"Pretty well, I think," she replied coolly. "He is averaging a nice solid C in all his courses, and at the present rate of improvement I expect to get him on a much higher plane than that."

FOR the first time in my life I hung up on her. I refused to speak to the Dutchman. He was disgusting. He took an hour to dress before going out to meet her, with his new theme folded neatly in his pocket. "Good evening, Adolph," I said, as he started for the door.

"Good evening, Ed," he said, and went out. I pulled a handful of hair out of my head and then went down to the Varsity Café for a long beer. I was halfway down the glass when the answer suddenly struck me like a bolt from the blue. Adolph was in love! He was in love with *her*! It was not culture or etiquette or the refining influence of female companionship. It was love! Plain, old run-of-the-mill love! I laughed and I pounded the table. And then suddenly I quit laughing. What about June? How was she feeling? Could it be humanly possible for a girl like her to double-cross me and add to that an infatuation for such an anthropoid as Adolph Kroger? Who knows the heart of woman? "Who knows?" I thought again, and had another beer.

I waited up for him. At forty-five minutes past his ten P. M. deadline he walked into the room like a man in an opium dream. He smiled at me vaguely, undressed and sat in his bed.

"What's the matter with you?" I said. "You look like you just smoked a package of marijuana."

He smiled.

"The day after tomorrow," I told him, "a bunch of fellows are coming here from a place called Notre Dame, and I don't mean the cathedral. That's what you ought to be thinking about."

He looked at me again and then recited very quietly the following lines:

"*Strange fits of passion have I known:
And I will dare to tell,
But in the lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell.*"

I caught my breath and then looked at him keenly. "Adolph," I said, "I'm your friend. I brought you from the sand lots singlehanded. Now you tell me where you got hold of that poem."

"Wordsworth," he said. "That's William Wordsworth, 1770 to 1850." He went on briefly: "*When she I loved look'd every day Fresh as a rose in June. . .*" He lingered over the name June and I knew the truth. It hit me for a second like a knife.

"So you fell for her?" I said.

"Yeah," he said dreamily, and then he turned the knife: "Maybe it ain't just me either, Ed."

I got out of bed and stood over him. "Adolph," I said, "don't be a sucker. In the first place no woman can be trusted. In the second place, you haven't got any business falling in love until the end of the season."

He smiled and said calmly, "You took me over there, Ed."

"Yeah," I said, "and I regret it."

It was no good. He was smiling. He looked at me with a sort of philosophical pity, an other-world understanding. He was in a dream; he might not wake up for months. I turned out the light, but I didn't go to sleep. Neither did he, because I could see his face and his eyes open staring out the window. Finally I crawled out of the bed, sneaked down the hall and telephoned June. "What I want to ask," I said, "is whether or not you're falling for this tanktown Paul Bunyan, because it's important."

"To you?" she asked, her voice sweetened by indignation. "I don't remember having seen you for some weeks!"

"Yeah," I said, "it's important to me, and it's important to Notre Dame. Tutoring this palooka is one thing. Making an idiot out of him is another. I—"

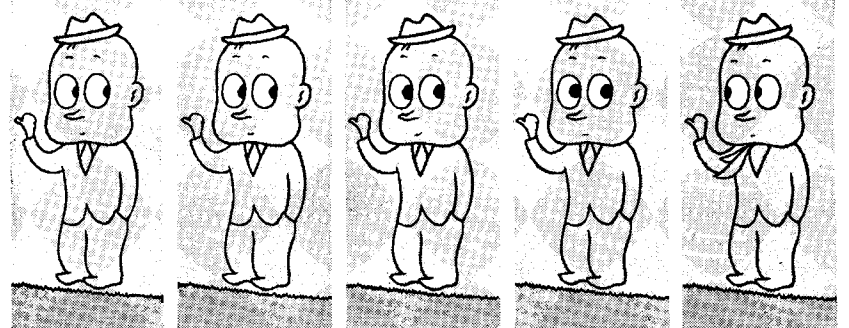
BUT this time it was she who hung up. I went back to bed and from the covers the Dutchman asked quietly: "What did she say, Ed?"

I didn't answer. I realized that I had made one important mistake. I had underrated the Dutchman's sex appeal. I could never have speculated on how much intelligence love might have awakened within him. Being unable either to attack or defend myself adequately, I ignored him. I did not even go down to the locker room to talk to him before the Notre Dame game. I sat in the press box. I did not even take June to the game. And when she came and took her seat beside mine, I merely raised my hat and said, "Hello."

"Do you think we have a chance today?" she asked, ignoring my coolness. "Have we got any old miracles around?" I asked.

"Oh . . ." she said, and was silent, watching the players tossing the ball around the field and warming up.

"We might have swung it," I said ma-



"No Riders"

CROCKETT JOHNSON

liciously, "if the Dutchman was the same man who started this football season. I've seen a lot of girls make monkeys out of men, but you're the first I ever saw who made a man of an ape."

She was going to say something, but the whistle blew. Notre Dame started the game with the second team. It wasn't as bad as I thought. The Dutchman did fairly well and the line backed him up. But it was nothing much. And in the closing seconds of the half the lightning came and the Irish scored on a long, dazzling pass.

June slumped in her seat. "Can I get you a hot dog?" I asked her. "Before the Irishmen send in their first string?"

She just nodded.

I WENT down the concrete steps to the concessions under the stadium. There was one chance in a million. It was a terrible decision for me to make. There was one chance to make that gorilla peel away his civilization and go out there and do battle. But if I did that, it might cost me what remaining chances I had with June. I stood there and ate two hot dogs and wrestled with myself. Which was better: to whip Notre Dame or to sacrifice my love life? Three times I started up the steps toward the press box, and three times I backed down.

Then, steeling myself, I turned and walked into the locker room.

It didn't smell like roses. Players sprawled on the floor or the benches or lay on the workout tables under the mauling hands of the trainers. There was no talk. The Dutchman sat on the end of a bench chewing a stick of gum. He looked up with a mild smile as I approached him.

"Get on your feet," I said coldly.

He didn't move.

"Kroger," I said icily, "you're a sucker. I came down to tell you why."

Still he did nothing. "Kroger," I said, "I framed it for you to go out with her. I could do that because she happens to be my girl. She happens to be the girl I'm engaged to marry. I framed it so we could get you eligible, because you're a valuable football player. By making a little play for you, she helped me accomplish that. You get the idea? Only now you can't play football any more, and I can let you in on the secret. Now you can be a chump right out in public!"

That got him to his feet, slowly but surely. He pulled in his big fingers, clenching his hands. A cold fury clouded in his eyes. I started for the door. "So long, sucker!" I said, and then made a bolt for it, because he lunged after me, and it took the whole football team to keep him from tearing through the doorway that I left behind.

I walked up and sat down beside June. "No hot dog?" she asked.

I shook my head. She said nothing.

The band left the field. Silence came down. Cheers flared again as the two teams came out. The whistle blew. Notre Dame kicked off. The Dutchman carried it back for forty-seven yards and went down like a tiger. June was on her feet yelling. The whole stands went crazy. I sat there and watched.

It was cruel but it was beautiful. It was the Dutchman every time. He took it down to the three-yard line where Notre Dame took it on a goal-line fumble. They made two first downs and then were held when the Dutchman, roving around on the defense, broke through twice and nailed the ball carriers for losses. They punted deep and dangerously to the six-yard line and the Dutchman began to march again. He kept seventy thousand people on their feet. All but me. I sat there and smiled and drank it in, and I will never see anything again so beautiful. The line opened up holes for him on the left side but he went smashing blindly through

the right. All alone he drove into the guards and tackles. It was me he was after. I was out there playing eleven positions of the Notre Dame team. I was every substitute who went in there and tried to stop him.

But he wasn't stopped. He scored in the third quarter. And in the fourth quarter he drove again. On the three-yard line the Irish caught him from behind and he took them with him. But when you cross a Notre Dame goal line for a winning touchdown, there's a pretty fair chance that somebody will get hurt. And the Dutchman was no exception. He wasn't that tough. Amid a hail of cheers they carried him off the field, as the clock ticked off the closing seconds of the game. June was pale as she watched the Dutchman exit on a stretcher. She clutched my coat sleeve and then she suddenly got up and started down the steps to see how badly he was hurt. I stayed to see the Irish make their final bid and when it failed I did not cheer. I sat there and smoked until seventy thousand people had left the stadium. June was gone and the Dutchman was gone and my heart was empty.

When the moon came up, cold and yellow, I went back across the campus. There was a big victory dance that night at the armory. But I sat in the back of the beer joint where I could be alone. . .

I was lifting my third mug of beer again when a big shadow fell across the table and without having to look up I knew it was the Dutchman.

"Dutchman," I said, as cool as the beer, "you slug me around and I'll get you. It may take a little time and thought, but in the end I'll get you."

But he just sat down and tasted some beer from the bottle. There was a strip of adhesive tape across his cheekbone but he looked peaceful. He even looked sad. He was chewing tobacco and for a fleeting second it seemed like old times. "Ed," he said, "you framed me. But I talked to her and now I see why you done it. You sure are a smart little guy." "I sure am," I said, and signaled for two more beers. "How come you aren't over at that dance?" I asked cynically. "Look at all that love and glory going to waste."

HE CHEWED his plug reflectively. "I was gonna shove you around a little," he murmured, "but she explained how you was pulling a little gag. She said you was full of them. So I asked her to marry me then."

"Can I be best man?" I said bitterly. He took a deep drink and smiled. "I guess you are," he said, "because what she said to me was, 'Don't be ridiculous.' She said, 'Adolph, don't be ridiculous!'"

I could have yelled then, but he looked too sad. He finished off his glass and wiped the suds from his mouth. "I guess language is kinda like food," he said, savoring the beer, "or likker. What one guy can down some other guy can't. That's why them big words don't digest inside me. But you're a smart little guy. You go and ask 'er."

I was already on the way to the phone, but I was thinking about the beautiful way the Dutchman was taking it. He was taking it better than I did. Then I rang her number and heard her voice. "So it's you?" she said. "What happened to you? I thought you were taking me to the dance!"

"I am," I said, "if you'll answer me one quick question."

"Yes?"

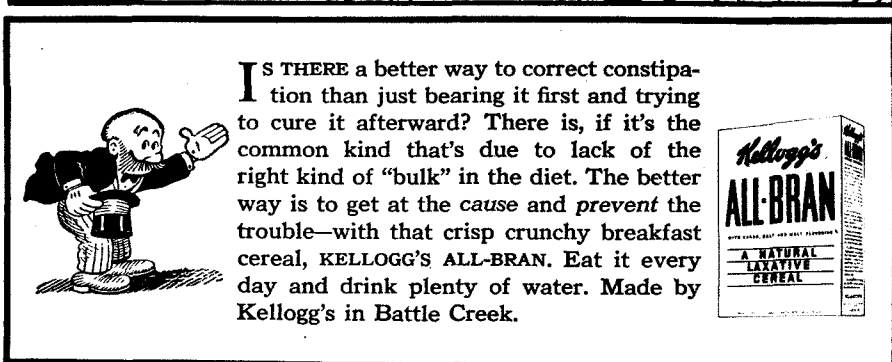
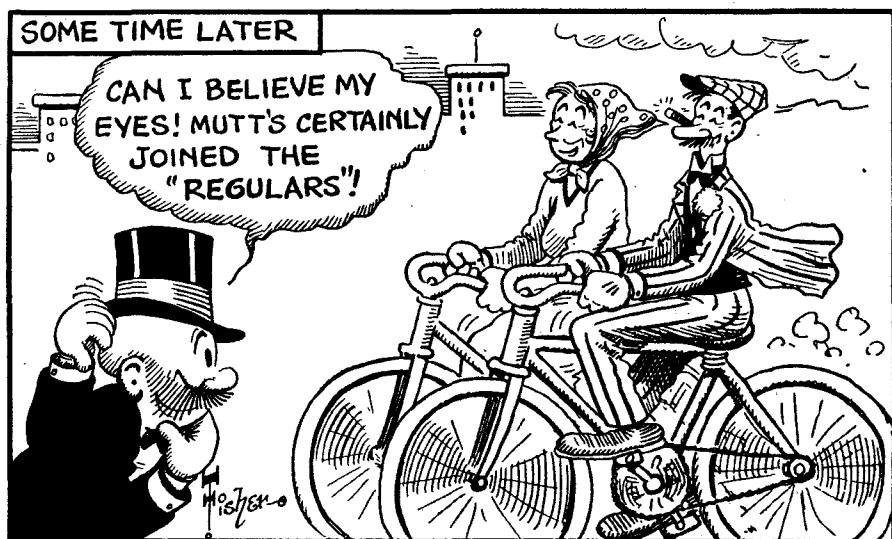
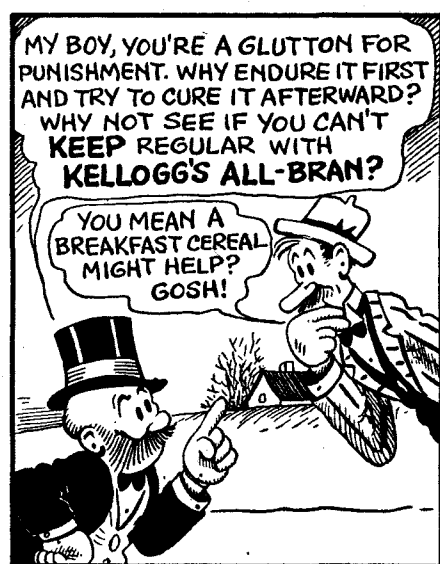
"Will you marry me?"

I could imagine her smile. "Ed," she said, "don't be ridiculous!"

I rode the punch. Then what I thought of was Adolph back there at the table going down the bottle. I had to laugh. "I'll be right over," I said, "and we'll paint up the town, you and me—and the Dutchman!"

MUTT AND JEFF

—by Bud Fisher



Copyright, 1940, by Kellogg Company

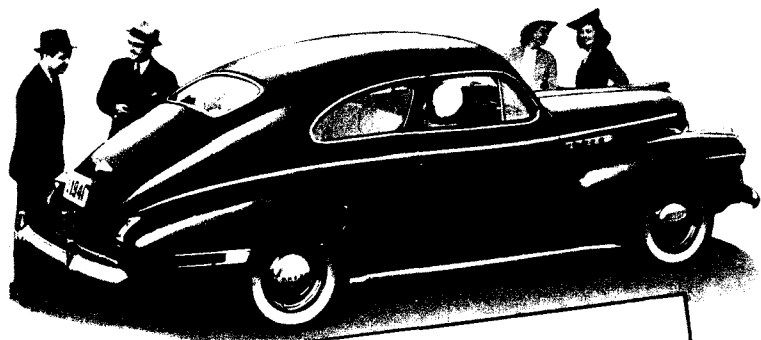
Join the "Regulars" with
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

No, it wasn't **SPEED** We were after

THE mighty straight-eight that propels the 1941 Buick CENTURY, ROADMASTER and LIMITED, is, we believe, America's most powerful standard-production automobile engine.

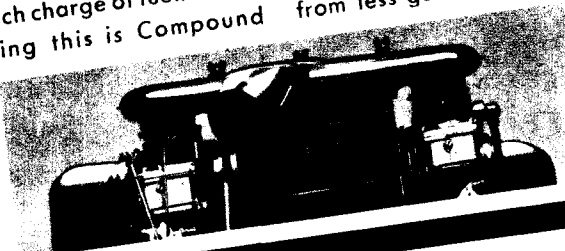
That suggests immediately that here is the instrument of great speed—but the fact is it wasn't speed we were after when we built it.

We were shooting for *more efficient use of the fuel you burn*—more economy, more power, more pick-up—yes, even easier car



NUTSHELL PICTURE of America's Most Powerful Standard-Production Engine

Basic source of this engine's peak power is the FIREBALL design which compacts the fuel charge into the shape of a flattened ball around the spark. Fired from its heart under higher compression pressure, each charge lets go with heavier wallop that extracts more power from each charge of fuel. Amplifying this is Compound Carburetion, in which the usual large carburetor is replaced by two smaller mixers teamed to work together. Only one of these carburetors functions in normal driving. The other cuts in automatically whenever it is needed to provide extra power, shuts off when the need is past. Result: Actually more power from less gasoline.



handling through less frequent need for shifting.

Above all, we were out to cut through a lot of the complications that feature current automobile design, and give you a simpler, sturdier, less involved mechanism.

Consider, for example, just one quality of this great power plant—the tremendous *reserve of power* it puts at your command.

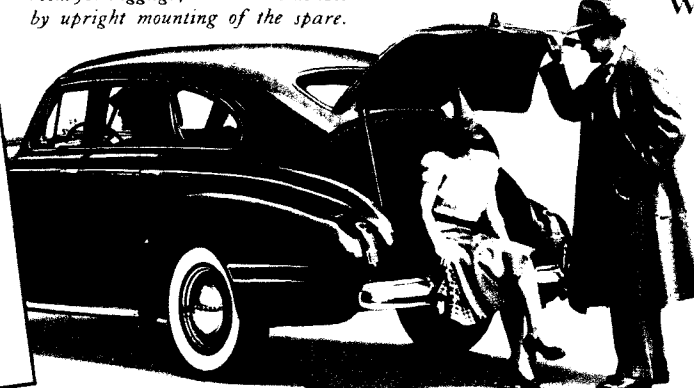
At 20 miles an hour this Buick uses only 8.3% of its available power—at 40 only 12.8%—even at 80, less than two-fifths.

The balance is available for acceleration, for pull on the hills, for overcoming sand, mud, gravel or other tough going.

You can see for yourself how this tremendous reserve, instantly available, eliminates much of your need for shifting to lower gears, hence makes unnecessary any involved device for this purpose.

It does even more—for with all this power, we can use a more economical gear ratio in our standard top speed.

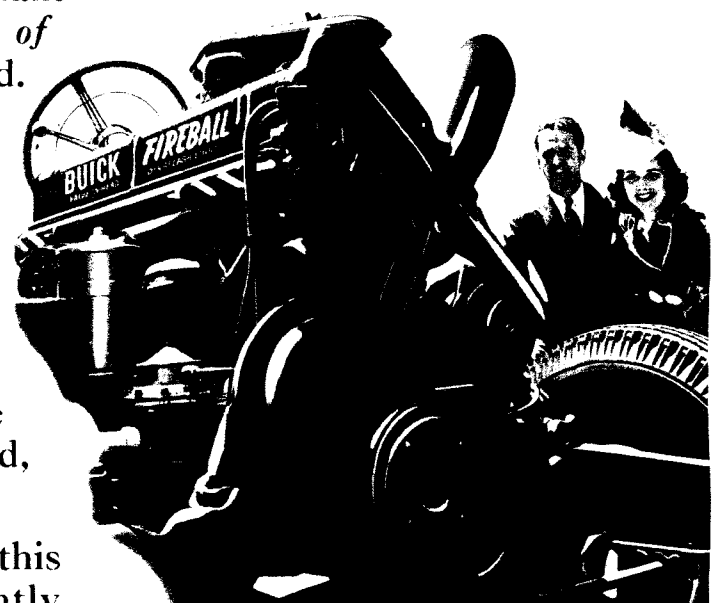
Under the sleek fantail there's more room for luggage, made more usable by upright mounting of the spare.



And that means that all the time you travel in high—from 15 miles an hour on up—you are getting the equivalent of overdrive or fourth-speed economy without mechanical complication.

In consequence: miles per gallon go up as much as 10% to 15%.

This husky 165-horsepower giant



actually gives more gasoline economy than our 107-horsepower engine of a year ago.

At 50 it consumes no more fuel than the same-sized engine of conventional design drinks up at 30.

The whys and wherefores of such performance are best understood when you have an engine to look at and someone to answer your questions about it.

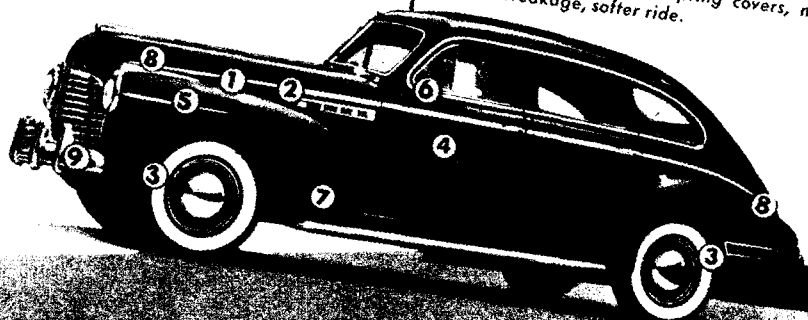
Here we can say that two things account for all this good—FIREBALL* design that gets more power out of every gallon of gasoline and Compound

Carburetion that gives your engine two distinct ranges of power.

Each of these is important enough to call for personal investigation.

But get off on the right start early—see your Buick dealer now about the year's most important engineering advance.

**According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, a super meteor which travels with a series of explosions like the shock waves of a great projectile is called a "FIREBALL."*



ONLY CAR IN THE WORLD

WITH ALL THESE FEATURES

- ① **BUICK FIREBALL VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINES** — 115, 125 and 165 horsepower. Higher compression, better combustion, greater economy from design that makes the most of modern fuels.
- ② **MICROPOISE BALANCING AFTER ASSEMBLY**—engines with less vibration per ounce than a fine wrist watch.
- ③ **COIL SPRINGS ALL AROUND**—no lubrication, no spring covers, no breakage, softer ride.
- ④ **"MASS-STREAM" BODIES,** BIGGER, ROOMIER—Unisteel Bodies by Fisher with concealed running boards and hidden hinges on all doors.
- ⑤ **COMPOUND CARBURETION** — reserve twin-barrel carburetor that cuts in as needed; greater brilliance with 30-mile economy at 50-mile speed.
- ⑥ **PERMI-FIRM STEERING** — freedom from steering wheel play over three or four times the usual service period.
- ⑦ **DUREX MAIN BEARINGS** — mechanical and chemical bond between babbitt and backing plate; practically indestructible in normal service.
- ⑧ **FORE-N-AFT DIRECTION SIGNAL** (Automatic Cut-Off)—with rear signal flush-mounted in fender.
- ⑨ **MASSIVE BUMPERS** — with four front and two rear bumper guards, built-in front license frame, and new gravel guards front and rear.

PLUS: Full-Length Torque Tube in Sealed Chassis ★ Tiptoe Hydraulic Brakes ★ One-Piece "Lift-Off" Hood ★ Easier, Quieter Concentric Shifting ★ Built-In Automatic Choke ★ Heavy Duty Oil-Bath Air Cleaners ★ Power-Saver Fan and Water Pump ★ Micro-Matched Connecting Rods ★ Sealed Beam Headlights ★ Two-Tone Body Colors ★ Safety Plate Glass All Around.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



"Best Buick Yet"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



She felt helpless in the face of honesty like that. You couldn't put a person in his place if he was already there. "Of course I'm just a racketeer," he'd say

Preview Tonight

By Corey Ford
ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VÁRADY

The love story of Peggy Burt. Can such things happen? Ask the sages of motion-picture land

THERE is a gesture that you will get to know, if you stay in Hollywood long enough. You will see it at any prominent restaurant, Ciro's or the Derby, Chasen's or La Maze, whenever anybody arrives; anybody important, that is, anybody who matters, anybody who is somebody. ("Look, isn't that Dietrich just coming in? . . .") At once, you will see all the heads lift simultaneously from their salads, and turn in unison from left to right like a crowd at a tennis match, and then go back to their salads again. Up, left to right ("Hello, Clark"), down. Up, right to left ("Goodby, Joan"), down. Endlessly; for the Hollywood neck is a sturdy piece of mechanism, and never seems to wear out. Up, left to right ("Hello, Bing"), down. . . .

It's because they're all afraid, Peggy Burt reflected, clinging to René's ("Look, isn't that René Santee just coming in? . . .") arm as they crossed the outer room of Chasen's past the slowly swiveling necks, the wary eyes. Afraid of speaking to the wrong person. Afraid of not being spoken to by the right person. Afraid of the filling-station attendant who does not recognize them, the studio cop who asks to see their pass, the restaurant proprietor who fails to reserve their favorite table. "But, Dave, you know I always have this same table every Thursday night." "I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Santee." Dave Chasen, the practiced host, polishing his hands in anguish. "If you'd only let me know in time . . . but Mr. Capra and his party . . ."

"Darling, this booth in the corner's all right," Peggy whispered, plucking at René's sleeve. "I like it even better, it's quieter."

"IT'S that column in this morning's Insider," said René bitterly, sliding himself along the red leather cushion until he faced the restaurant with his back to the wall, a familiar Hollywood precaution. "That's why they're all shoving me around like this. Even Mike Romanoff didn't speak to me coming in."

"You're just imagining, Ren. They probably didn't even see it."

"Oh, they saw it. Everybody in the business sees the Insider. They're afraid not to."

Peggy sighed. Afraid of a trade

paper like the Insider, whose venomous gossip column was pointed, like the barrel of a holdup gun, at the very pit of Hollywood's cringing stomach. "They all know why Tomlinson wrote it. Just because you refused to take an ad."

"He said I performed like an educated horse. . . ."

For a moment, Peggy fought down an unworthy impulse to smile. There was something a little equine about René's lean, handsome face, his long nose and flaring nostrils, his sleek sorrel mane. . . . She checked herself, ashamed. "Poor Ren," she said contritely, patting his cheek. Poor, helpless René, shying at the lash of ridicule, flinging back his fine head and snorting with fright. It was cruel of Tomlinson, like beating a dumb

(Continued on page 37)

"First Completely Beautiful Car I Ever Saw!"

Symphonic Styling

Brilliant new design . . . and, for the first time in low priced cars, a wide choice of interior color combinations that harmonize with exterior colors . . . AT NO EXTRA COST

In automobiles up to now, *one* upholstery color has usually done duty with *every* body color . . . and carpets, floor mats and other interior details have added a further confusion of clashing tones. Now, in Symphonic Styling, Hudson brings you for the first time interiors

that harmonize with exteriors . . . the kind of color harmony throughout that you want and expect in other fine things you buy. *And at no extra cost!* See these new cars of brilliantly modern design, each a symphony of line and color, yet at prices starting among today's lowest!



Car illustrated is new Hudson Super-Six Sedan, \$922*. (White sidewall tires, de luxe hub caps and wheel trim rings, chrome window mouldings and new de luxe running boards, as shown, extra.)

NEW 1941 HUDSON

Hudson Offers Fine Automobiles In Every Popular Price Class . . . AT NEW PRICES STARTING AMONG AMERICA'S LOWEST . . . New Hudson Six and Super-Six (in the lowest and low price fields); New Hudson Commodore Six and Eight and Commodore Custom (in the moderate price field). **MORE CAR for LESS MONEY** in Every Popular Price Class

Imagine! 1941's Big New Style Idea Is Yours in a Low Priced Car

Buyers everywhere have been quick to recognize Symphonic Styling as the one *important* new automobile style idea of the year . . . and everywhere you'll find them changing to Hudson, as the year's best investment in all-around value.

The modern beauty of Symphonic Styling, with its wide choice of beautiful color harmonies, headlines a long list of "more-for-the-money" features made possible by Hudson's 31 years of engineering leadership, and unmatched anywhere else in the lowest and low price fields.

Measure this greater value by the "Dollar Scale" at the right. And, above all, consider the greater safety you enjoy in a Hudson, and

only in a Hudson. To figure the extra *value* of these unique and exclusive safety features in dollars and cents is impossible, yet Hudson charges nothing extra for them.

We cordially invite all motorists to drive a new Hudson . . . and particularly to those now driving one of the other cars in the lowest price field, we extend an invitation to see and drive the new Hudson Six or new Hudson Super-Six.

PRICES START AMONG AMERICA'S LOWEST

\$695

for Hudson Six Coupe, *delivered in Detroit, including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. Optional equipment and accessories extra. Two-tone exteriors standard on Commodore Custom models, extra on all others. Low time payment terms. Prices subject to change without notice.

\$ MEASURE 1941 VALUES BY THIS DOLLAR SCALE \$

Listed below are a few important features of the 1941 Hudson Six . . . *one of America's lowest priced cars* . . . a typical example of how Hudson engineering leadership gives you *more for the money* in every popular price field.

- \$ **SYMPHONIC STYLING** . . . a selection of interiors that harmonize with exterior colors . . . *at no extra cost.* NEVER OFFERED IN ANY LOW PRICED CAR BEFORE.
- \$ **MORE SIZE AND ROOM** . . . Bigger by far than any other car in the lowest price field, with biggest luggage space ever built into any sedan body.
- \$ **MORE POWER** . . . No car even close to its price has ever equalled the power of this 1941 Hudson Six.
- \$ **FINEST STEERING** . . . True Center-Point System, used in only two other cars, both in the *high price field*.
- \$ **SMOOTHEST RIDING** . . . Finest Independent Front Wheel Coil Springing, unlike any used before except in a few high priced cars.
- \$ **NEW SILENT SHIFTING** . . . With improved Synchronized Silent Mesh Transmission of type used in very costly cars.



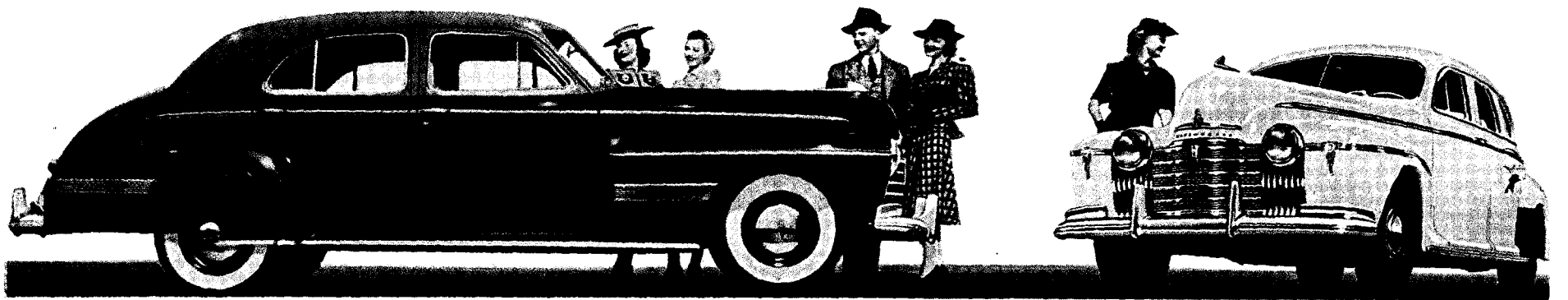
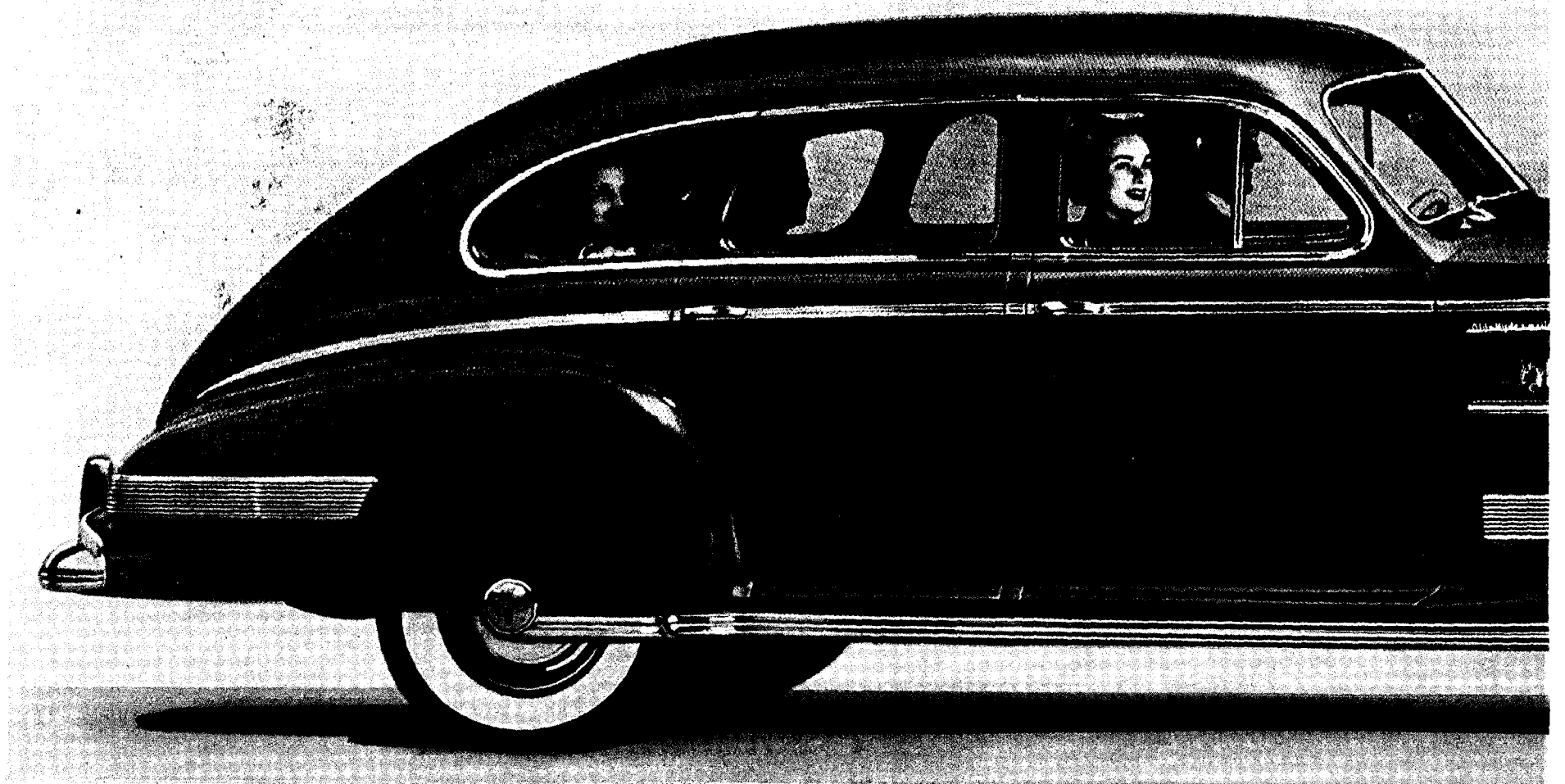
\$ **SAFEST STOPPING** with Patented Double-Safe Brakes. If hydraulics ever fail (as they can in any car through leakage due to accident or service neglect), you just push farther *on the same foot pedal* and *stop*. NOT OBTAINABLE AT ANY PRICE IN ANY OTHER CAR.

\$ **SAFER DRIVING** . . . With Patented Auto-Poise Front Wheel Control. *Extra protection even if a tire blows.* NO OTHER CAR HAS ANYTHING LIKE IT.

... AND OTHER UNIQUE SAFETY FEATURES.

Add up these **EXTRA VALUES** in the new 1941 Hudson Six . . . see how much more you get for what you pay!

The Car That It's OLDS



NEW DYNAMIC CRUISER (shown in red) 125-inch wheel-base. Two body types. Six or eight-cylinder power. Popular price.

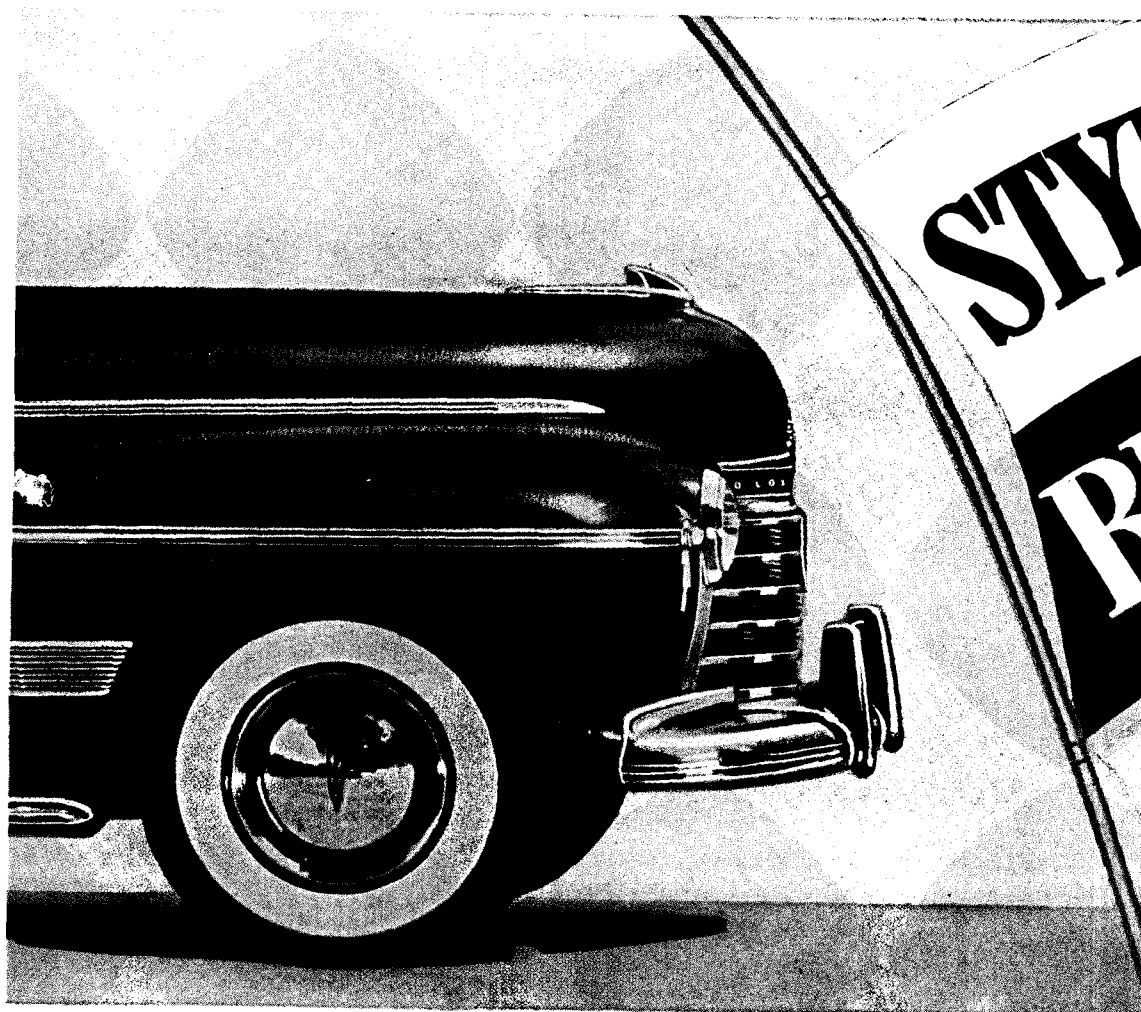
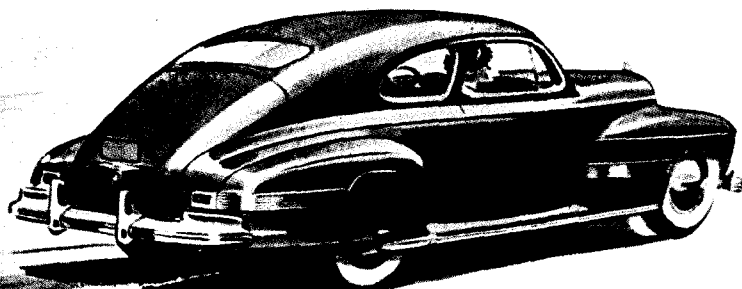
NEW CUSTOM CRUISER (shown in blue) 125-inch wheel-base. Four body types. Six or eight-cylinder power. Medium price.

NEW OLDS SPECIAL (shown in yellow) 119-inch wheel-base. Six body types. Six or eight-cylinder power. Low price.

THE CAR THAT HAS EVERYTH

Lead!

MOBILE!



STYLED TO LEAD

BUILT TO LAST

6 NEW LINES
3 SIXES
3 EIGHTS FOR '41

ALL offering
HYDRA-MATIC
DRIVE

NEWEST and *newiest* of all the new cars for 1941 is the beautiful big new Oldsmobile! *NEW wider choice of cars!*—the biggest, broadest line in Oldsmobile history. *NEW ultra-modern style!*—stunning new front ends, new wing-type bumpers, massive new dreadnaught-design bumpers. *NEW ultra-modern Fisher bodies!*—three distinct types of advanced streamlining, a style for every taste. *NEW imposing length and bigness!*—longer wheelbases, wider rear treads, wider rear seats, roomier interiors. *NEW bigger higher-powered engines!*—the Econo-Master Six stepped up

to 100 Horsepower, the Straight Eight again 110 Horsepower. *NEW interior luxury and richness!*—finer upholstery, appointments and conveniences. *NEW innovations and special features!*—including the last word in ventilating and heating systems (available at extra cost)—Oldsmobile's sensational and exclusive "Condition-Air." And with all these *new* advancements, scores of *proved* Oldsmobile features, such as modern coil springs all around, that are still **NEWS** to millions. The car to see *first* for '41 is "the car ahead"—it's Oldsmobile, now on nation-wide display!

ING Modern!



**NO CLUTCH
NO SHIFT!**

Crowning all Oldsmobile advancements for 1941 is Hydra-Matic Drive—Olds' exclusive combination of fluid coupling and completely automatic transmission. With *no clutch and no shift*, it simplifies driving, steps up performance, saves gas. It's optional at extra cost. Try it *now!*



ANNOUNCING NEW 1941 DODGE *Job-Rated* TRUCKS

More than ever... It to fit the job!

**WITH 112 STANDARD CHASSIS AND
BODY MODELS ON 18 WHEELBASES!**

BUILD THEM BETTER . . . *still better . . . always better* is the creed of experienced Dodge truck builders.

Build them to last longer on your job.

Build them to operate economically on your hauling or delivery routes.

Build them to make your truck driver's day easier . . . and more efficient . . . and *your* ownership the best truck investment you ever made.

Yes, *more than ever*, these new 1941 Dodge *Job-Rated* trucks are built to fit the job . . . *your* job.

That's what *Job-Rated* means. But it also means *quality* — Dodge *quality* that begins with intelligent truck engineering.

Dodge *quality* that comes from fine materials. Dodge *quality* that endures because of careful, precision manufacturing and workmanship. Dodge *quality* that saves you money — first to last.

You want *all this* in the truck you buy. You'll find it, to your satisfaction, in the complete line of new 1941 Dodge *Job-Rated* trucks . . . 112 chassis and body models covering over 97% of all hauling needs.

Ask your Dodge dealer now about the *right* truck to fit your job . . . the best truck you ever owned.

DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Priced with the
Lowest for
Every Capacity

SEE YOUR
Dodge Dealer
FOR A
GOOD DEAL

THERE'S ONE TO FIT YOUR JOB . . . SAVE YOU MONEY!

Preview Tonight

Continued from page 32

animal. "Why do they let him get away with it?" she said indignantly. "If I ever see him again—"

"Again?"

"I met him last week at Palm Springs," hurriedly. "You know how you meet everybody at Palm Springs." . . . Not that it had been her fault, she assured herself. Not that she could be blamed, just because she had run out of cash at the Mirage that night, and Tommy Tomlinson had happened to be at the same table, and he had loaned her just enough to win back what she had lost, and later they had gone to that Mexican chili place together, and later they had gotten some horses and gone for a little canter across the desert at dawn. . . . She couldn't be blamed, just because she had thought he was so nice and friendly. "Don't worry. I won't see him again."

"Why not?"

"Ren!"

"Don't you see?" eagerly. "You could talk to him. About me. You know . . . influence him."

"But, Ren—"

"Sweet," he pleaded, "they're going to preview Her Husband's Wife in a week or so. Unless someone puts in a word for me, he'll flay me alive in his dirty sheet. He'll ruin me with Frobein. He's got enough on me right now. . . . Things like the real color of my hair," he sighed, "or my name being Schmalz, things I never told anyone but you."

Peggy lowered her eyes guiltily. After all, maybe it *had* been her fault, in a way. She had told Tommy things she shouldn't have told. He had played her along, deliberately, in order to get some juicy tidbits for his column. Doubtless he was laughing at her now. Her lips narrowed. If she could give

him a taste of his own medicine. If she could play him—as he had played her—and then cast him aside and mock him. . . .

"For me, Peggy?" René was gazing at her with mute brown eyes, and his soft, velvety muzzle brushed against her neck. "Hm-mm-m-m-m" he whinnied.

She twirled the stem of her Martini glass for a moment between thumb and forefinger. She owed it to Ren. If he needed her. . . . "All right, dear," she said, downing her Martini with a reluctant gulp. "I'll see him again."

"I wouldn't ask you, sweet," René murmured gratefully, "except this picture means my whole new contract with Frobein, and I'm afraid. . . ."

Peggy nodded. "I know." She wondered, wearily, whether there was anybody in Hollywood anywhere who was not afraid of anything. She wondered what Tommy Tomlinson was afraid of.

"WHAT I'm afraid of," said Tommy frankly, "is you. I don't like the way I keep looking at you this way. Have you noticed it, too?"

Peggy shrugged. "I wasn't paying much attention."

"You don't suppose, by any chance," anxiously, "that I'm falling in love with you?"

They were plodding laboriously across the Mirage's postage-stamp dance floor, buffeted by the milling Saturday-night throng. For such a good swimmer and rider and all-around athlete, Peggy thought, Tommy was an abominable dancer. This morning at the Racket Club, for example, his bare, tanned body had flashed expertly across the blue-tinted pool; this afternoon, at the ranch, he had been equally at home in dungarees and mud-caked cowboy boots; but tonight in a rumpled white dinner

jacket, one shirt stud popped and his tie askew, he seemed awkward and out of place. René always danced divinely; but Tommy clutched her to his breast like a war shield and fought his way stoutly through the dancers toward the door. He halted, panting, as though he had won a battle.

"Let's go outside," Peggy suggested, "while they count the casualties."

"I can't seem to keep my eyes off you tonight," Tommy persisted, leading her onto the terrace. "It worries me." He peered at her. "How do you seem to be reacting to me?"

"Normal."

"Not falling in love with me or anything?"

"No."

"Well," he sighed, "I guess in that case it's nothing to be alarmed about." He sprawled across the wide balustrade, dangling his long legs and looking very ungainly and disconsolate. "I guess we're just a couple of people we know." She watched him in amused silence. He caught her eye, and grinned sheepishly. "Only I still can't help looking at you. Why?"

"You tell me."

He shook his head. "What is there about you?"

"Maybe it's my natural intelligence."

"You're not very intelligent," he said, "or you wouldn't be working out here."

"You work out here," she retorted.

"Not because I'm intelligent. Because I'm lazy. If I had any intelligence at all, I'd clear out of here and go back to Missouri where I came from. . . ."

He swung himself to his feet. "Come on. Let's get some chili."

Once more, Peggy had that unique sensation of skidding without being able to stop. This week end, she realized, was not going quite as she had planned. Several times during the past couple of days she had had the uneasy feeling of being taken in hand by events and whisked along without her knowledge or consent. In vain, she had tried to remind herself of her mission down here at the Springs. She was supposed to toy with this contemptible person, then cast him aside. But it was hard to recall, sometimes, that he was contemptible.

Perhaps it was because he was so frank. She felt helpless in the face of honesty like that. You could not put a person in his place if he was there already: "Of course I'm just a racketeer," he'd say. "A common racketeer. I wouldn't trust myself behind my own back."

"You printed everything I told you last week," Peggy accused him, propping her elbows on the counter beside him and hooking the toes of her slippers behind the rungs of the stool.

"Sure," candidly, "that's my racket. Have some chili?"

SHE shook her head. "Why do they let you get away with it?"

"Because they're scared," he explained. "They're afraid to stand up to me."

She asked him something she had wanted to ask him all evening. "But why do you do it, Tommy? You can make a living some other way. You're not like that, really. You're different."

"Are you perfectly sure," he asked, leaning across the bowl of chili and looking directly into her eyes, "that we're not falling in love?"

. . . They were galloping across the desert, in the dead stillness just before dawn. Every hummock and clump of sage was etched sharply in the strange

LEE
is changing the
HAT-I-TUDE[†]
of the Nation
with the
WATER-BLOC^{*} HAT
at **\$5.00**



THE CASCADE
2 oz. Water-Bloc



THE PADDOCK
Featherweight Water-Bloc



THE GUARDS
Medium Weight Water-Bloc

LEE ALSO MAKES:

The Aetna Insured Hat . . . \$3.50

The Danway . . . \$2.95

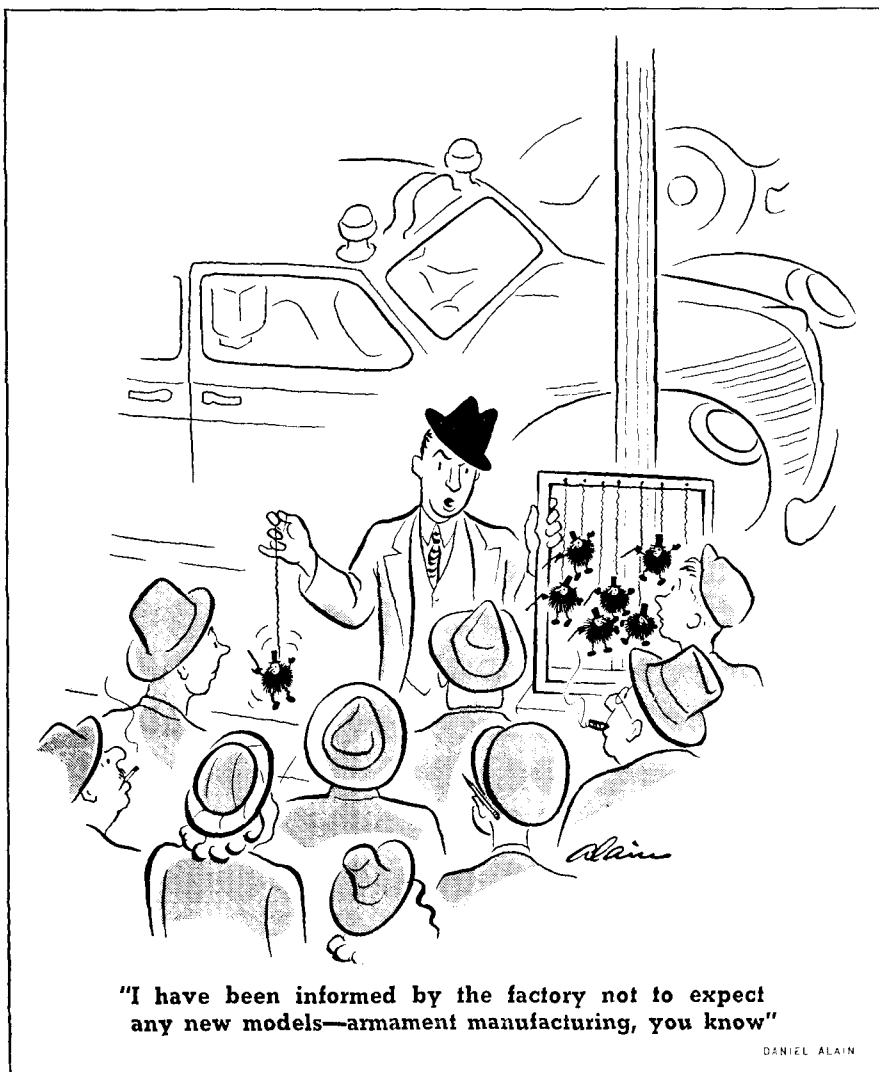
Lee Hats for boys . . . \$1.95 and up

Obtainable at all Leading Dealers or
write to us giving size, style and color.

LEE HATS

358 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

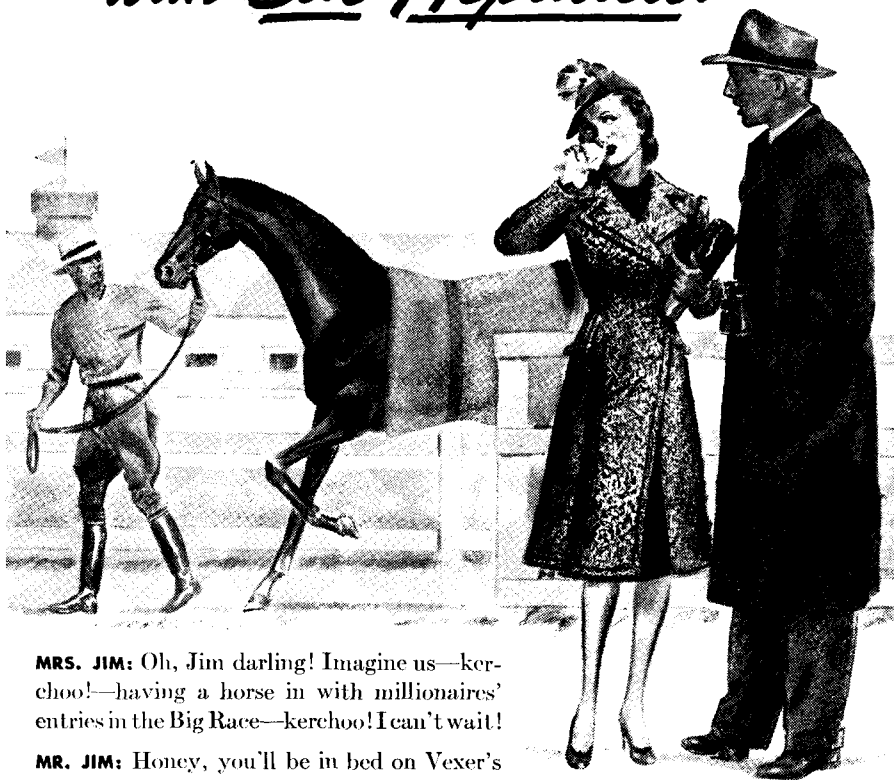
^{*}† REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



"I have been informed by the factory not to expect
any new models—armament manufacturing, you know"

DANIEL ALAIN

Hit a COLD two ways with Sal Hepatica!*



MRS. JIM: Oh, Jim darling! Imagine us—kerchoo!—having a horse in with millionaires' entries in the Big Race—kerchoo! I can't wait!

MR. JIM: Honey, you'll be in bed on Vexer's big day if we don't do something for that cold, pronto. I'd advise fast-acting Sal Hepatica.



MRS. JIM: Sal Hepatica helps fast?

MR. JIM: Yes, it's fast, two ways. First, Sal Hepatica acts fast as a laxative—usually within one hour, and speed is important in fighting a cold. Second, Sal Hepatica helps counteract the excess gastric acidity that usually accompanies a cold.*

After the Race

MRS. JIM: Vexer's a marvel. He won by a length! And to think—I might have been in bed and missed it all if it hadn't been for you!

MR. JIM: If it hadn't been for Sal Hepatica, you mean. If we go South with Vexer, let's put Sal Hepatica in the suitcase for good luck. What do you say?



* A recent survey conducted by seven leading medical journals shows that 7 out of 10 doctors recommend a *saline* laxative in treating colds.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today.

TUNE IN! EDDIE CANTOR in "Time to Smile"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

silver light, and the jagged mountains against the horizon were infinitely near. A coyote ran ahead of them, and ducked down a dry coulee. "This is far enough," Tommy called. "We can see it all right from here."

They halted their horses and dismounted. They stood close together, shivering a little in the cold desert air, waiting for the sunrise.

"I guess I was right, tonight," he said in a low voice.

"About what?"

"About what I said about how I feel about you. You know why?"

"Why?"

"Because you're the first person I've met out here who hasn't got an angle," he said. "Who isn't just playing somebody for something."

Peggy looked away suddenly, gripping her hands together tight, and stared hard at the increasing yellow light along the desert's rim.

"I guess I'm in love, all right," he said. "How about you?"

She did not answer.

"Could you tell any better if I kissed you?"

When she looked again, the sun had flipped above the horizon, like a conjurer's coin, and the whole desert was bright and normal with daylight. Tommy led the way back, jogging ahead of her, his lanky body loose and gracefully at ease in the saddle. She wondered, inconspicuously, how René would look on a horse.

HE LOOKED very natural, considering.

His smile was fixed; his riding clothes were immaculate, his sleek boots shined; he jogged gracefully in the saddle, exactly in time with the vertical motion of an astonishingly lifelike stuffed horse which, propelled by a vast mechanism of springs and levers and treads, was bouncing up and down in front of the camera.

Several dozen lights, cunningly arranged, revealed every detail of the handsome Santee profile. A wind machine, just out of camera range, ruffled his hair a little, and gave a convincing flutter to the horse's mane. Behind him, across the big process screen, a panorama of trees and fences and hedgerows flicked steadily into the distance, giving the effect of a landscape racing past. The director's voice was barely audible above the noise.

"Cut!"

"All right, boys. Save it! Save that arc! Going to reload..."

Lights flooded the big process stage, and Peggy picked her way hurriedly through the litter of power cables, switch boxes, portable light standards. On the wooden platform, beside the camera, the director in his canvas-backed chair was conferring earnestly with the head cameraman: "I got U.C.L.A. for seven points Saturday." René was being helped down from the mechanical horse by a couple of prop men; he spotted Peggy, and hurried toward her with a smile of welcome.

"We're just grabbing a few retakes this morning," he explained, as he led her across the stage toward his portable dressing room. "They sneaked the picture Friday in Glendale. There were a couple of bad spots in the hunt sequence, and they needed some close shots of me to cover the dialogue changes. Otherwise I think it went over all right. I hear Frobin was pleased." She entered the trailer, and he closed the door. "Well..." His voice tried in vain to conceal its eagerness. "I'm anxious to hear how you made out."

Peggy seated herself on the sofa, opposite his dressing-table mirror. She could see her face in the glass, flushed and unhappy. "I saw him."

"Swell." He leaned back on the

dressing-table bench, one leg cocked, his fingers laced across a polished riding boot. "Did you—say anything?"

Her reflection shook its head reluctantly. "No, Ren. I didn't."

"Well, I suppose it might have been rushing it," said René, a little disappointed. "Still, I was hoping... you see, there isn't much time. They're going to have the press preview Friday."

"I know. He asked me to go with him."

"But—that's perfect, sweet!" René almost laughed in relief. "That'll give you just the chance you—"

"I'm not going."

"Not going?" incredulously.

"I can't, Ren. I can't see him again. You see..." She hesitated. "He said... he thinks we're in love..."

"But, Peggy, wasn't that just what you wanted?" asked René, puzzled. "Wasn't that the whole idea?"

"But, you see..." She and her reflection exchanged a last miserable glance. "I think... I think maybe he's right..."

There was a sharp knock on the door. "Okay, Mr. Santee," said the assistant director, "we're ready."

René walked back slowly across the stage toward the mechanical horse. He was not a man to give up easily. There must be some way still to snatch victory out of defeat, he was sure. There must be something he could do...

"Quiet, please," the assistant director was calling, "this is going to be the picture." The head whistle monkey sounded a shrill blast, and echoed: "Quiet, please, everybody." The cableman said: "Turning." The sound man said: "Speed!"

"All right," said the director. "Camera!"

The landscape raced once more across the process screen. The gears began to grind again, the noisy treadmill revolved, the horse bounced up and down, its rubber head nodding, its ears twitching realistically, its mane flapping in the breeze of the wind machine. René held the reins and jogged in the saddle, gazing ahead steadily at the camera. There was a smile on his face, a calculating smile; the smile of a man who has just evolved a plan...

OUT of the lobby of the theater, beneath the canvas streamer Preview Tonite, the crowd ebbed slowly across the sidewalk and flowed down the street in a receding wave toward their parked cars, laughing, exchanging carefree good nights.

Peggy clung to René's arm. "They liked it, René. Don't worry. It's going to be a success."

"We'll know better," he mused, "when we see what the Insider says..."

His voice trailed, and he stared at someone over her shoulder. She turned. Tommy Tomlinson was sauntering toward them across the lobby. He gave her a curious smile. "Good evening, Miss Burt," and then held out his hand to René.

"Congratulations, Santee. I'm giving it a rave in the paper tomorrow. All the adjectives in the shop. Four stars." He waved aside René's stammered thanks. "Just wanted you to know," casually, "that I kept my word."

He turned away and strolled across the lobby toward the street. Peggy's eyes went to René's face, puzzled. "What did he mean by that?"

"Hmm?" He avoided her eyes.

"What did he mean about keeping his word?"

"Well, you see, sweet," René began with elaborate carelessness, "I met him the other day at the Derby. You know how you meet everybody at the Derby..."

"Ren!" A sudden look of shocked comprehension came into her face.

"But, sweet, I had to do something,"

René pleaded. "I had to speak to him. It meant everything. It meant my whole future—"

Her voice was dangerously thin: "What did you say to him?"

"I told him how much it would mean to you," he confessed. "I asked him to do it for you. . . ."

THERE was a sudden movement at the rear of the lobby. The little groups of Frobein officials scattered, like startled schools of fish, as a small, stocky, gray-haired man cut through them like a barracuda and advanced rapidly toward René. "Santee!"

"Yes, Mr. Frobein," René faltered.

"I want you should ride home with me in my car. I want to talk to you about your new contract. If this picture is a success," said Frobein, taking his arm, "I got some big ideas. . . ."

Over his shoulder, René called to Peggy: "You don't mind, sweet? My chauffeur'll take you back. . . ."

Tight-lipped, Peggy walked down the sidewalk toward René's long black limousine, waiting at the curb. A small roadster was parked just ahead of it. Tommy lounged beside the roadster, one foot on the running board, and bowed as she approached. "I haven't got a uniform," he whispered, as she started past him, "but I know where we can get some awful good chili. . . ."

. . . She propped her elbows on the bare counter beside him, and hooked the toes of her slippers behind the rungs of the high stool. She ate in silence. He grinned at her: "Have some more?"

She shook her head dully. "You've got to get back, Tommy. You've got to write that review."

"Oh, that. That's all attended to. I wrote it this afternoon before I left the office. I knew what I was going to say."

"I know why you did it," she murmured unhappily.

He shrugged. "It'll give him the lift he wants. He'll get that new contract out of Frobein."

"You didn't do it for him."

"No," said Tommy frankly, "I had an angle. I figured he'd be a success, and he wouldn't need you any more. I figured I'd be the one who would need you instead. . . ." He leaned across the bowl of chili and looked directly into her eyes. "You know how I feel about you."

She nodded.

"How do you feel about me?"

"Maybe," she said in a low voice, "I

could tell better if you kissed me. . . ."

. . . They were driving along the wide cement highway, in the dead stillness just before dawn. The cold wind flowed steadily against her cheek, and she nestled in the crook of his arm. "But where are we going afterward?"

"Back to Missouri," said Tommy firmly. "I'm selling out the paper. I'm going to do something decent for a change," he said, "like robbing poor boxes, or setting fire to an orphan asylum."

She shivered happily, and shut her eyes. She opened them again abruptly as another thought struck her. "Don't you think we ought to send back some word?"

"Oh, that. That's all attended to," said Tommy. His arm tightened confidently around her. "I wrote it this afternoon before I left the office. . . ."

" . . . in short," René read happily, "Her Husband's Wife combines the best qualities of The Birth of a Nation, All Quiet, and Gone With the Wind. Not since the inception of the cinematographic art has such an epic emerged upon the silver screen. . . ."

HE LOOKED up as his white-coated Filipino servant entered the bedroom. "Did you get that number, Benjamin?"

"Sorry, sir," Benjamin replied. "Phone doesn't answer."

"Keep trying it," René said. "She's probably still sleeping."

He propped himself more comfortably against the pillows, took another sip of coffee, and let his eye wander contentedly down the column of print. " . . . Santee's performance must rank among the truly great of our time. . . ."

" . . . leading candidate for the Academy Award. . . . not since the heyday of Garrick and Booth. . . ." He smiled luxuriously, thinking of Frobein, thinking of his new contract, thinking of the success of his plan. " . . . and, in conclusion, it may be said that René Santee deserves everything that is coming to him. He has earned it well."

Abruptly he sat erect, the coffee sloshing over the rim of the cup.

"Yuma, Aug. 29," he read, just below the column. "Miss Peggy Burt, of Frobein Studios Art Department, and A. B. Tomlinson, former editor of The Insider, were married here today."

He put down the paper.

"Benjamin," he said slowly, "you can cancel that call."

How a Man of 40 can Retire in 15 Years



IT MAKES no difference if your carefully laid plans for saving have been upset during the past few years. It makes no difference if you are worth half as much today as you were then. Now, by following a simple, definite Retirement Income Plan, you can arrange to quit work forever fifteen years from today with a monthly income guaranteed you for life. Not only that, but if you should die before that time, we would pay your wife a monthly income as long as she lives.

\$150 a Month beginning at age 55

Suppose you decide that you want to be able to retire on \$150 a month beginning at age 55 and you qualify for the following Plan. Here is what it provides:

- 1 A check for \$150 when you reach 55 and a check for \$150 every month thereafter as long as you live.
- 2 A life income for your wife if you die before retirement age.
- 3 A monthly disability income for yourself if, before age 55, total disability stops your earning power for 6 months or more.

This Retirement Income Plan is guaranteed by the Phoenix Mutual, a company with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force and a record of nearly a century of public service. If you want to retire some day, and are willing to lay aside a portion of your income every month, you can have freedom from money worries. You can have all the joys of recreation or travel at the time when every man wants them most.

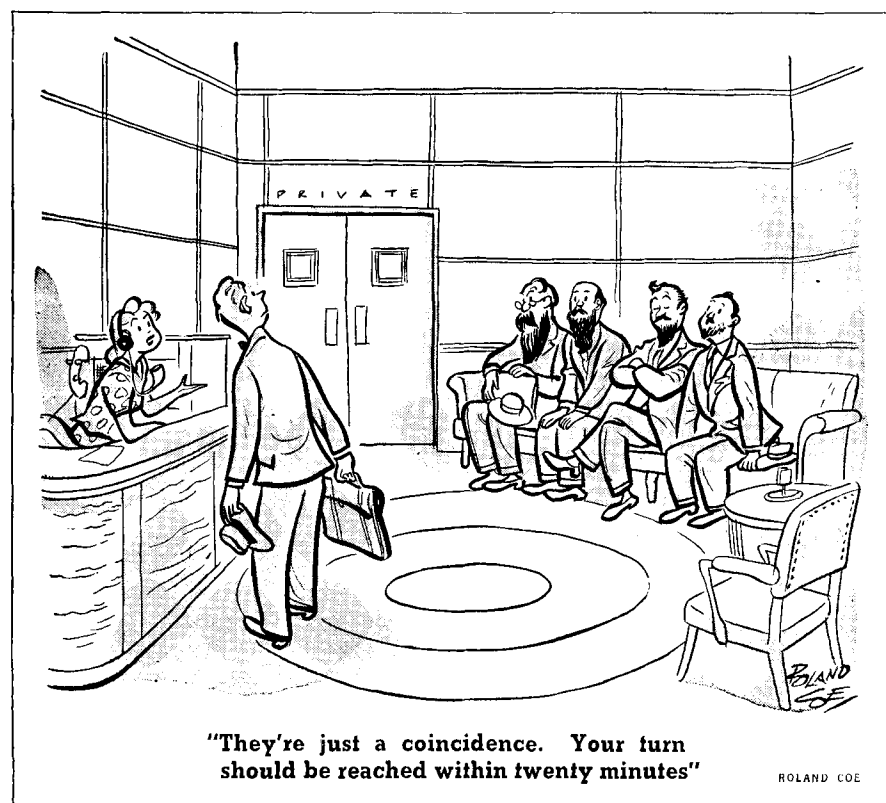
The Plan is not

limited to men. Similar Plans are available to women. It is not limited to persons of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to \$150 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages that you wish: 55, 60, 65, or 70.

What does it cost? When we know your exact age, how much income you will need, and how soon it should begin, we shall be glad to tell you the cost. In the long run, the Plan will probably cost nothing, because, in most cases, every cent and more comes back to you at retirement age.

Send for Free Booklet

Write your date of birth in the coupon below and mail it today. You will receive, by mail and without charge, a copy of the 32-page illustrated booklet shown below. It tells about the Plan, how to qualify for it, how to use it. Send for your copy now. The coupon is for your convenience.



"They're just a coincidence. Your turn should be reached within twenty minutes"

ROLAND COE

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company
444 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Please send me by mail, without obligation, your book describing the
PHOENIX MUTUAL RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN.

Name _____

Date of Birth _____

Business Address _____

Home Address _____

Copyright, 1940, by Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company

**OUR PART
IN NATIONAL
DEFENSE**



Walter S. Gifford, President, American Telephone and Telegraph Company

**THE BELL SYSTEM IS A NATION-WIDE
TELEPHONE SYSTEM—READY TO SERVE
THE UNITED STATES IN NORMAL TIMES
OR EMERGENCY. IT HAS . . .**

1. The trained forces to operate telephone equipment and plant.
2. The trained staffs to direct these operations.
3. The latest motorized, mechanized telephone groups of great mobility which can concentrate anywhere quickly.
4. A dependable service of supply that reaches anywhere in the United States.
5. A source of supply—the Western Electric Company, devoted to telephone manufacture.
6. A great laboratory that brings the advance of science to bear on the improvement of telephony.

7. The financial strength to keep going and work ahead for the future.

Each is important. All are necessary for good telephone service from day to day and for the needs of national defense.

It is the organization, the team-work, that counts. That means trained, experienced men and management, working together and planning ahead, so that the right material and the right "know how" will be at the right place at the right time.

Walter S. Rippard

THE BELL SYSTEM IS READY TO DO ITS PART IN
THE NATION'S PROGRAM OF NATIONAL DEFENSE



Traitor's Purse

Continued from page 16



That man with the alarm clock brain, on the opposite page — knows that the

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

is the
Statler Hotel
in New York

Lots of our guests try to buy the beds they've slept in, here at Hotel Pennsylvania—they're that comfortable!

Yes, everyone of our 2200 big, comfortable rooms has that kind of bed—one that lets you wake up in the morning feeling so good you could lick your weight in wild cats!

And Hotel Pennsylvania food! In the Coffee shop, there's extra enjoyment because of the budget prices. In the Café Rouge, luncheon's a treat—also modestly priced. And there's dancing at dinner and supper, if you wish.

Make Hotel Pennsylvania your New York address!

James H. McCabe
General Manager



➔ DON'T MISS OPPOSITE PAGE! ➔

"Oh, yes," he agreed in horror as he saw the trap. "Yes, we have, haven't we? I forgot."

He expected her to be angry with him. Any woman would be. He was grateful that he had said it. Those intelligent young eyes terrified him. He needed her beside him with an unbearable urgency quite out of character. He was not the sort of man who ought ever to need the moral support of anyone else on earth with this dreadful sick anxiety. Once she knew the truth about him she'd stick to him with all that eager generosity that was her mainspring. She'd be so kind, so sorry.

He glanced across the room at her. She was sitting on the arm of a chair, looking half her age. Her short skirt showed her knees, and her thin arms were folded on her chest. She grinned at him.

"You're up to something you don't want me to know about," she said. Then: "Miss Anscombe sounded as if she might have been being useful. Was she?"

"She was, very. I hope she keeps her mouth shut now. Aubrey suggested that you bring her along, did he?"

Campion was watching her very closely and he thought he saw her change color.

"No," she said. "No, he didn't, as it happens. I rather edged her off Lee."

"I see. You're going back there now, are you?"

"If you think I ought to."

"My dear girl, that's your affair entirely." Campion hoped she was not bickering.

To his consternation she got up and came over to him.

"Look here, Albert," she said with unusual earnestness. "I'm not asking for any explanation, of course. Our usual arrangement stands. You know exactly what you're doing and I'm only out to be useful, but just at the moment I'm probably rather slow. I'm not too good. I've had a bit of a shock, as a matter of fact. I'll tell you about it later, when I'm better. But at the moment it's making me a bit ingrowing and slow on the uptake and I don't see what you're up to at all. I don't know what to look out for. I don't even know if I've done the right thing about Hutch."

HUTCH? Good heavens, of course! The superintendent. Campion hoped that the sweat which had broken out on his face was not visible. The nightmare was riding him with a vengeance. It was bad enough to have one's previous life wiped clean off the slate of one's mind without developing this new propensity for forgetting any act of violence that came his way. First it had been Anscombe's murder and now it was his own attack on the unfortunate superintendent.

"What did you do?" he inquired anxiously.

"Well, I convinced him that you were you, to start with. That took a bit of doing, but I got it into all their heads in the end. Then—" she coughed delicately, "—then I said you were never afraid to take the unconventional line if the urgency of the job demanded it."

"How did they take that?"

"Not too well," she admitted. "You can't blame them, Albert. It was pretty drastic and high-hat, wasn't it? Very unlike you, too," she added after a pause. "You're not much like yourself at the moment. You'll find the police looking for you, by the way. They're not entirely satisfied and Hutch wants his car, for one thing."

Campion held his breath. He could just remember that there must have been a car, but what had happened to it or to himself between the moment when he had knocked out the superintendent and had subsequently walked into the paper shop he had no idea.

This was dreadful. Amanda must find him out at any minute now. Her trust was heart-rending, too. He wished she would not treat him with the blind faith of the silly little sister who follows her brother up the elm tree.

"You knew where to find me yourself," he remarked. "How was that?"

Again that look of hurt bewilderment appeared.

"That was our arrangement, wasn't it?" She did not speak of the car again and he guessed that this reticence must be part of their arrangement also. Evidently she was his lieutenant. She offered any information she found but their plan of campaign was entirely his own.

"I must see Henry Bull," he said.

"Ye-es." Her hesitation was fractional but it infuriated him.

"What else can I do?" he demanded.

"Stanislaus has disappeared and someone has got to explain this darned fifteen."

She sat up stiffly, her eyes widening.

"But I thought you knew. I thought you'd been given all the hush-hush dope and that you and Oates were holding the entire baby between you, because nobody dare risk any sort of leakage. I didn't realize that you were in the dark at all. No wonder you're so jittery."

He looked up at her as she stood over him. His taut brown face was expressionless.

"Do you find me jittery?"

Amanda laughed. It was spontaneous amusement and her heart-shaped face was alive and sane and lovely.

"I find you theatrical, stinker," she said. "What's up?"

HE TOOK her hand and swung her arm to and fro. He had seen someone else do that. It had been Lee Aubrey. That was right; it had been that blighter Lee. He had done this, leaning against the doorpost, peering down.

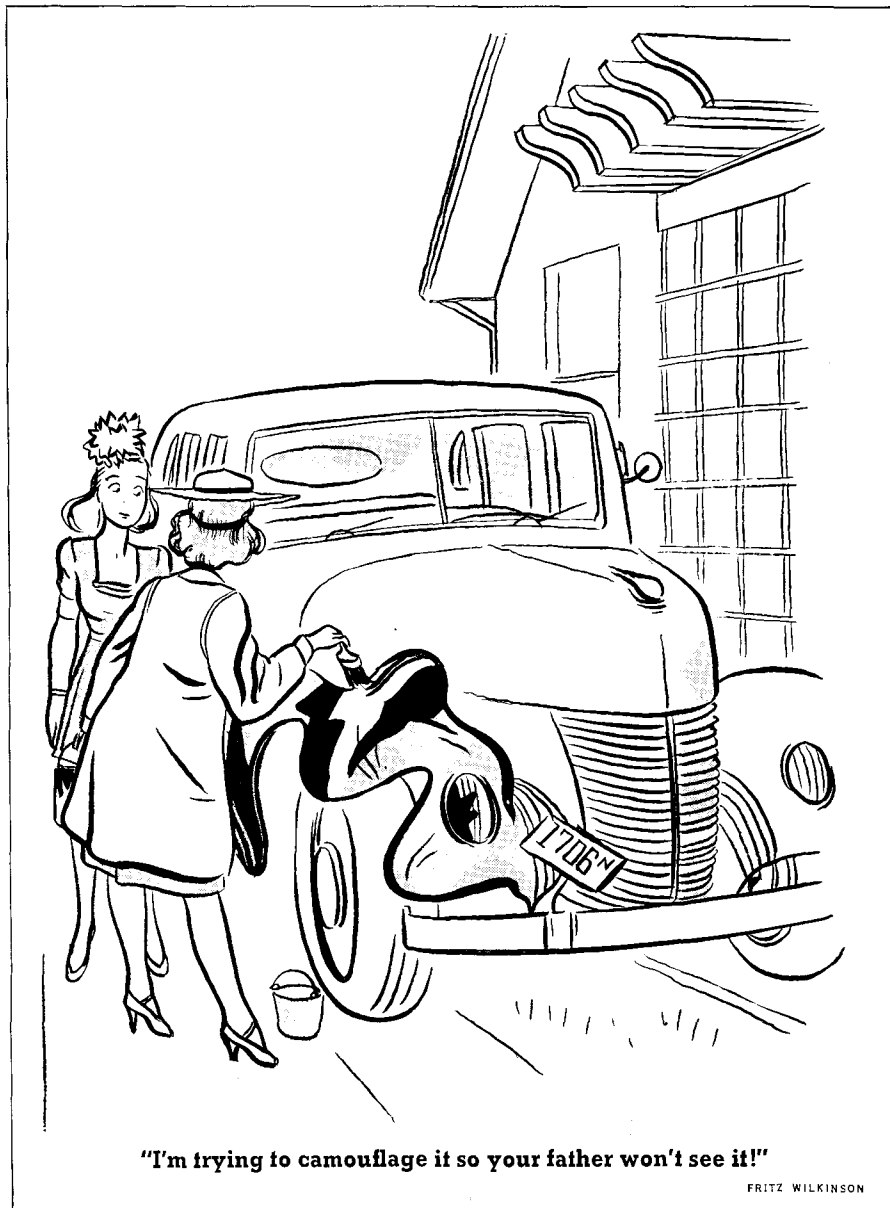
"I can't look at you with darned cow's eyes," Campion said suddenly. His wretchedness had assembled the words and they were out of his mouth before he could censor them.

Amanda drew her hand away. Then she slapped him.

It was a gesture rather than a blow, very light and very quick. There was no smile on her face now and no animation. Her fine bones made a stamp, a die of quality, and she was as remote from him as if she had died.

He stumbled to his feet and stood looking at her wildly. At that moment every restraining consideration seemed utterly absurd. She was part of himself and she was lost. Her going would mean partial disintegration. He felt himself cracking hopelessly, shamefully, before her eyes.

The tap on the inner door came from another world. They both swung around to stare at the handle as it turned. Lugg



"I'm trying to camouflage it so your father won't see it!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

The man with the alarm clock brain



THE MORNING AFTER his first night with us, we saw him dashing through the lobby. Later in the day, he told us the reason for his hurry.

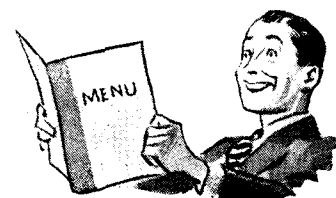
"You know," he began, as though he'd made a great discovery, "you really ought to *warn* your guests that Statler hotel beds are the most amazingly comfortable things they're ever likely to sleep in!

"Why, I've always boasted about how I can wake up at any time I set my mind on, without being called. Haven't overslept in years. But this morning I discovered that a Statler bed has no respect for an early appointment with a prospect. Most refreshing night's sleep I can remember!"



(Statler custom-made mattresses float you off to sleep on 837 resilient springs that are softly padded with horsehair. Wonderful pillows, too, of goose feathers-and-down.)

"When I *did* wake up," our new guest continued, "I phoned down for breakfast. And when I came out of my shower bath, there was the waiter with everything ready—piping hot and delicious. He even had the morning paper propped up for me. So I saved enough time to make my appointment, after all."



(If you haven't tried Statler meals lately, you'll be surprised at the reasonable prices for unusually delicious food—including convenient low-cost, room-service meals.)

"Just so I don't slip up again," concluded the man with the alarm clock mind, "will you put me down for a seven o'clock call tomorrow morning?"

More for your money at a Statler

Beds so comfortable that guests often ask to *buy* them, superlative service, unusually delicious food, the greater comfort of spacious rooms, meticulous cleanliness—these and many another Statler innovation give you, at Statlers, what we believe is the greatest hotel value in America.

STATLER OPERATED
HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA \$3.50
NEW YORK
HOTEL WILLIAM PENN \$3.50
PITTSBURGH

More for your
money at a
**Statler
Hotel**

HOTELS STATLER IN
BOSTON \$3.50
BUFFALO \$3.00
CLEVELAND . . . \$3.00
DETROIT \$3.00
ST. LOUIS \$2.50

← Don't miss opposite page!

MORE DU PONT "ZERONE" IS SOLD THAN ANY OTHER ANTI-FREEZE



You can't beat it for Low-Cost Anti-Freeze Protection!

INTRODUCED to the motoring public only seven years ago, more "Zerone" anti-freeze is purchased today than any other brand. The reason is that "Zerone" is efficient and economical. It is so effective it can actually keep water from freezing even at 215° below zero! Surprisingly little is needed for safe protection. A car with a 15-quart radiator capacity (the average size) can often get all-winter protection for as little as \$1.50 to \$2.00. A single gallon of "Zerone" will protect a 15-quart radiator to zero.

"Zerone" is stable. Replacements under average conditions are small. All you need is an occasional check-up. A solution of "Zerone" and water passes off engine heat better than water alone. That means improved engine performance. "Zerone" contains a rust inhibitor that keeps clean cooling systems free of rust and corrosion.

For an efficient low-price anti-freeze, buy "Zerone." Only \$1.00 a gallon, 25¢ a quart. You can get "Zerone" from dealers everywhere.

DU PONT ANNOUNCES "ZEREX" ... a new non-evaporating anti-freeze!

OUT of the same laboratories that developed that sensational new material, nylon, comes another chemical triumph—"Zerex."

Special ingredients make "Zerex" different from other premium anti-freeze brands. It protects against rust and corrosion. It is an *anti-acid*. Prevents the formation of chemicals that attack aluminum cylinder heads, rubber hose and pump packings. Gives improved cooling and engine efficiency—more heat from car heater. "Zerex" is more than just an anti-freeze. It's a winter radiator conditioner. If you are proud of your car

—careful to use only the finest products in it—you'll want "Zerex." \$2.65 a gal., 70¢ in qts. Won't boil out. One filling does the job all winter.



TUNE IN... "CAVALCADE OF AMERICA"... NBC RED NETWORK... EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING

came tiptoeing in, bounding a little like a descending balloon.

"Watch out," he said. "They're on the doorstep."

"Who?" It was Amanda who spoke. She seemed perfectly normal and at ease.

"The busies are downstairs. The inspector is in the lounge and 'e's got two men just outside on the door. The proprietor 'ere doesn't want any fuss on 'is premises, thank you, and the inspector's being obliging." The fat man dominated the room and his little eyes were bright and excited under the jutting peak of his flat cap. "The back doors aren't 'ealthy either," he went on. "I see the Lily 'imself down there, not to mention Nervy Williams and one or two more. You got a hornet's nest on your tail and no mistake. Anyone'd think you was a classic race meeting."

"How did they find me here?" said Campion.

Lugg shrugged his shoulders. "Ask me another. The police followed young Amanda, I should say, and the other little syndicate of blossoms must have a tip-off in the police somewhere. I merely strolled down after you to satisfy myself that everything was okay and I walked right into it. The police don't know me 'ere, so I came in through the lounge, 'ad a drink in the saloon, and nipped up the first staircase I could find as soon as I 'ad a chance. I've been all over the 'ouse. There's no one upstairs at the moment. I tell you what, there's a catwalk over the roofs if you want it, but I'd think twice before I took it with your 'ead."

Campion shot a glance at Amanda and turned the flat of his hand to Lugg. It was an entirely spontaneous gesture but miraculously the man seemed to understand in time.

"'E's 'ad a 'eadache," he said to the girl. "Still, it's up to 'im."

Amanda turned to Campion. "What are you going to do?"

She was as natural and polite as if Lugg had interrupted nothing more important than a tea party. Her poise was imperturbable and he knew that she must always have possessed it.

"I must see Bull," he said. "You'll go back to Bridge, won't you? Lugg can wait at the paper shop. I'll try the roof. I must get on. It's so urgent, you see. If fifteen isn't a date, the whole thing may cook up at absolutely any moment. I've got to stop it. Whatever it is, I've got to stop it."

Lugg went over to the inner door and opened it.

"You wait a second while I make sure the coast's still clear," he said over his shoulder.

CAMPION nodded and glanced at Amanda. She was looking at him and as he caught her eye she smiled with sudden frank generosity, her eyes dancing.

"The best of luck," she said. "You'll do it. How's the head?"

"Fine."

"Honest? Oh, well then, that's all right. I'd back you to get to hell and home again. 'Begone! she stormed, Across the raging tide."

It was part of a couplet, of course, and he saw by her expression that she expected him to supply the missing line. It was doubtless some old joke they had shared since her childhood, something he knew so well that it should have come to his tongue without thinking.

He laughed. "I've forgotten my cue. I'll always be able to get in touch with you at Bridge, shan't I?" he said.

The last thing he saw of her was the smile fading out of her eyes.

"There you are. It's a straight drop to begin with and then you 'ave to start the fancywork. Can you see anything at all?"

Lugg's whisper came gustily to Campion across the narrow corridor at the top of the old inn. The dark cul-de-sac in which they stood, bowing their heads to avoid the low ceiling, was warm and breathless and possessed a faint smell of dust and old wallpaper. Outside the narrow casement window the night was practically black, but the wet tiles showed occasional high lights under the faraway stars.

"I don't like you going orf like this in the state your 'ead's in," the fat man whispered, "but I don't see what else you can do, do you? Besides, you can climb like a perishing cat, can't you?"

Campion sincerely hoped so, otherwise the project seemed suicidal.

LUGG touched his arm. "I've brought this along," he said, thrusting a package into his hand. "It's some of that money out of the drawer. It never hurts to have plenty of cash on one. Then there's this little torch. It doesn't give no more light than a pin'ead. Shade it with your 'and and nobody won't see it. Now listen, when you get to the ground, make for the main road and turn down the hill. When you get to the bottom, you'll see an archway on your right. There's a sort of alley through there. Take it and go up the steps at the end and there's the station right in front of you. You may 'ave to wait about a bit for a London train, but there's bound to be one for the mail even in these times. I'll sit tight until I 'ear from you."

He broke off abruptly. Someone was moving very close to them. Heavy footsteps rang out blithely on old boards and someone's sleeve brushed against paneling that might have been directly behind them. Lugg opened the window.

"Out yer get," he whispered. "These old places either 'ave walls eight feet thick or a thin slice of canvas between two sheets of wallpaper. Button that raincoat 'round yer neck. Ready?"

Campion slipped through the narrow aperture and hung over the pit below.

To his relief, his muscles obeyed him miraculously. He was aware of them like a great webbing basket enclosing his bones. The darkness had become an element, like water or air, treacherous but stimulating. The soft, moist wind on his skin was invigorating and his dizziness had gone.

Lugg's white face looked close above him.

"Don't forget," he whispered. "Police in the front and the gentry all 'round the back. Good luck."

Campion dropped. He landed very lightly on his toes and finger tips. Good lord, he could climb like a cat! His own skill astounded him, but he thrust the astonishment away from him in panic lest it should destroy this instinctive efficiency.

The little torch proved invaluable. It shed only a pin point of light, too small to be detected immediately from the street below.

He edged his way carefully up the sloping pantiles, paused a second astride a gable and then slid down noiselessly on the other side. He went most cautiously, allowing himself to lie full length against the sharp slope and feeling his way with his feet.

He was hanging there, supporting himself with remarkably little effort, when he heard the voices. There were two of them, male, and apparently directly beneath him. He lay motionless, pressing himself into the protecting blackness of the tiles.

The two men were keeping very quiet themselves. No words were distinguishable but the murmur was furtive and secret. Presently one of them spat and, at a whisper from the other, laughed aloud. He cut it off short immediately, but the sound had not been attractive. Campion was not sure that he recog-

nized it but he had a warning instinct that he ought to do so. He gathered that he must be at the back of the building, probably looking down on some sort of semienclosed yard.

He hung there for a considerable time, the strain on his arms growing slowly intolerable.

The two men stirred at last and he heard their light footsteps moving away in the darkness. He saw the glow of a cigarette slowly disappearing into the gloom. Once it paused and they seemed to be settling. Campion felt he must lose his grip and come hurtling down onto the cobbles, but the moment passed, the men went on, and soon all was quiet.

FINALLY Campion let himself down into the guttering and edged along it perilously until he came to a gable and had to climb again. This time he was more lucky. On the other side of the mountain of tiles he came down quietly onto a perfectly good flat roof. It belonged to an old coach house, reconditioned as a garage perhaps, and it was set back a few feet from a narrow side road. His eyes were becoming more and more accustomed to the darkness, and here, with a wide expanse of sky above him, he could almost see.

There was no traffic in the road below him but further away to the right he could hear an occasional car engine revving as its driver changed gear. That must be the high road and the hill that Lugg had spoken of, of course.

He came quietly across the leads and paused with his hands on the low parapet. Beneath him was pitch-darkness but he could just see a gleam of wet pavement on the far side of the narrow road opposite. There was no movement, no sound, not a step on the stones.

He leaned over the concrete ledge and flashed his torch. The little beam was so small that it shed scarcely any glow.

He flicked it off at once. He had seen

what he wanted to. Garage, or coach house, or whatever it was, the roof-high doors were ajar.

Lying on his stomach, with his thighs hooked over the parapet, he leaned down and pulled one door wider. It was unexpectedly well hung and moved so easily that he almost overbalanced. He let it swing right back until it rested across the angle made by the building on which he lay and the blank wall of the next house. He waited.

There was not a breath from within, not a whisper, not a rustle.

Far away in the direction of High Street, a girl laughed foolishly as though someone had tickled her and afterward shouted something which he could not catch, but here, close to him in the narrow alley, there was nothing, only silence and the soft, damp kisses of the rainy wind.

He climbed onto the door and began to descend deftly by way of the old harness pegs. He made no sound at all and when his foot touched the paving stone it was very gently, as if he had been coming down carpeted stairs.

He had just straightened himself when the door moved. It swung back forcefully as the man who had been standing hidden behind it saw his opportunity and leaped for it. Campion side-stepped him with an instinctive swiftness which had nothing to do with his conscious thoughts. It was instinct, too, which made him thrust his foot out at the same moment that he struck blindly in the dark. He touched cloth and a hard shoulder beneath it, but the man went down over the outstretched foot and as he fell his cosh rattled in the gutter.

Campion ran and again he experienced a shock of delight in his own freedom of movement. All the unsteadiness of earlier in the day had vanished under the tremendous pressure of this new excitement. His illness had

IT'S SHOCKING!!

how many people—even young folks—have

GINGIVITIS

SORE GUMS

BLEEDING GUMS

TENDER GUMS

INFLAMED GUMS



4 OUT OF 5 May have this gum inflammation—often a start of ravaging Pyorrhea!

Gingivitis is attacking thousands! It's so common today 4 out of 5 may have it, clinical investigation shows.

BEWARE—if your gums are tender, sore and bleed at times. These may be signs of Gingivitis (an inflammation where gums join the teeth) which if ignored, often leads to horrible Pyorrhea with its shrinking gums and loosened teeth. Only your dentist can help Pyorrhea. Wise folks go every 3 months for gum inspection. Then at home—

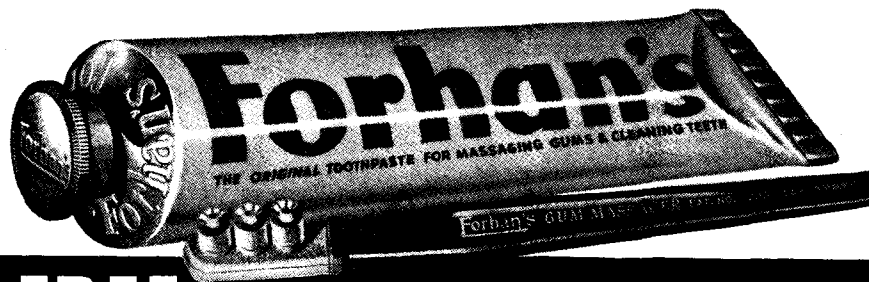
Help Guard Against Gingivitis This Easy Way

Brush your teeth and massage your gums every night and morning with Forhan's Toothpaste. Forhan's is the formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan for cleaning dull,

dingy teeth to their "natural" bright shining lustre—for massaging gums to help them be firmer, harder, stronger and more able to ward off infection. FORHAN'S ALSO HELPS REMOVE ACID FILM THAT SO OFTEN STARTS TOOTH DECAY! These added advantages should convince you to start using Forhan's immediately! At drug and department stores. Weekend size at 10¢ stores.

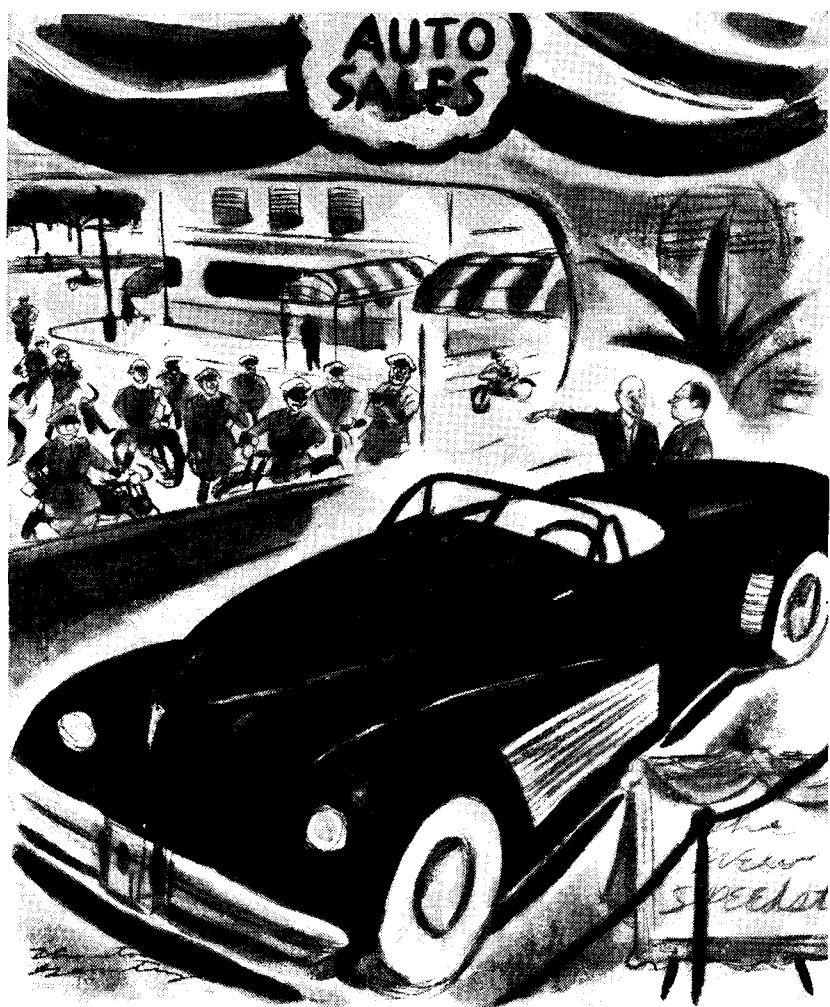
SEE DENTIST EVERY 3 MONTHS

Don't wait until teeth ache. Visit your dentist every 3 months so he can study occlusal surfaces, detect and fill small cavities, keep a close watch for gum disorders and thus save you pain and dental bills.



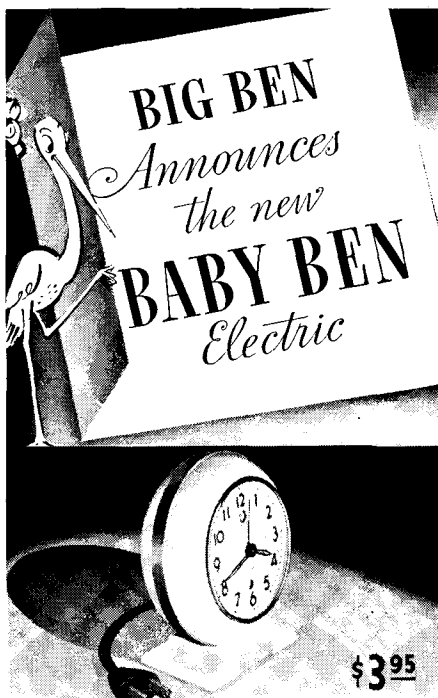
FREE

50¢ GUM MASSAGER: Send empty carton from 50¢ size tube Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. B-9, New Brunswick, New Jersey, and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager—FREE.



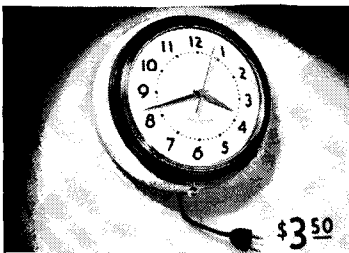
"Does that answer your question whether it's a fast job or not?"

THURSTON GENTRY



NEWS! BABY BEN ELECTRIC has just arrived in the Westclox family, and folks are making a big fuss over him! Tiny in stature—big in value—this beautiful new electric is a true chip off the Big Ben quality block. Self-starting. Current interruption signal. Lovely ivory finish with gold color trim. Steady gong alarm. You'll want to take Baby Ben Electric home the minute you lay eyes on him! In plain dial \$3.95

Luminous dial a dollar more



MANOR electric wall clock. Grand for handy reference in the kitchen. Self starting. Four color combinations. \$3.50



COUNTRY CLUB electric alarm. For any room in the house. Luminous dial, ivory finish . . . \$3.45. Maroon, gold color trim, plain dial . . . \$2.50



BIG BEN ELECTRIC is self-starting. Current interruption signal. 2-Voice chime alarm for light and heavy sleepers. Ivory finish with gold color trim or black with nickel trim \$4.95
Luminous dial a dollar more

Shown here are only a few of the many smart Westclox electrics—time clocks, wall clocks, alarm models, priced from \$2.50 to \$6.95. Some have plain dials, some luminous. See them all today. Westclox, La Salle-Peru, Ill. Division of General Time Instruments Corporation.



WESTCLOX
ELECTRIC CLOCKS

given place to a period of complete irresponsibility, coupled, of course, with the fixed idea that had never left him. Physically he was in perfect training. He moved like a whippet, easily, gracefully, and so lightly that his feet scarcely sounded upon the road.

High Street was dark and empty but as he turned down the hill the row started behind him. Shouts and heavy footsteps echoed from the side streets, and these were answered by others outside the front of the hotel. He put on more speed so that the falling ground sped from under him.

Someone behind blew a police whistle. He ducked through the archway just in time. It opened at his side like a huge mouth and he slid into it. The street was waking up behind him. He could hear cries and shouted inquiries and over his shoulder caught a glimpse of torches.

THE lighting restrictions were on his side. His uncanny gift for finding his way in the dark and, above all, his tremendous speed were going to save him if he was lucky. He kept to the wall, found the stone steps, and emerged to find himself just across the road from a railway station. It was the only building in the town not quite in complete darkness and he found the entrance without difficulty. With remarkable presence of mind he took off his torn and dirty mackintosh and folded it over his arm as he walked in. He could hear a train panting in the station, but his ears were still strained to catch any ominous sound behind him. They would find him, of course. It was such an obvious place to come. The police, who never make the mistake of neglecting the obvious, would certainly look for him here, if the others didn't.

The booking clerk put every other consideration out of his head, however. "Last train just going," he said, slamming down the ticket and the change on the brass ledge.

Campion snatched it and fled. The collector at the top of the stairs did not wait to clip his ticket.

"Express right through. There she goes. There she goes," he shouted obligingly as he dragged the other man through the gates. "Might just do it. Run, sir."

The train, a great dark centipede with dead eyes, was already chugging away from the platform, gathering speed at every gasping breath. Campion sprinted after it and just managed to swing himself onto the footboard of the last coach.

Ignoring the warning shouts behind him, he got the door of the final compartment open, and, as stale leather-scented air gushed out to meet him, he clambered into a first-class smoker. He had just slammed the door behind him, congratulated himself that there was no corridor, and had flung himself into a corner under one of the small blue reading lights with relief in his heart, when the train stopped with a jerk.

They had caught him. That was his first thought. The police had followed him and stopped the train. He was trapped, caught as surely as if hands were already on his shoulder. He wondered if they would come up the line for him. If so, perhaps he had a chance if the further door of the compartment was not locked. It was, of course. At the other window he made the unnerving discovery that the coach was still partly at the long platform. Moreover, there was no time to do anything. Flying feet and raised voices were bearing down upon him. He struggled with the door. At least he could make a dash for it. The darkness was on his side. Nothing else seemed to be helpful, however. The catch stuck and he was a moment wrenching it.

That delay defeated him. As the

heavy door swung open a hurrying figure hurled itself in on top of him, and as he caught a glimpse of it his arm, which had been upraised, dropped to his side.

"That's all right, that's all right. I'm quite all right. Very much obliged to you. Good night."

The newcomer spoke over his shoulder to someone in the darkness.

"Good night, sir. No trouble at all. Good night," an official voice answered deferentially, and the guard's whistle sounded down the platform.

The train started with a jerk that unsteadied both men and Campion retired to his corner. It was another belated traveler; that was all. He was making a fool of himself. There was nothing to fear yet. He was still free. He leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes. His body was chilled and clammy and he could feel his heart jolting painfully in his side.

The other man had settled himself diagonally opposite and was panting gently in the semidarkness. He was small and elderly and seemed taken up with his own near shave.

Campion dismissed him from his mind. There was plenty to think about. There had been no gunplay. That meant that somebody in charge of the crook element had issued very strict orders. In England gunplay invariably entails intensive police interest. It works like a charm. One shot produces forty policemen, endless inquiries, house-to-house visits; someone was determined to get peace and quiet for his activities. Weaver, B's, munificent offer proved that much, of course, but it was worth noticing.

Campion dug himself further into the soft, old-fashioned upholstery and considered his chances. The train was an express. That should mean that he was safe until he got to a London terminus. There, of course, the metropolitan police would probably be waiting for him if the county inspector knew his stuff, which seemed highly probable. Well, that could wait. He'd cross that bridge when he came to it. Meanwhile, here at last was a breather, time to think if his mind would work.

With the grim determination of necessity he settled down to make it function. Very carefully he reviewed all the concrete evidence that the last thirty hours had produced. All of it was unexpected and most of it apparently entirely unrelated. Behind it all was this

desperate urgency, this passionate instinct for haste. If only he knew the essentials. He was trying to fit together a jigsaw puzzle without knowing what sort of picture the pieces were expected to make. A few of them matched, though. Pyne and his Surveys Limited. The professional crooks and the method of Anscombe's murder. These three shapes made a corner, anyway.

Then there had been Miss Anscombe's painfully vivid picture of her brother's last few weeks of life. She had been so clear with her story of the alien, the suspected smuggling under the Nag, and the suggestion that Anscombe had made up his mind to atone in some way.

That picture should fit in somewhere, although at the moment he had no idea where.

Then there were the Masters themselves, the fleet of lorries, Anscombe's sudden decision to draw all his money in cash. Then there was the cash which Campion had brought in to Lugg, the other cash which Weaver, B, had offered, the parcel of cash which Anscombe had forgotten to bring in from the car. Fifteen Minute Fifteen. The fact that it wasn't a date.

His head reeled and he bent forward and rested his forehead in his hands and his elbows on his knees. The train's wheels grumbled and vibrated soothingly beneath him. It was a pause at any rate, a moment of peace and security in a breathless race through nightmare streets with police and crook alike his pursuers. He felt almost calm, almost at ease.

The other man in the compartment stirred. Campion could just see him in the blue mist that hung over the carriage like dusty limelight. As the younger man raised his head the stranger spoke, revealing a deep, elderly voice, faintly suspicious as such voices often are.

"I've seen your face before," he said accusingly. "Where was that? Aren't you Albert Campion?"

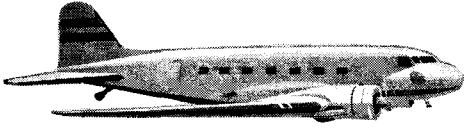
CAMPION froze. Was the whole world after him? Of course it was. The recollection came like a scalding shower, shocking him back to reality. Of course it was. Hadn't he killed one policeman and assaulted another? Wasn't the whole countryside being scoured for him? He drew back in the shadows.

"No," he said huskily. "No. That's



"No, I do not feel like some soaring, majestic eagle!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Just off the  *plane from Havana*



DWIGHT FISKE OKAYS HAVANA TASTE OF NEW WHITE OWL

(HERE'S THE CONVERSATION)



OWL: Hi there—Dwight... where's your piano?

FISKE: Say—that's right. I left it in Havana. Better go right back and get it.

OWL: Just looking for an excuse to get back to those Havana cigars—eh!

FISKE: I only need a little shove—I go for that Havana taste, you know.

OWL: Well, then, will you try this *new* White Owl for Havana flavor? I'd like to know what you think of it.

FISKE: So help me, it's got *it!* A real Havana flavor—and mild, too!



**NOW BLENDED
WITH HAVANA!**



DWIGHT FISKE isn't often away from his piano. But now and then he tears himself away and takes a brief interlude in Cuba. Knowing that he has an excellent taste for fine tobacco, we looked him up on his recent return to New York from Cuba while the fragrance of Havana was still in his mind.

Naturally, we were interested in what he had to say about the *new* White

Owl. Every cigar smoker will be too.

The *new* White Owl with its blended-with-Havana filler does have a rich Havana flavor—thousands of smokers will go along with Dwight Fiske on that. And the fact that you now can get this preferred cigar taste in a good 5¢ cigar accounts for the amazing popularity of the new White Owl. **Are you missing out on this cigar "find" of the year? Switch to this new cigar.**

Try a

NEW WHITE OWL *—Today* **5¢**

New White Owls Made In U. S. A. only—

Copyright, 1940, by General Cigar Co., Inc.

**YOU'D SWEAR IT
WAS MADE TO
YOUR MEASURE**



**ONLY
FRUIT-OF-THE-LOOM
SHIRTS ARE
FIGURIZED**

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

- Prevents wrinkling across bosom—stays smooth from armpit to collar.
- Banishes bunching under arms—no unsightly “balloons”.
- Eliminates overhanging seams at shoulders.

There's nothing smarter than Fruit-of-the-Loom white shirts with the Life Long Collar. And now they're still smarter—thanks to this new, exclusive Figurized method of construction. Because they fit where most shirts never fit before—smooth as a whip from collar to hip. Also available in the smartest of new Fall patterns and shades at better men's wear dealers every-
where—and only **\$1.65 EACH**

NEEDLES

**FRUIT OF THE LOOM
WHITE SHIRTS**

Eclipse-Needles Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

LIFE LONG
SANFORIZED COLLAR

not my name. I don't think we've met.”
“Oh? No? Perhaps not. Perhaps not.” The voice sounded partially satisfied but its owner did not relax. Through the blue mist from the reading lamp, Campion took careful stock of this new potential enemy. He was a neat little man, a character. His dark coat was sleek and unobtrusively expensive but his hat was too large for him and his white hair was untidy beneath it. At the moment he was staring at Campion unwinkingly with unexpectedly shrewd eyes.

He had a small attaché case by his side, and a walking stick across his knees. He looked very English, very narrow and conventional.

It was quite possible that they had met, of course, in the far-off lucid days. Campion began to feel for a name which he might give if asked point-blank. He saw the danger of that just in time, fortunately. Suppose if out of the dark presses of his mind he fished up some famous name. The only one to occur to him at that moment was Dick Turpin. He had a strong feeling there was something against it, yet it had a vaguely attractive sound.

Fortunately the question did not come but neither did the stare waver. It remained transfixing him, paralyzingly steady and confident, for what seemed the best part of an hour. He moved uneasily under it, leaning back in the leathery darkness to escape it, but it did not falter. It had almost demoralized him before he realized that the man was not seeing him but was looking through him into some introspective unknown.

This discovery was a relief but all the same it was not easy to think of anything else with those intelligent eyes glittering straight at one in the blue gloom. In the end he was forced to speak in sheer self-defense. He was so anxious to be entirely natural that he tried out many openings in his mind and finally succeeded in being gauche.

“Worried?” he inquired baldly, adding at once, as the glitter faded and astonishment took its place, “I mean—the—er—times are very disturbing, aren't they?”

The other man sat up. He was considerably flustered by the complete lack of ceremony. Campion could have kicked himself. Poor old boy. He was just a successful provincial businessman chewing over the troubles of the day.

There was nothing sinister about him, nothing to be frightened of. Surely his history as well as his character was written in his face. He looked tired, overworked, weighed down by the responsibilities of his job as the head of some firm or other. He was probably meticulously straight in his dealings, astute, too, in a narrow way, wealthy and yet beset by problems. In fact, the great British public itself incarnate.

“Yes,” he said at last, having decided to forgive the intrusion. “Not too easy, are they? I think we must face it that they're dangerous, very dangerous.”

It was odd how he managed to convey such consternation by saying so little. Campion wondered if his business had been badly hit. He saw it as something to do with wool. A fine old firm, probably generations old.

HIS own mind was running feverishly on the subject. He wanted the man to talk, to babble on reassuringly about ordinary things; anything, the war, the weather, sport, A.R.P.; anything to keep him as he was now, a normal, comprehensible fellow human being and not a pair of fixed introspective eyes in the shadows.

“What worries you most?” Campion demanded, knowing the question was infantile but panic-stricken lest he should escape again.

The old man blinked at him. “Treachery,” he said.

Campion wondered if he had heard the word. It was so unexpected, so melodramatic. The stranger was looking at him again, too, and the blue light shone in his eyes.

“You find it in your business?” Campion inquired.

“I do.” The admission seemed to be wrenched out of the man. “I do, after fifty years. Treachery on a vast scale everywhere I look. Sometimes I wonder if my own eyes are deceiving me, but no, it's there, and it's got to be faced.”

He was silent and Campion took a liking to him. He looked such a dogged old chap, sitting there with his square hands gripping the stick across his knees.

There was a long pause and then the shrewd eyes rested on the younger man again.

“I could have sworn you were Albert Campion,” he said. “It must be because I've been hearing about him tonight.”

It came back. All Campion's apprehension of the past few hours returned with interest. He held himself together with an effort and forced his mind to go slow. It was too dangerous to ask questions. The old boy was too sharp. Besides, he had recognized him. The old fellow was not certain, of course. That was the one saving grace. The only hope was to take his mind off the subject and to talk of something else.

Campion searched wildly for a likely opening. What would interest a wool merchant, if the wretched man was in wool? Sheep, perhaps? No, that was absurd. He was losing his grip on reality altogether. This was madness. What was he going to say next?

THE old man leaned back in his seat and crossed his short legs.

“We've always fought our wars with money,” he remarked. “I wonder if it's going to save us now?”

Money! Of course. Campion could have laughed aloud. Why hadn't he thought of it before? Everybody was interested in money. It was a universal subject.

“I don't know,” he said cautiously, choosing the safest lead. “It's not to be confused with wealth, of course.”

“No,” said the old man briefly, “no, it's not, but as it stands now, in its present position, it's a very important factor all the same.”

He went on to talk fluently on the aspect of the struggle which evidently interested him. He appeared to be quite sound, but Campion made no attempt to follow him. He heard the voice and that was enough. He was soothed and reassured and it gave him a moment to think.

Soon the train would come into the station. That was going to be a difficult moment. Detectives were almost certain to be there to meet it. They could hardly miss him, although they would be looking for a man alone and might with reasonable luck only have a telephoned description of him. If only there had been time he would have let them take him and have risked the inquiry. They could hardly hang him for murder in his present condition and almost anything would be preferable to this continuous hounding down. However, that was out of the question. He had a job to do and he must do it, at whatever cost.

Amanda came up in his mind and he thrust her out of it savagely.

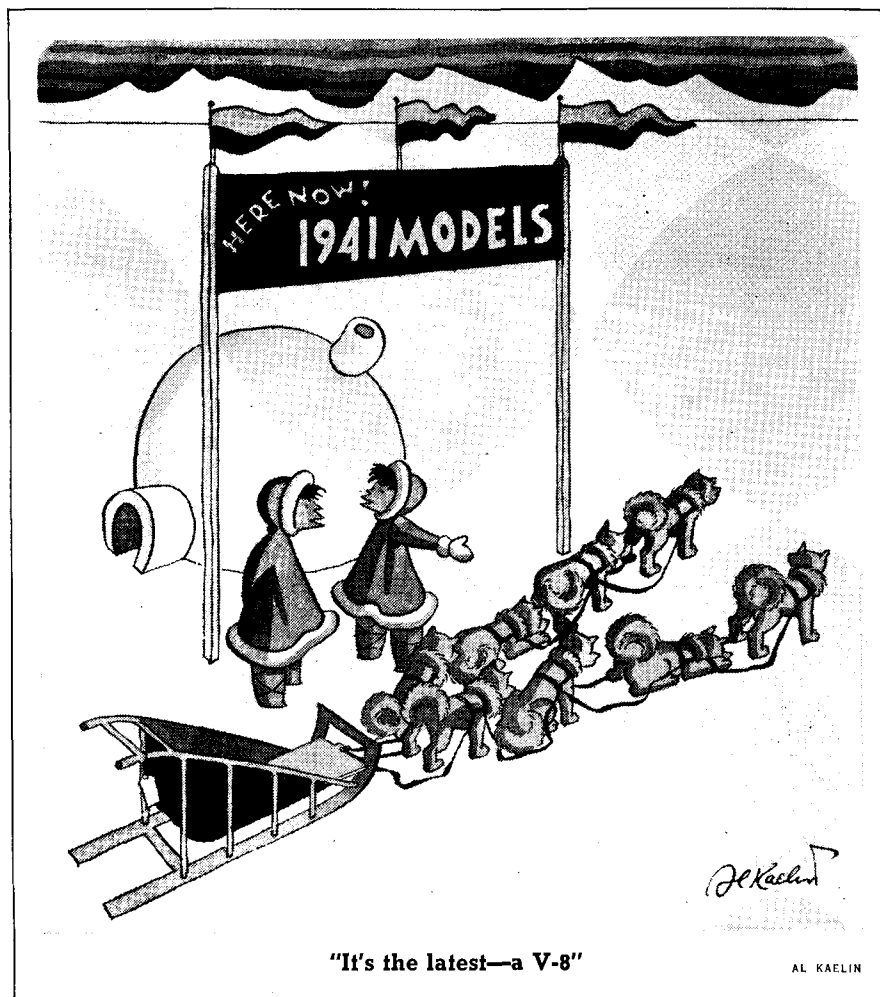
“The unspeakable peril of forced inflation,” droned the voice on the other side of the compartment. “The loss of faith in the country's essential soundness.”

Campion smiled at the man and nodded to him without hearing. How comfortably ordinary he was. What a blessed piece of solid and familiar ground in this new world of quicksands and black-outs. The intelligent thing to do was to stick to him, of course. It would be dangerous, in a way, but at least it would insure that he did not go trotting off to confide his suspicions to the first bobby he saw at the station.

Campion glanced at the man, to see that he had just finished speaking and now rose to his feet purposefully.

What was this? Campion grew cold. Was he going to turn out to be an elderly chief inspector after all? Was it a last-minute arrest?

(To be continued next week)



“It's the latest—a V-8”

AL KAELIN

Five "Greats"

OF A GREAT NEW
CHRYSLER CORPORATION CAR

1941 DeSoto

Enjoy [1] De Soto Fluid Drive with [2] Simplimatic Transmission—Automatic Shifting for all normal driving! [3] Low-slung Rocket Bodies! [4] New 2-Tone Interiors! [5] Chrysler Corporation Quality, Economy!



ROCKET BODIES have spacious leg room, elbow room—deep, luxurious new Form-Rest Seats.



Fluid Drive

Formerly only on
high-priced cars, now
combined with
Simplimatic Transmission,
gives you
Automatic Shifting for
all normal driving
ASK FOR A DEMONSTRATION TODAY!

"BUILT BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION" MEANS QUALITY

DE SOTO!...that's the name to remember—the car to watch—this year! It's a *big* car—a *wide* car—a *long, rakish, low-slung* car...with lines that are all action and beauty.

You can *see* and *feel* its quality...in the way it is designed and fitted throughout, in the velvety smoothness with which it handles.

It has every new and worth-while feature for '41. Drive it, and you'll see!

With Fluid Drive, you can stop, start, go all day without shifting or touching the clutch! A wonderful smooth surge of power at the getaway...flashing acceleration in traffic or on hills. Always that feeling

of effortless, limitless power! And this beauty hugs the road...literally *smooths out* the rough spots. It gives you that solid, steady-riding "feel" you want.

Stop in today and see this big, impressive 1941 De Soto. Take it out on the road and try it. You'll find a rich, luxurious, wonderfully easy-handling car...priced surprisingly low.

There are thirteen body styles—eight new solid colors...four beautiful two-tone combinations.

You have a choice of fine upholstery fabrics—two-tone interior color schemes. De Soto Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURS., 9 TO 10 P.M., E.S.T.

FOR 1941

PONTIAC OFFERS

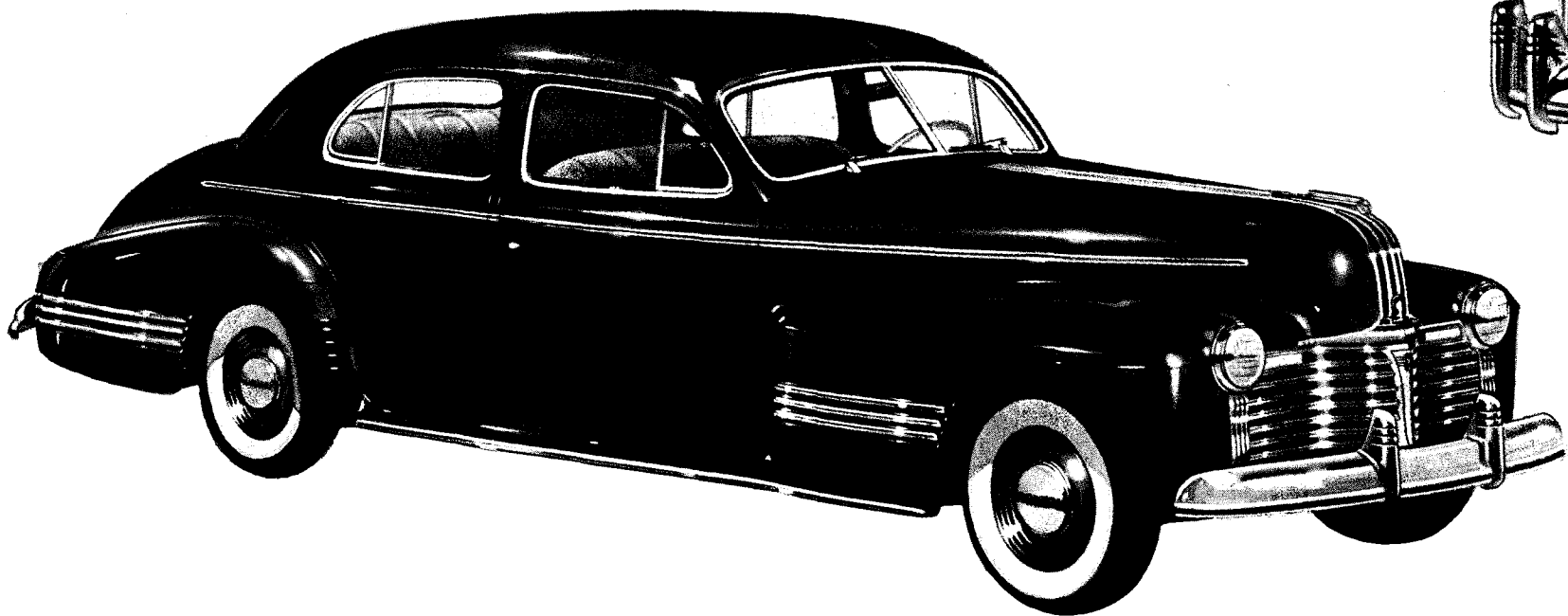
3 GREAT NEW LINES OF

Pontiac "Torpedoes"

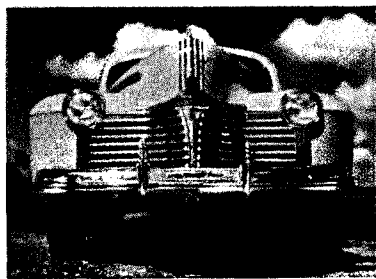
Your choice of 10 beautiful models, each available
as either a Six or an Eight—led by a new De Luxe
"Torpedo" which any new car buyer can afford



CUSTOM "TORPEDO" FOUR-DOOR SEDAN*



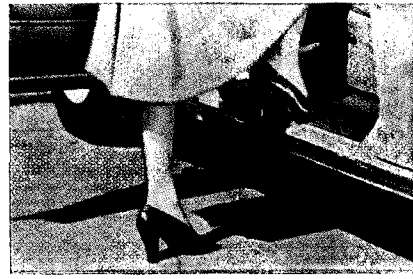
HERE'S WHAT'S NEW IN THE GREAT NEW PONTIAC "TORPEDOES"



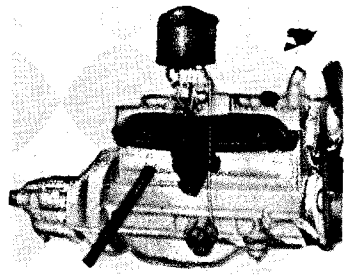
NEW BEAUTY AND LUXURY result from advanced "Torpedo" styling and a host of interior refinements.



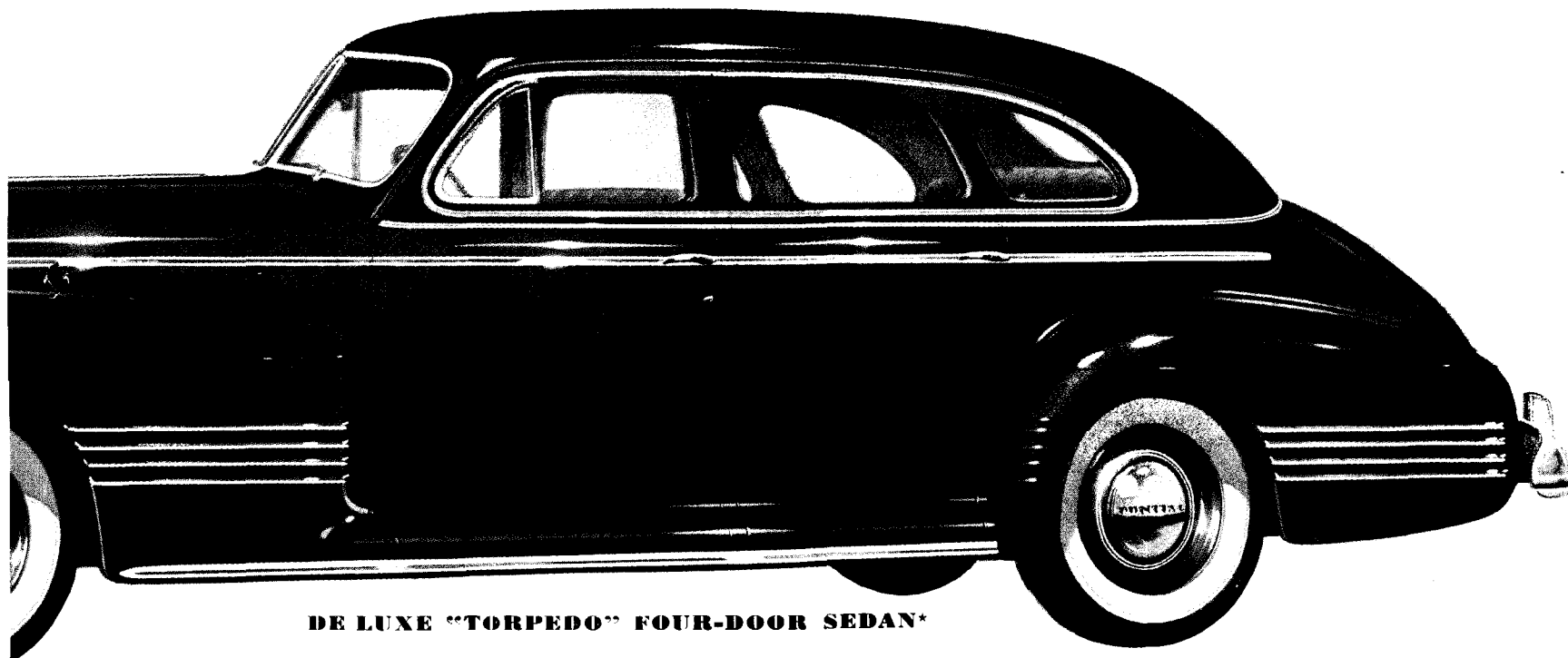
GREATER OVER-ALL LENGTH on all models gives every 1941 Pontiac "Torpedo" big car appearance, big car roominess and big car riding ease. Never before offered at Pontiac's prices.



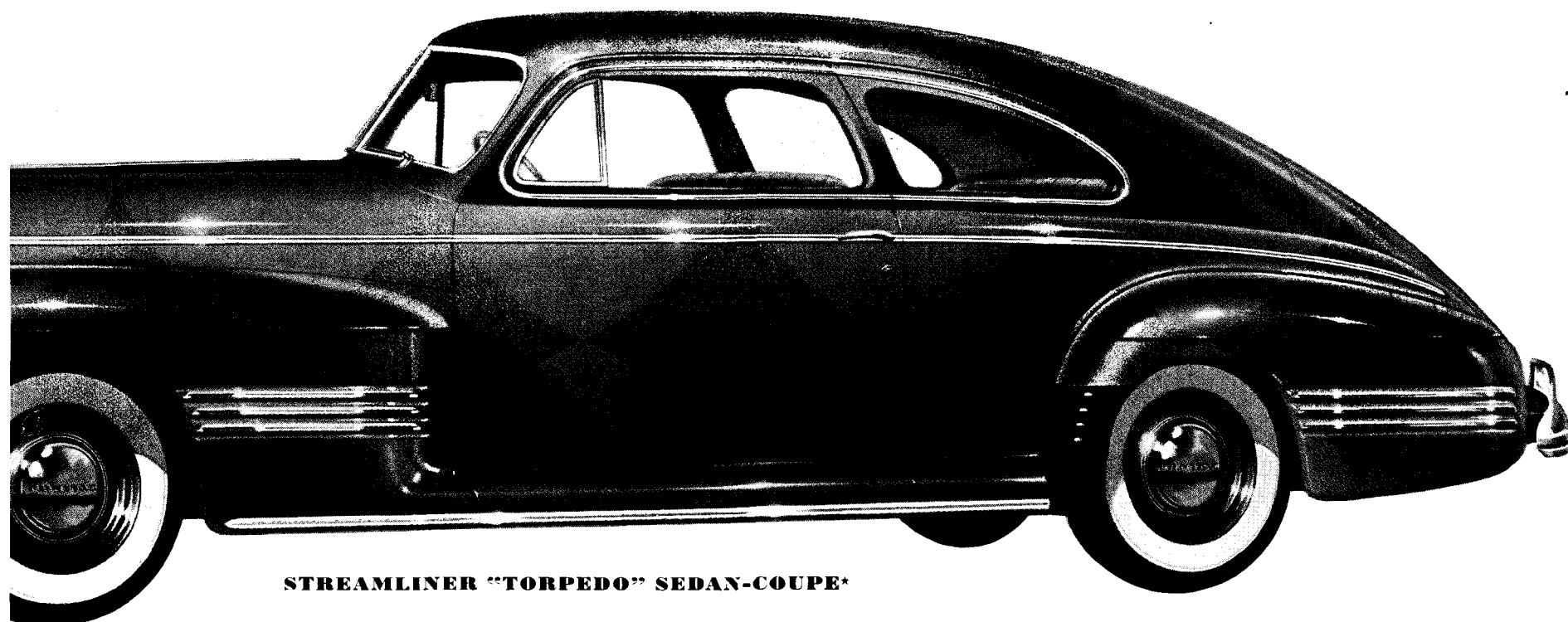
ENCLOSED RUNNING BOARDS on De Luxe and Streamliner models add to style, convenience and safety of passengers.



INCREASED POWER WITH RECORD G AND OIL ECONOMY results from improved design of engine.



DE LUXE "TORPEDO" FOUR-DOOR SEDAN*



STREAMLINER "TORPEDO" SEDAN-COUPÉ*

SPURRED ON to greater accomplishments by the record-breaking demand accorded its 1940 models, Pontiac now presents an array of cars which far outstrips anything it has ever before produced—three brilliant new lines of Pontiac "Torpedoes," including the De Luxe "Torpedo" series which any new car buyer can afford.

Car for car, these new Pontiac "Torpedoes"

are longer, wider and far more beautiful than anything Pontiac has offered in the past. In addition, every one of them is available as either a six or an eight.

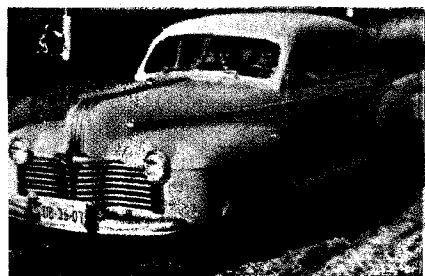
The new Pontiacs are more powerful, smoother and quicker on the trigger than ever, yet they retain all of the economy and stamina which have been traditional with Pontiac over the years. Their riding ease and

driving ease hit new highs; and many advanced construction features and standard accessories lift them to new levels of luxury, convenience and value.

Now and for 1941, Pontiac "Torpedoes" are the number one cars to see and drive—and *your Pontiac dealer is ready to prove it!*

*White sidewall tires optional at slight extra cost**

*It's Another
Big Year For Pontiac!*



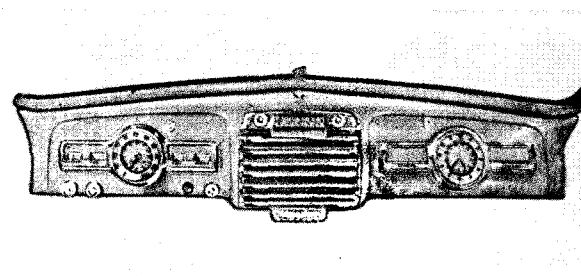
THE PERFECTED "TRIPLE-CUSHIONED" RIDE now assures greater comfort and improved adaptability in every Pontiac model.



LARGER, SAFER BODIES provide generous leg and elbow room for all passengers and greater protection than ever.



NEW TRU-ARC SAFETY STEERING assures easier, more positive, safer control of the car at all speeds.



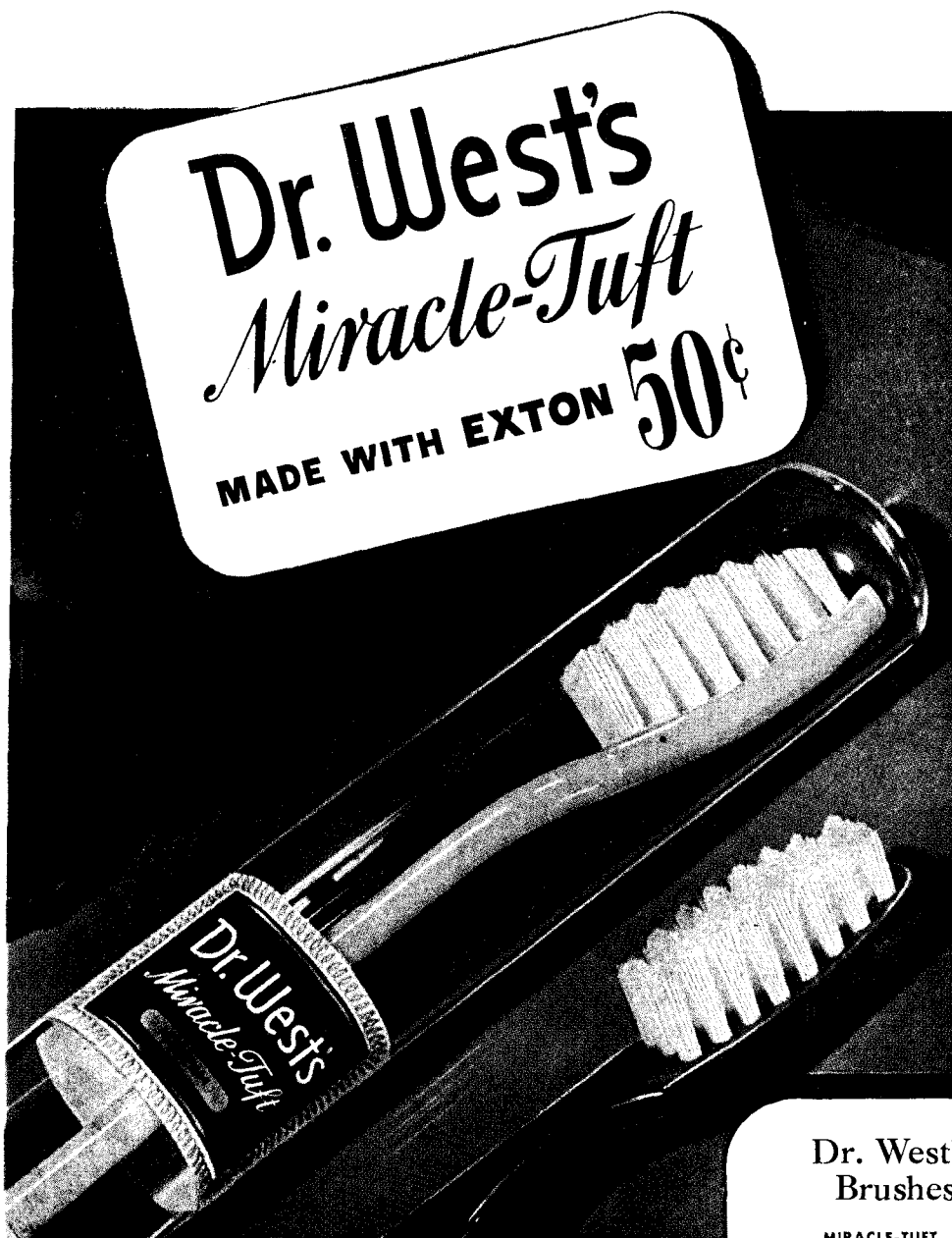
NEW INTERIOR LUXURY is exemplified by this attractive new 1941 Pontiac instrument panel. Electric clock (except on some models) and radio at extra cost.



In the name
of beauty



Dr. West's presents 2 great brushes



THE SEALED-IN-GLASS QUALITY LEADER OF THE WORLD—

The *only basic* improvements ever made in a toothbrush are perfected in this finest of all tooth-cleansing instruments: *Exton bristle*, the unique bristle-like filament developed by the great Du Pont laboratories, and today offered only by Dr. West's; and *Dr. West's exclusive glass package*, making Miracle-Tuft the *one* brush to reach you surgically sterile, 100% germ-free.

One brushing with a Miracle-Tuft will convince you that here is the way to more attractive smiles, healthier gums, sparkling, brilliantly clean teeth. Even Dr. West's new "25", sensational achievement that it is, must bow to Miracle-Tuft's superiority. Choice of shapes and textures.

Dr. West's Two Great Brushes Compared

MIRACLE-TUFT

- Exton bristles—heavier texture, stronger, last longer
- Sealed in glass—the only surgically-sterile brush
- Finest handles

"25"

- Nylon—lighter than Exton, stronger than natural bristle
- Sanitary-sealed carton, cellophane wrapped
- Lighter handles

Both offer these 4 famous Dr. West's features

- 1 Scientifically-shaped double convex brush-head.
- 2 Perfected bristle anchoring—guaranteed no bristle shedding.
- 3 Precision-polished bristle ends protect delicate gum tissue.
- 4 Dr. West's 32 inspection safeguards.

FIRST TOOTHBRUSH EVER MADE WITH THRILLING NEW NYLON—

Now—Dr. West's presents another wonder brush: A brush made possible by the development of the new Du Pont Nylon bristle. Though lighter in weight than Exton, used only in Miracle-Tuft, the bristles of the "25" are superior to any natural bristle.

Offering a host of Dr. West's famous quality features, Dr. West's "25" like the Miracle-Tuft is non-porous, water repellent, anti-soggy. It will definitely *outlast* any and all natural-bristle brushes!

At this amazing low price, anyone can afford a *fine* toothbrush. But—for the *finest* brush you can buy now or ever . . . it's *Miracle-Tuft*, 50¢! Choice of Regular, Professional and new Oro shapes. *Price slightly higher in Canada.*

Copr. 1940 by Weeo Products Co.

One Man's Meat

Continued from page 12

them. The R.A.F. is here, at this time, to defend England, not to launch an offensive. At this stage of the game we do not want a general war in the air and we are not going to do anything to invite one. It would have been better for one man to have lost his life in the air this morning than to have come to his aid. Our attack would have called for still another enemy flight to engage, then another British flight and so on. And for what? Nothing. We go into combat when we are threatened and not before. That must be clear to you if you are to continue in his majesty's service."

"I'm not so sure that I want to," Abe had said.

Tanner-Copeland had become suddenly cool. "As you wish. You may submit your resignation at any time and I shall see that it is acted upon quickly."

A wise guy, Abe had thought then, a real wise guy. Tanner-Copeland had known Abe wouldn't resign. Abe liked this kind of flying too well. He had turned away, then. Tanner-Copeland had not pressed his victory but Abe could resent it; even more because of the Englishman's forbearance.

ABE was surprised, now in the bar, to see the girl looking at him and then Tanner-Copeland turning and with a movement of the head, asking him over to the table. He went over, carrying his drink.

"This is Lieutenant Johnson, Diana—" Tanner-Copeland began.

Abe said something to himself.

"What was that, Lieutenant?" Tanner-Copeland said.

"Nothing," Abe said. "How are you?" he said to the girl.

"Miss Murtagh," Tanner-Copeland murmured.

The girl said: "How are you, Lieutenant? Won't you sit down?"

"A pleasure," Abe said. His voice sounded a little hoarse against theirs and Abe began to think again that he was no kid.

"And how do you like things in this war, Lieutenant?" Miss Murtagh said.

"Well, I tell you—" Abe said, and let it go at that.

The girl smiled and Tanner-Copeland almost did himself. Abe wondered what she was doing up here, anyhow. Probably one of the secretaries sent up to squadron leaders to release more men for active duty. Nice to be a squadron leader, Abe thought.

"You were in the last war, weren't you, Lieutenant?" the girl said.

Abe nodded, without taking the glass from his mouth.

"I remember you," she went on. "You were one of my earliest heroes."

"Fancy that," Abe said. He was confused for a man who had known a lot of women in his life. Tanner-Copeland seemed embarrassed and looked out the window.

Now, in Abe, it was not only that he himself liked this girl, but that Tanner-Copeland did, too, and that Tanner-Copeland could be annoyed by Abe taking her away.

Sunlight, coming now after a day of cloud, seemed to catch and hold the instant, one of silence in which there began the endless scream of an air-raid siren.

The silence, the almost stillness of men and a few women drinking quietly, continued for an instant after the siren began to blow. Then no one was sitting any longer. Tanner-Copeland looked at his girl but she was looking at Abe.

There was not even the time to call her attention so that he could say goodby. Abe had noticed his face. Abe would have been more leisurely than the youngster anyway; he had lived through other alarms.

"I'd like to see you later," Abe said. "Supposing if I beat your friend back—?"

She nodded, smiling. Abe understood, with some small effort, that it was because he had once been a hero. He turned away, his own smile cynical. Tanner-Copeland turned, too, without speaking. The bus rushed along bad roads, tossing them heavily about. The field and underground hangars came at them suddenly. Most of the "on-duty" flights were already in the air. A flight of six Hawker Hurricanes, huddled unbelievably close to one another on the runway, blasted their motors at a signal from their flight leader and stood on each other's tail in the take-off.

Abe's Scotch mechanic met him with a high-speed belt. Abe strapped it on as he half-ran toward his plane.

"This be it, sir," the mechanic said.

Abe nodded, unable to speak. The feeling the girl had set up in his body was gone. This was another excitement, less natural, forbidden, perhaps; sinister and more strange. It was, after all, why he continued to live, the unrecognized ultimate good he knew.

Abe climbed into his own Hurricane, plugging the microphone in as he strapped himself into the pit. Tanner-Copeland's instructions came through in a tense, unnatural voice.

The six Hurricanes nosed out onto the runway in staggered single file and halted, brakes locked and motors idling.

"Ready for flight?" the voice in the microphone said.

The tension in Abe was almost unbearable. To his old feeling for flight, had been added a deep, almost unrecognized emotion called up by a mass take-off, something they had not known that other time a generation gone. He concentrated on the plane just ahead of him. Six high-powered machines playing follow-the-leader, each propeller reaching for the tail surfaces of the plane just ahead, riding and lifting in the wash from the other's propeller. A dangerous business but necessary—where time was so important—to put whole flights into the air in the time normally required for an individual take-off. All of them together instantly the moment the wheels left the runway.

At five hundred feet Abe followed the shift to step formation and retracted his landing gear. At Tanner-Copeland's order, delivered now in a more normal voice, the flight zoomed into a concerted vertical climb that would take them to twenty thousand feet nine minutes after they left the ground.

Abe was in the No. 3 position unconsciously exulting in the full-throated note of the thousand-horsepower engine. The triple-bladed propeller was a disk of light. Everything seemed suddenly more important to him. Glancing down once, he saw six more flights following them up, up to get the altitude that would soon be almost but not quite as important as the air they breathed.

Up past his own flight, like enraged wasps, rose a full squadron of Supermarine Spitfires, the fastest military planes in the air. Eight Browning machine guns were mounted in the leading wing-edges of the Spitfires, Abe knew, and where the eight streams of lead converged at two hundred yards, they would cut down trees.

Stubby, American-built Curtiss Hawks were coming up, ready because of their great adaptability.

LIKE football, Abe thought. Tacklers, ball carriers, interference and signals. And they had a whole benchful of subs to call on because they were fighting over their own terrain.

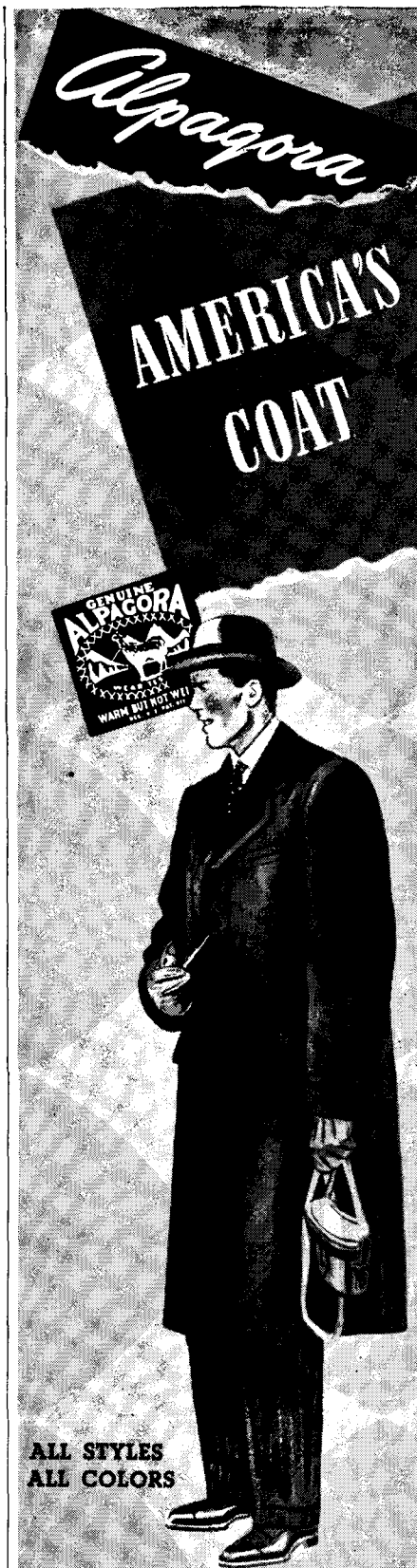
"Level off," Tanner-Copeland said. Abe eased the throttle back. Group after group of Hurricanes reached the sixteen-thousand-foot level and formed a step formation of flights, tightly knit groups of six stepped planes forming one large step formation. Seven flights of six each. It was nice stuff, Abe thought. He was glad he was here.

"Stand by for contact with the enemy," Tanner-Copeland's voice was almost normal now. "Check guns and oxygen equipment." The entire squadron cruised at reduced speed, mindful of their two-hour fuel load.

Most of the R.A.F. planes were below the Hurricanes, each design huddled together as though seeking some sort of comfort in the company of fellows of its own genus and species.

"Contact!" Tanner-Copeland's voice was off again. "Northeast at ten thousand—bombers. . . God, look at them!"

Abe looked and didn't know that his mouth had come open. In the center of the lead German flight were twenty-seven Heinkel 111 light bombers. Above



ALL STYLES
ALL COLORS

Get "Alpagora's" smart 1941 styling in that new coat you're going to buy . . . enjoy its soft, luxurious fabric . . . the satisfaction of its long wear . . . the comfort of its light weight . . . and the protection of its shower-proofing and mothproofing. The season's smartest models are ready at your favorite store.

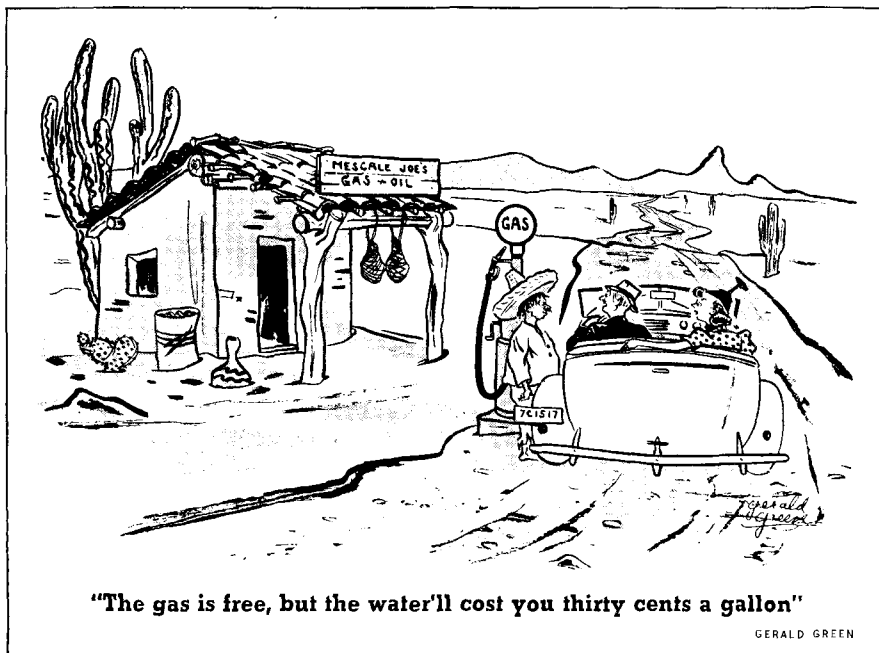
THE YEAR 'ROUND WEIGHT

\$27.50

THE OVERCOAT, 32.50

For the name of the dealer nearest you write

STRATBURY, Dept. C, Galion, O.



"The gas is free, but the water'll cost you thirty cents a gallon"

GERALD GREEN



70-FOOT BRONTO-SAURUS

thundered over the earth 130 million years ago. Yet earlier still, Nature was mellowing and filtering the crude oils used today in refining Sinclair lubricants. These oldest crudes, expertly refined, make such excellent products that...

...30,000 SINCLAIR DEALERS BUSILY SERVE THE NATION

every day. With winter's invasion close, Sinclair Dealers now offer you a special Sinclair-ize for Winter Service. It includes changing over summer-grade lubricants to winter-grade, and other important safety services. Sinclair-ize service makes starting quicker, shifting easier, driving safer. See a Sinclair Dealer today.



and below and on all sides of the two-hundred-and-sixty-one-mile-per-hour bombers were their smaller, lean black sisters, the Heinkel 112's, capable of three hundred and sixteen miles an hour and mounting four machine guns.

But it was what came after these that made Abe think of hell. The clouds were red behind the Germans and the red light winked slowly off the armored turrets of eighteen Dornier DO 17's, the "flying pencils." Abe had never seen them before but he knew of them. There was hardly a blind spot on them from which to attack. The Dorniers were hemmed in completely by the only German planes the R.A.F. pilots feared, the clipped-wing Messerschmitt fighters.

Abe wondered if the colonel knew what they were in for. Now probably all the British planes in the area would be up.

Tanner-Copeland had not yet given the signal to attack. They were waiting for the lead Heinkels to reach a relatively vulnerable position. The Spitfires broke suddenly downward, flight after flight, as though each were attached to a revolving belt, slamming their terrible hail into the black fighters below them. Two of the fighter Heinkels began to plummet down. The others flashed briefly out of formation to threaten the Spitfires, never following far after them, always returning quickly to formation.

The Spitfires kept breaking downward in formation, turning their unbelievable fire for three awful instants on the Nazis, then slinging upward for more altitude as others followed them down. Like dive-bombing, almost, Abe thought. Some of them must be pretty dizzy by now. American Curtiss Hawks, manned in some cases by French pilots, were worrying the rear of the Nazi formations. Planes fell, flaming or smoking, from the formations, out of the smoke blossoming sometimes the white flower of a parachute. More often the smoke trail left nothing behind it, and even Abe could think of the pilot nailed to his controls. . . . It bothered Abe and he got angry that Tanner-Copeland would not let them attack so he would not have to think any more of things he disliked.

THE merciless hail continued, the Nazis giving up two for one of the British, the remaining German planes closing formation, well-disciplined, orderly. But it couldn't last. Nerves wouldn't permit the keeping of formation under the pressure from the British. The Messerschmitt squadrons began slowly, then more rapidly, to break formation, the sky filling with a melee of dogfights.

All on an instant gas tanks exploded, dural flew gleaming in the sky, the bomber formation was split wide open. Below, like bees swarming, British planes were screaming up into the fight. Abe felt dazed. He had seen more planes go down now in five minutes than he had in a whole week of the World War.

"What the hell are we waiting for?" he said. He started as Tanner-Copeland's voice answered him. He had forgotten the mike under his chin.

"Our job is stopping the lead planes," the Englishman said. "That other fight is none of our business."

Abe thought of a lot of cracks but let it go. The Dorniers were about stopped, only eight of them remaining. But the lead Heinkels were pulling away, relatively untouched, reaching for their objective, the manufacturing city farther inland. Abe's flight was above, perhaps two miles behind the Heinkel bombers.

"Attack dive!" Tanner-Copeland said. The flight went over as one plane, six more flights following. Abe forgot about anything else. Watching the bombers

through his gun sights, Abe had the impression the bombers were rushing up to meet him. He saw their guns come alive.

"Fire!" Tanner-Copeland said. Abe tripped the electric firing gear and the Hurricane bucked under the kick of its eight guns. It was work to hold the sights on the Germans, as twelve thousand slugs a minute converged toward each targeted bomber. Something came up in Abe's throat but he held the sights on, saw the bomber begin to smoke, saw two others sideslip helplessly out of formation, saw a wing crack off, literally sawed through, then pulled out at Tanner-Copeland's order. The blood rushed from his head, but he remained conscious, though giddy.

His flight reached for altitude as the next one of Hurricanes swung down. In theory—and usually in practice—by the time the seventh flight had completed the attack, the first flight should be ready to begin again.

ONCE more the German fighter planes couldn't stand the endless hail and broke formation. Again British interceptors fell on the bombers, but these were more maneuverable than the Dorniers and just as well armed.

Tanner-Copeland's voice was almost exultant. "Relaying squadron commander's orders. Break formation and attack individually! Pick your partner and dance him down!"

It took Abe a moment to realize that this was why he had come to war again, to dogfight. The discipline of—the feel for—mass flight had become strong in him, just in the past few minutes, and now it was an effort to shake it. He pushed the plane into a vertical dive as the flight broke up. They were like meteors now, with their flaming tails before instead of behind them.

The daze left him and he was twenty years back in time as he picked out a Heinkel riding down a disabled Spitfire. His guns opened in a chattering burst, the old invitation to fight it out in any air war. He wondered briefly if these new fighters knew what it meant. The Heinkel turned, for whatever reason, and Abe pulled to the left, drawing the Nazi from the laboring Britisher. The Heinkel zoomed suddenly and was over Abe. Instead of trying to run clear of the Heinkel's fire, Abe stood his ship on its tail and watched the tracer bullets from the eight guns. The two center guns were scoring, or seemingly so. But the Heinkel came on. The two planes roared at each other, their combined speed over six hundred miles an hour. Abe moved automatically, almost everything forgotten except the plane before him.

He saw the bright disk of the Heinkel propeller shatter and he sensed it was over. He pulled back slightly on the stick and the Hawker Hurricane went over on its back. He half-rolled the ship level, shaking his head to clear the black-out from his eyes. He had no time to see what had happened to the Heinkel. He saw a line of holes stitching along his right wing before he saw his new attacker. He spun his own plane on its wing and saw a Messerschmitt from the second flight coming on him in a dive.

He kicked the plane into a snap-roll, feinted a dive but zoomed instead. The Messerschmitt flashed past, ruddering madly to hold his target. Abe had the advantage of altitude now and he swung down to attack. He tripped his guns as the German plane came into his sights and saw the tracer bullets etch a wing. He leaned on the rudder to correct his fire but the Nazi pulled into a loop and was over Abe again.

Abe was angry now. The black plane was coming down again, guns full out, steel slugs coming through Abe's elevator surfaces. Abe could feel them, a

mysterious telegraphy, in his control wires. He pulled into a zoom but couldn't shake the German. Abe whistled, but before he could get his sights on the Messerschmitt the Nazi had pulled away and approached again in a tight turn that would give him a broadside into Abe's plane.

A flaming Hawker, its dead pilot's face showing for one incredible instant came down a steep slant. The Messerschmitt bent itself almost double trying to escape, but the burning plane with its dead pilot sheared off the Messerschmitt's right wing, and Abe was free.

His luck was still with him, he thought again. It had to be for a man to get through two wars in the air. He had known the Messerschmitts were good but not that good. He went after another one, but the Messerschmitt pulled away long before Abe's converging fire could reach him. The German pulled to the right and Abe had plenty of time to see how the Messerschmitt munched through a high-speed turn.

Abe considered what irony had moved the gods of the air to let him discover this weakness of the Messerschmitts just after one of them had almost killed him. It came to him now, clear and exact, with his old pilot's instinct for cause. It was the clipped wings, he knew. They were clipped for speed, but they hadn't enough surface to execute, without mushing, the high-speed maneuvers necessary to aerial combat.

His thoughts had consumed only a few seconds and he had been swinging his own plane around, the guns firing evenly until the tracers were smoking into the Messerschmitt before it could get clear around in its mushing turn. Black smoke gushed out of the German plane. The pilot cut the switch, pulled into a stall and opened the hatch cover overhead. He stood up in the pit, waved to Abe, and stepped into space. His parachute was sudden white in the dusk.

Abe waved back and returned to the fight. He began to broadcast his new knowledge.

The others learned quickly, as Abe had. He would get a German on his tail, maneuver into a position where quick, fast adaptability was necessary in a plane, swing down or up and almost invariably win a clear second or two when the German was mushing in a turn and almost helpless.

THE bombers were done, wiped out. The Nazi fighters, lacking any incentive for staying, headed for the Channel, what was left of them. Abe started homeward, too. He was bathed in sweat. The old feeling of triumph was in him, but oddly dulled. Too damn

much, he kept thinking, too damn' much. He was a little dazed and wasn't quite sure what he meant. Later, he would know. Twenty years ago he had been always happy after combat, but this had been different. It was, he sensed, the difference between drinking and getting drunk.

In an open field below him he saw another Hawker Hurricane. It was not wrecked, but had apparently made an emergency landing. It had the red wing tips of a flight leader's plane. Abe swung lower in a great circle. It was Tanner-Copeland's plane, and now he had recognized Abe's and was broadcasting.

"I'm out of gas here, Lieutenant. They got my tank. I think it would be best for you to land here and let me take your plane back as I have to make a report. Incidentally, that was awfully nice work, discovering that business of the Messerschmitts' mushing."

Abe started to ignore Tanner-Copeland. He could smash his own set or the earphones on the way in and say it had been put out in the fight, that he hadn't heard the squadron leader. Suddenly, he wanted to see the Murtagh girl. . . .

Unconsciously, he had begun to swing around for a landing. The weariness had come on him quite abruptly. Tanner-Copeland sounded weary, too, even a little dazed. Abe was used to being tired, and used to the funny things it did to you. He realized that maybe Tanner-Copeland wasn't. It was as simple as that. The kid needed to see the girl much worse than he, Abe, did.

The field was quite level. Tanner-Copeland came over to meet him. He was limping slightly as Abe climbed out of the plane. "They got you, huh?" Abe said.

"Some. You all right?"

"I'm fine," Abe said. "Maybe I better go in and get a hospital plane back here for you. Too bad these are single-seaters."

"Oh, no, it's just a nick in the calf. I expect to be up and around this evening."

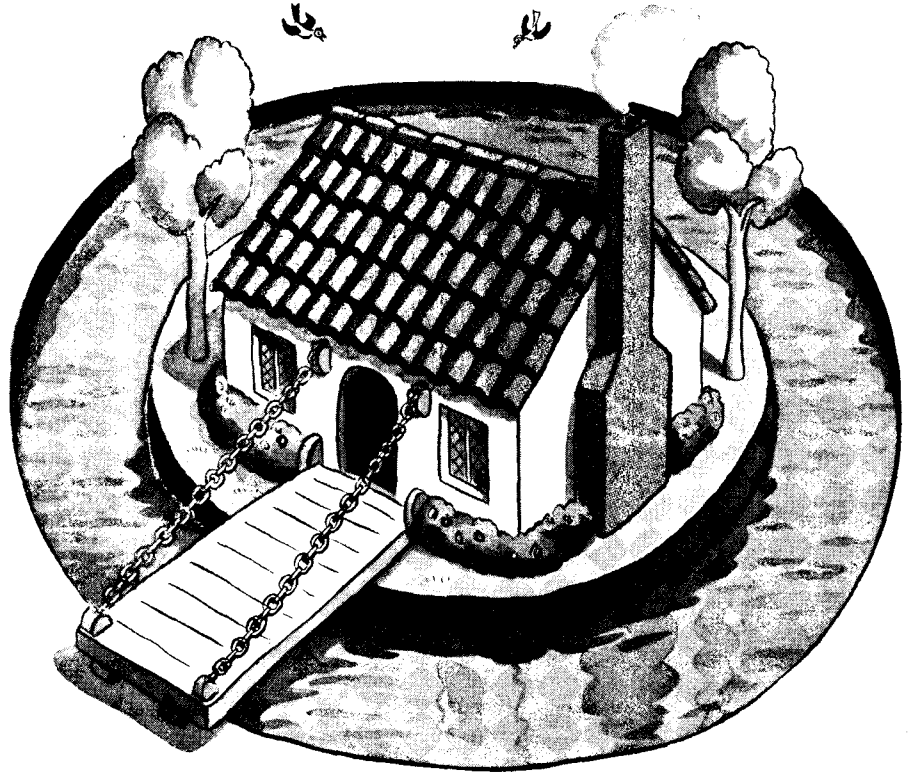
"Okay," Abe said. He stood and watched Tanner-Copeland put one foot up to climb into the plane.

"Thanks," Tanner-Copeland said, "for landing."

"Not at all," Abe said. "Orders."

Tanner-Copeland looked at him and Abe remembered that he hadn't been ordered to land. He watched the plane bump across the field and take off. He felt a little regretful. Maybe he should have gone on in and met the girl. But he wasn't sure. He was tired, he discovered, and lay down. The plane Tanner-Copeland sent out for him later found him there asleep.

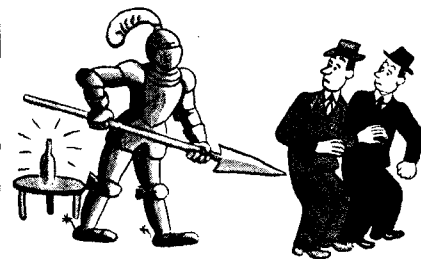
Why there's no moat around my house



I like to have friends in for a drink.

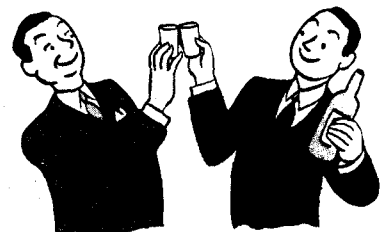
But the new higher whiskey taxes and prices sure raise heck with hospitality. I thought instead of having folks in I'd have to build a moat to keep them out.

Then, happy day, I discovered Mattingly & Moore!



And with it, discovered I could pay less and still not step out of the good-whiskey class.

Yep—M & M tastes as good or even better than my old higher-priced brand. It lets me pay the new tax



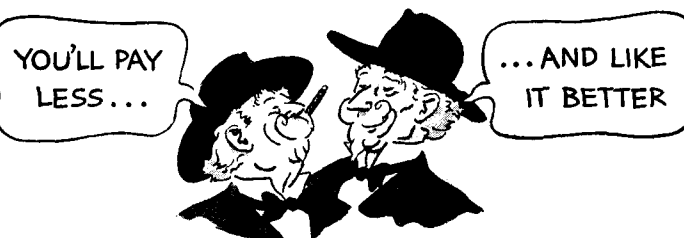
and like it. It lets me have the boys in. It builds up my rep as a good host.

You ought to get wise to M & M. Why don't you buy a bottle, today?



"And why, may I ask, do you think England hasn't got a chance?"

WILLIAM STEIG



Mattingly & Moore



BLENDING WHISKEY—86 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

The Middle Watch

Continued from page 17

PORTIS

All-American Styles

PORTIS
HAND-CRAFT
Quality Assurance

"Yale Bowl" \$5.00

"Rose Bowl" \$3.95

"Drop Kick" \$3.95

Skillful craftsmen, masters of
their trade, hand-fashion these
stylish hats . . . Your Portis
hatter is showing them now.

PORTIS

Typically American

"Protek"
Perspiration proof
Interlining"Swansback"
Water-repellent
Finish

PORTIS BROS. HAT CO. • MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

good enough to the passengers with the four gold bands on his arm in the dining saloon. But even these days something tougher is wanted now and then on the bridges of our ships. No use forgetting when we ourselves . . .

His deep voice lost itself, swallowed in the quick rush of noisy weather as they came out of the cabin's lee. The Parthenon was staggering against the hummock of a running sea, splintering it into acres of white around her bows. The foam glittered in darkness, flinging against the two shapes muffled in greatcoats on the lower bridge. The ship's head rose weirdly, swung from one side to another, then slipped down to bury itself in an ocean of black marble veined with white. The Parthenon had Portuguese wine, cork, half a holdful of cheeses for her cargo. Her passengers, fortunate enough to get out from under the bloody feet of Europe's marching hordes, were lucky to be returning home in her, for no one knew when this lane, too, would be closed to honest merchantmen. She ran heavily into the bitter weather, throbbing as she swung, lighting up a narrow sheet of sea on either side from the cargo lamps rigged to illuminate the American ensign painted on her plates.

"Ship's officer, indeed!" Captain Kilrairie growled in his muffler again just as seven bells of the first watch tinkled in the wheelhouse overhead. "Bah!" He wiped wet brine from the crags of his face. "You get some notions, Mr. Slade!"

Mr. Slade grinned faintly at what broken words of the captain's judgment reached him. But he said nothing more. He was peering into the north and west where the weather was, his eyes narrow and red against it. He thought he saw something there, and nowadays everything at sea was suspect. Perfect ship's officer that he was, he studied that faint red glow against an ominous sky, pointing to it, forgetting all about young Tommy Barclay at once, and whether he was worth his salt or not. . . .

AS IF Tommy Barclay cared a hoot what Mr. Slade or the Old Man thought! So far as he was concerned, old Kilrairie was a barnacle-crust fossil; Sam Slade a blister-faced chief mate who got his fun riding the fellows under his charge. If he kept up his hazing, he'd win himself a stab in the nose one day on a shoreside dock somewhere. Ships' officers and skippers were all alike. Tom Barclay wouldn't give a tinker's dam for the cockeyed lot. Why should he? Tommy Barclay was young and tough and full of sap, and there was all the world to roam. His grim boyhood on the Brooklyn streets taught him it was dog eat dog and the devil with the rest. What you wanted, you had to go out and take. Provided you had the guts. Well, Tommy Barclay had. So at that moment, when seven bells of the first watch clanged on the long bar down below to sound faintly upward through the engine-room skylight, Tommy was on the boat deck in the dark lee of a life-raft nest. And he had little Helen Claire, the stewardess, tightly in his arms.

Her delicious little face was upturned, her lips fast against his, her pale gold hair caught up under a dark beret, a fur-trimmed coat over the white of her uniform dress. Her slim young body leaned backward gracefully under the sweet urgency of that embrace, two small white fists grasping the lapels of Tommy's reefer coat. Till she pushed him from her with gentle firmness so he let his hands slip questingly from her shoulders, down along her arms. Tommy's

eyes were full of exulting laughter under the rakish tilt of his blue, knit-wool North Atlantic cap. This, he thought, was easily worth half an hour of any man's watch below.

"Helen," he chuckled, "that's what I like about you. You got nerve. Officers' and ship regulations be blowed!"

She smiled faintly, looking up, because of his broad height, in order to see his face. "I told you, Tommy, I wouldn't be here any more."

Young Barclay tossed back his head, laughing boisterously. "But here you are!"

The three little puckers of a frown gathered between her eyes. There was just enough of upflung light from the engine skylight to reveal it, and the wistful way she looked at him. "Yes," she murmured, "here I am. I—" She looked down, pushed his hands from her, and looked up again. Quickly. "I came to tell you it's no good, Tom."

Tommy Barclay rammed his fists in the pockets of his coat. But he was still grinning, because he was sure nothing on earth could possibly touch a tough young lad like him. Or escape him, if he wanted it. "Okay," he tossed off carelessly. "If you're scared Mr. Slade will come poking his chief officer's nose—"

"Tom!" Her voice had a sharp, hurt tone. He saw her cheeks were flaming, but that strange tenderness he never could quite understand was still very bright in her eyes. "I've played it square with you, Tommy. As square as I know how." The words had a throaty quality; faltered; then steadied at once. "It's because I love you, Tom," she said simply, "that's why. But I see—"

"Well, I'll be . . . !" That defiant thing came leaping back into Tommy's disdainfully smiling eyes. His short laugh was that tough, self-protective laugh he had learned to give as a newspaper kid down Atlantic Ferry way whenever something touched him that it was wise not to let anyone know about. "The next thing I know you'll be telling me the same yarn I always hear! I been at sea long enough to make a man of myself," he mimicked in a bitter growl. "Time I climbed out of the fo-

c'sle with a ticket of my own. You'll be telling me I ought—"

"No, Tommy. That's a thing you'll have to tell yourself."

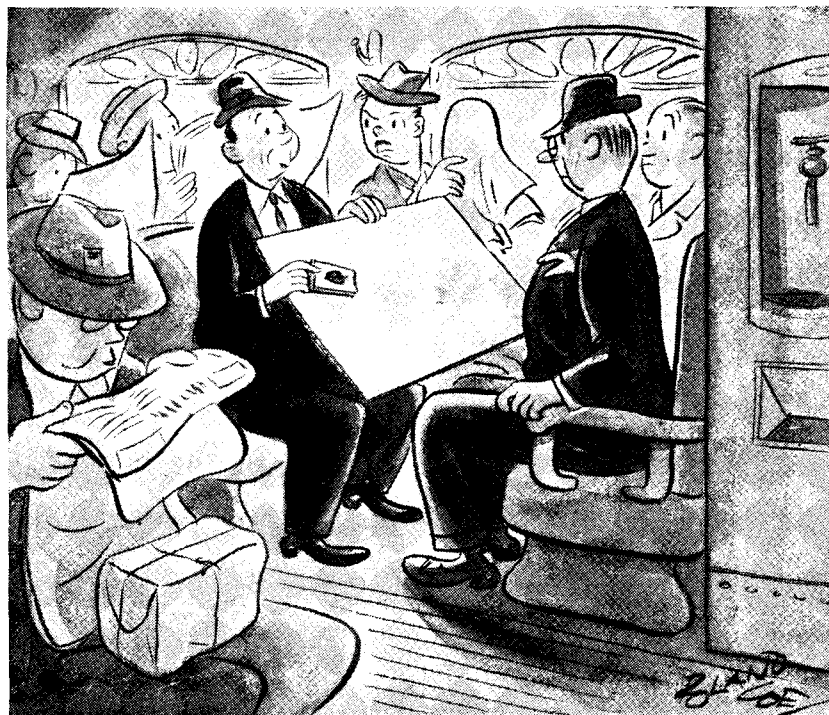
"Ho!" He laughed again. "That's fine! 'Cause no one tells me what to do. But I know the signs. I been around. Next thing I'll hear is why don't we get married and settle down to have some kids of our own. And won't it be swell with you waiting for me every trip I come home from sea, helping me climb the ladder to command." His voice curled like a lash. "Nuts to that! You'll be asking—"

"No, Tom." How quietly she said it, her face pale and a little taut in the feeble light, the noise of the sea and the gale all around. Yet it stabbed at Tommy Barclay that she wasn't angry at all. Not by the deep, still light in her eyes. Not angry. Only desperately hurt. "No, Tom. I'll never ask you that, either. I just—"

"WELL, that's fine! 'Cause it's not for me!" Her still strength was too much for him; that's what really made him explode. "I got no time for stuff like that!" He thrust out his arm, fist clenched, speaking what his boyhood had taught him. "I can take anything the fellows with the brass bands on their sleeves dish out, including Chief Officer Mr. Slade! Because there's the whole wide world to prowl in yet! See? There's thousands of things to do, plenty of fights to get into yet, hundreds of girls to love! There's—"

"That's right, Tommy. Till you grow up. After that you've got to make up your mind. You can swill life down like a drunk, or you can learn to walk through it standing up." Her low voice had the rich, throaty timber of intense restraint. "I never asked anything of you, Tommy. I never will. It's just that I love you and I thought I could help. You're so lonely, really. But I see now—"

"Lonely!" Tommy Barclay thought that pretty rich. "Me?" Jauntily he pushed the wool cap over on one ear. "Nuts! When a dame starts talking the way you do, there's breakers ahead for a fella like me. Time to shove off." He made a quick, careless gesture of fare-



"You gentlemen don't mind if I play some solitaire, do you?"

ROLAND COE



"YEOW! WHAT A NIGHTMARE!"

HE: I dreamed a big lumber saw was cutting me in two!

SHE: That was no nightmare—that was your pajamas! They've shrunk so a ten-year-old child couldn't wear them!

HE: From now on, so help me, it's nightshirts or nothing!

HE: Or Sanforized-Shrunk pajamas!

HE: Ix-nay on that! I tried some of those so-called "pre-shrunk" pajamas once—and they acted worse than these.

SHE: Who said anything about "pre-shrunk"? I'm talking about Sanforized-Shrunk, and that's different!

HE: Yeah—same old fairy tale.

SHE: No siree! I've got the facts to back me up—printed right

on the tag. It says Sanforizing takes all the shrinkage out of a fabric, down to a teeny little 1%, by standard tests. And if you think that isn't something, just try a pair of Sanforized pajamas once.

HE: Try and get 'em, you mean.

SHE: Pooh! That's easy! Most stores carry Sanforized-Shrunk pajamas now—and shorts, too. For not a cent more than you pay.

HE: Well, if you know all that—why don't you get me some?

SHE: Darling, I did! I was saving them for your birthday—but I'll get 'em out this minute. I'll bet you'll sleep like a baby in those Sanforized pretties I picked out!

THEN CAME THE MORNING—

"FIRST NO SLEEP ...AND NOW THIS!"



HE: Late for work—and not a decent-fitting shirt in the place!

SHE: Now, don't lose your temper—



HE: If you're so smart about Sanforized pajamas and shorts, why can't you get me some shirts that won't shrink like a batch of violets?

SHE: You wait—I've got another birthday surprise—



HE: Ah-h! How did you ever find a Sanforized-Shrunk shirt in the very style I like?

SHE: Simple! Stores carry Sanforized-Shrunk shirts in almost any make or style—all the way from expensive shirts down to everyday ones.



SHE: And here's something else! Sanforizing will end shrinking troubles in anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon—women's dresses, children's clothes, utility uniforms, slacks and work clothes, slip covers and drapery materials. Look for the label and be safe!

FOR PERMANENT FIT... LOOK FOR THE WORDS... **SANFORIZED-SHRUNK**

In Step with Youth



OVERHEARD ON THE AVENUE

Junior—It's only 23 blocks home.
Come on—let's walk it!

Dad—Fine idea, son! My feet feel
like going places.

Uncle Frank—Let's go then! I
wear Bostonians, too . . .

Three wise men, these, to keep youth in their stride with Bostonians. In this high-speed age, it's a cinch your feet must be able to take it, or you won't. That's why men who demand action depend on *Walk-Fitted* Bostonians with the new, exclusive Tred-Flex sole. Reason: Tred-Flex soles are F.O.D. (Flexible on Delivery)—molded to the foot in motion. Result: sure-footed comfort that never lets you down. **\$7.85 to \$11.00**

BOSTONIAN SHOES • WHITMAN, MASS.



Above: **NYLAND**, a topranking shoe with topflight executives. Tan Shetland; perforated but conservative; designed to make long feet look sizes shorter; Walk-Fitted for grace and ease in action.

Above: **BERWYN** (left) has everything an active foot could desire. Nobody but Bostonians can give you Berwyn's Walk-Fitted comfort and Tweed, the leather of the year. Your feet will make friends with Flexible soled **TRENTON** (right). Your eyes will feast on its Homespun leather.

Below: **KENWOOD** is pictured at right. Tan tweed, perforated, with brass eyelets for a touch of dash—as you like it. It really fits right—really feels right. (left) Another version of **TRENTON**, in tawny tweed, with custom bootmaker tone.



well, his fingers touching his temple and gaily tossing off. "So long, Helen. Nice knowing you. I'll be seeing you around."

He went from her, striding aft along the deserted boat deck. The wind came full against his face, instead of stinging along his cheek. Instinctively, it made him look to the bridge, because that wasn't right. Till he saw the Parthenon was swinging a wide circle with her foaming wake, rolling deeply to the change of course, those two muffled shapes in the wing peering intently into the bitter north and west. The next moment, like a shutter slowly opening between two davits, that thing Mr. Slade had seen some time before revealed itself upon the distant ocean's face.

AT FIRST it was nothing more than a livid glow under a lowering sky black with streaming cloud. A white squall obscured it, till the gale ripped it apart like a rent veil of fog. And then there she was—a ship, down to her well-deck rails, with the ocean thundering clear across in foaming, leaping spouts. It was her afterhouse and wireless shack that burned, men like little dark specks hopelessly fighting the flames. There were shell holes in her, too. Her forward anti-submarine rifle pointed drunkenly to the sky from its shattered emplacement, some black things lying inertly under it. She wallowed, dripping cataracts of white, a gaping hole clear through her dead funnel where it tipped crazily abaft the bridge.

There wasn't a whole boat anywhere, just bundles of kindling and the jagged thumbs of davits, weirdly swaying. Tommy Barclay gasped, looking over there, wondering what was keeping her afloat. Still, they were blinking with a flash to tell the North Atlantic there was someone still alive.

"Tommy!" He heard Helen's anxious voice close against his ear. "You aren't going!" She was pulling wildly at his arm. "I couldn't stand—"

He lost the rest. Damn! he thought, was she still here? And what difference did it make to her? Going? Well, that was a crazy thing to ask. Who'd go down there in an open cockleshell? Not a man who had good sense. Not a lad like Tommy who was smart enough to know the score. To hell with the hero stuff! That's what he wanted to tell her, his lip curling acidly. But eight bells went just then, faint and clear. So he grabbed the ladder rail to the bridge, leaving her staring after him. And that's how the middle watch began, that voyage in the Parthenon.

It was Tommy's lookout. In the open wing he heard the fourth mate curtly telling what the blinker said, interjecting harsh opinion of his own: "She's British. Sub put a fish in her belly amidships and came up to finish her off with the surface guns. Blasted her wireless out first thing. All hell loose below. There's only fourteen left, six of 'em wounded. They say the after-gun crew got the sub, though. Bully for them! Can't float for very long. Huh!"—the fourth mate acknowledged with his flash—"They don't have to tell us *that*!"

Grim old Captain Kilrairie merely nodded, half his iron jaw lost in the muffler about his throat. "Better clear away the seaboard, Mr. Slade. Keep under my lee as long as you can. We'll get the oil bags going. Call the other watch and ask for volunteers. . . Good luck."

They're crazy! Tommy Barclay thought. They're just talking through their officers' hats. Just because they're living aft they think they're better than other men. A smallboat? Through this sea? It made him laugh. Well, let 'em try if they were mad enough! They could drown themselves if they wanted to.

It made Tommy Barclay's tough

young eyes glitter with irony, down along the boat deck, helping a grizzled seaman tear a canvas cover off and strip unwanted gear out of a flimsy-looking cockleshell. Officers? Hell. One man wore brass braid along his sleeve and another wore dungarees. That's all the difference ever there was. Till he noticed Mr. Slade, nodding to one old shellback who stepped forward, shaking his head at another. Mr. Slade wasn't wearing any braid. Not now. His face looked hard and angular under the yellow sou'wester, and his shaggy brows were wet. He was careful over his choice and the condition of his boat, as if he knew just what he was about. And his voice was brittle and taut.

"You, Barclay?" it lashed out. "Need a man with beef and some shoulders to pull the stroke." His keen eyes snapped. "Not if you don't want to. No. Don't blame you." He dismissed him instantly. "Who else? One more. Takes some guts. Who—"

Why, blast him! Tommy Barclay thought in one swift, inward blaze of rage. Who the hell did he think he was? Telling him a thing like that! In front of messmates whose anxious eyes kept darting from one to another. Riding him again, that's all! Just because he wore three stripes! Guts? Tommy Barclay'd show him who had guts! He tore the life belt from the next man's hands, shouldering him angrily aside. "You got a stroke!" he snarled at Mr. Slade. But he didn't notice the icy twinkle that flashed across the chief mate's eyes and instantly disappeared. So Tommy Barclay did what he never intended he would. He pulled the long ash sweep for the first time, down where the black fury of ocean revealed its authentic nature in the bleakness of the middle watch.

It struck him full between the eyes, and after that there was no memory of time. He remembered the smallboat poised above the darkly yawning cave of a great sea's trough; how she dropped with consummate skill; how the patent blocks tripped before the ocean fell away again to leave her water borne. Something spun dizzily through his brain: that wasn't luck! it told him. The gray-haired man in the stern sheets with the alert and glittering eyes had something to do with that. He thought he saw the figure of a girl aloft, etched vividly in memory for an instant with her coat whipping around a white uniform skirt, crying some unheard message down. She seemed so very small up there and yet so very strong before he lost her altogether. Because after that the smallboat and those who manned her were left utterly alone.

STILL, it wasn't troubling Barclay. This was really no affair of his. It didn't mean a thing to him. It was strictly up to Mr. Slade. All Tommy had to do was put his heavy shoulders in the stroke and bend the long ash sweep; and he knew he was tough enough for this and plenty more.

"Easy . . . steady does it!" Mr. Slade was shouting brokenly to the bent and straining backs. "Let her run. Now, Barclay! Get your beef behind it!"

Tommy Barclay looked at him. It seemed there was some strange compulsion on him to keep his defiant stare fast on the officer's hard eyes, while the squalls stung hail and spray against his cheek like stones. But something deep inside of him kept up an exulting laugh. He felt youth and strength pour through him, and he knew he could outlive this to the end of Time. Pull? As long as he kept his eyes on Mr. Slade he could pull this oar till the stout ash splintered with the power of his fists. That's what Tommy Barclay thought.

It went on endlessly. These things that happened were like bright pools of memory, lightning flashes in a wet and

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT • FEEL RIGHT *they're Walk-Fitted*

wildly screaming void. They were close against the sinking hulk now, working to leeward. Close enough to see black shapes with haggard, hollow eyes through curtains of sleet and spume. A line snaked out across smashing wreckage; someone caught it over there, reeling a bowline in a bight; the first man leaped into the sea. The afterhouse was still burning, weirdly lighting up a savage circle redeemed for only a little while from outer chaos where all the banshees howled. Tommy remembered the look of that first man's face when they hauled him to the bottom boards. There was agony on it as he lay there, gasping, his shoulder bloody from a splinter wound. Then another came, and another. That way the smallboat, with Tommy Barclay at the stroke and Mr. Slade in charge, plucked fourteen men off a shell-raked hulk, starting back to where the Parthenon maneuvered for them, spilling brine like gore each time she lifted clear, her oil bags dripping steadily.

THEY started back. Tommy Barclay's jaws were grim now, still keeping his stare on the mate, erect in the stern sheets before him. Water drained from that man's cheeks and his eyes burned fiercely, gauging the course old Captain Kilrairie made to shelter them and pick them up. He was straining his weight against the steering sweep. His mouth was wide, shouting something no one heard. Then a rushing cross sea caught them. The boat lifted, surged and spun dizzily heavenward. To hell with it, Tommy Barclay clearly thought. Pull! That's all you've got to do. It's Chief Officer Sam Slade who's got the boat in charge and we'll show him who's got guts!

That's when he saw the swift sting of agony leaping into the mate's blue eyes. He was struggling desperately with the sweep. But with only one shoulder and one arm. Something was wrong with the other. The boat was broaching! That was no way to handle a steering oar! What the blazes is wrong with him?

He'd swamp them all if he kept that up! Tommy Barclay screamed at him, cursing. Then it dawned on him. Like a flame of sudden light. He's broken his arm! As easy as that? The sea just took it, touched it, gave it a little wrench—and there it was. Snapped like a matchstick and hanging limp! So Tommy Barclay leaped up instinctively. The next moment, shoving the mate away, he had the steering oar in his own two fists, snarling angrily to the men.

"Haul!" he bellowed. "The rest of you bail! Bail and haul for your lives! Pull! Damn you, get your beef behind it!"

That's what he shouted, throwing his weight against the sweep. The helm was his now. He had the steering oar in charge himself! He was amazed at that. It took some time to understand fully.

What would the union say? He never signed articles for this! Young Tommy Barclay's soul rebelled. Damn you! his angry spirit shouted down in hate at Slade's brittle officer eyes. Damn you for shoving it off on me! Well, I won't have it! I'm not the mate, and this job isn't mine! All in an instant this violence welled in him, fiercely exploding.

Then he saw the haggard, silent faces of the rescued, the wounded; he saw the straining, brine-wet jaws of his grizzled shipmates on the thwarts. Those faces were moving, set with grim exhaustion; moving backward and forward, backs bent to the whiplash of sea and wind, huge, hairy fists tight around the handles of the heavy oars. And their eyes were fast on him! All of them. They never wavered. Red-rimmed, salt-crusted, hollow eyes, telling of strain and labor, anxiety and pain. The water poured from those sailor faces. But the eyes remained glued on the man in the stern sheets who had their lives in trust because he had the steering oar of command in his own two hands. Just the way they once had been upon Chief Officer Mr. Slade.

And that's when that funny little chuckling voice from somewhere deep



"Very sorry, sir, but you will appreciate the fact that after mixing you a highball every evening at 5:13 P. M. for thirty years, this would have to come sooner or later"

DAVE GERARD

ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS!

WAVEMAGNET

BUILT-IN MOVABLE
FOR RECEPTION IN TRAINS,
PLANES, AUTOS, ETC.

U.S. PATENT NO. 2164251

\$29⁹⁵

Pacific Coast
Prices
Slightly
Higher

IN AIRPLANE CLOTH
(INCLUDING BLUE)

The shape and size of
an overnight bag styled
like expensive luggage.

The ONLY PORTABLE RADIO Guaranteed to Play Where Other Portables Fail . . . or Your Money Back

Engineers of the Zenith Radio Corporation *again* give you a most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented Movable Wavemagnet* in a portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Under all ordinary circumstances it works without outside aerial . . . without outside wires or ground.

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL . . . PLAY . . . OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception*. The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented Movable Wavemagnet*, which is exclusive with Zenith.

Check up on your next train trip. See how many Zeniths are playing *well* . . . and how many other makes *fail* to do so. Your money back if Zenith fails.

And that's not all! At home, in the office, in hotels, if you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC. That will automatically disconnect your battery and save it for outdoors or travel.

De Luxe Edition in genuine cowhide . . . priced slightly higher than regular airplane cloth cover.

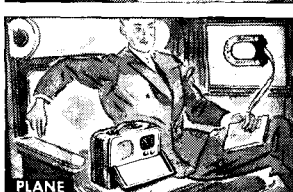
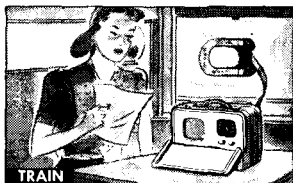
EARPHONES SOLVE PRIVACY PROBLEMS

This Zenith portable has storage space for earphones . . . (extra equipment) for use at ball games, fights, or while travelling; for privacy in reception without loudspeaker. At home—no annoyance to those in the next room or even in the next bed when you listen with Zenith earphones or Hushatone. A boon to the hard of hearing, too.

UNDER NO OTHER NAME BUT ZENITH . . .

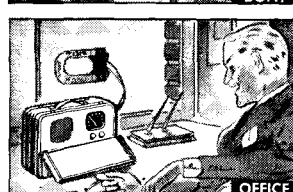
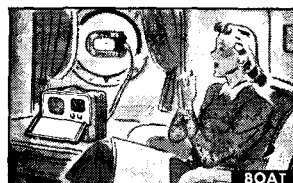
. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is, has, and does* so many things! *Patented Wavemagnet*—built-in yet movable—combination battery and lighting current operation—loudspeaker and earphone reproduction—adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith Dealers everywhere.

A NEW INVENTION



AGAIN
A YEAR AHEAD
ZENITH
"LONG DISTANCE" RADIO

IT'S DIFFERENT



EVER TAKE A DARE

Just For The Fun of It?

When you were a kid, you'd take a dare from most anybody.



Remember, you thought "she" was an angel and you wrote puppy love notes to her? Then the gang dared you to kiss her, and you did!

Here's Rich Pipe Flavor With Cigarette Mildness!

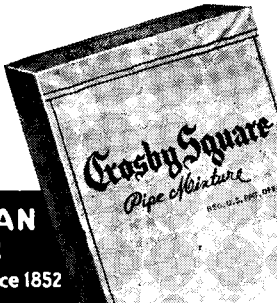
How about taking a dare to try Crosby Square? We'll take the risk. Smokers have discovered that this blend has what they've been looking for—the mildness of a cigarette with the full flavor of a real pipe tobacco. If you don't find that Crosby Square fills your "pipe-bill," you can get all your money back.

AT YOUR DEALER

15¢

"Take-a-Dare" Offer

Send us 6¢ in stamps to pay part of packing and mailing and you'll get a generous sample. Write Crosby Square Div., 102 Delmar, St. Louis, Mo.



CHRISTIAN PEPPER
Tobacco Co. Since 1852

OTIS

HEALTHWEIGHT UNDERWEAR

Warmth without bulk, for the man who wants the fit and support of knit underwear



Short sleeve or sleeveless shirts. Mid-thigh or ankle shorts, with double front, support feature.

OTIS

HEALTHWEIGHT UNDERWEAR

"Warmth without Bulk"



OTIS Underwear, 57 Worth St., New York

inside of Tommy Barclay began its silly babbling once again. . . . Well, Tommy, my lad—it seemed to be saying with gaiety—here it is. And what are you going to do? It's time you learned it's not a gold stripe on a uniform sleeve makes an officer out of a fo'c'sle hand. You took the oar because you had to. Not because you wanted to. You can't fool me. I know. Well, what about it, Tom? This is the middle watch, you know. This is the time the ocean really shows you what its innards are. You can laugh at it some other time, or call it a careless, obscene name. Not now. Do you no good. It doesn't hate anything or love anything. It's no one's friend and it's no one's enemy. It's just what it is, Tommy. All the rest is up to you. This is the time to find that out. This is it, Tom Barclay. Whether you like it or whether you don't, this is what a sailor's got to face. . . .

Tommy Barclay heard that little voice bubbling up from that inner part of him where his spirit lived. And he tried to cry it down, straining all his strength against the steering oar. It was silly! To blazes with it! That sort of nonsense wasn't meant for him. Besides, he was imagining things. It was really Mr. Slade, bellowing something to him with an open mouth from where he lay. Trying to tell him what to do. Trying to bolster him up with his blasted officer's mind! Well, Tommy Barclay wouldn't stand for that. Not while he stood erect in the stern sheets of an open boat, taking every blow the sea could give, stubbornly working that cockleshell back to where he was bound to make her go. So he bellowed down at the chief mate's dripping face.

"Shut up!" he roared in a hollow rage. "You hear me? Keep your damn' mouth shut! It's me in charge now and this boat is mine!"

HIS eyes blazed against the heavy gale, his arms half torn from their sockets as he held the spinning boat skillfully to her work, eying the run of the oil-slicked sea between himself and old Kilraine maneuvering in the Parthenon. If Sam Slade heard that youngster's wrathful bellow he gave no sign. If he heard it he would know it wasn't insubordination. Just the sheer necessity for explosion under violent tension, under unexpected, awful strain. So the chief mate just kept his alert, grim stare fastened upward on that youthful face. He must have seen something there he remembered and seemed to recognize, for in spite of the rack of pain a hard and icy twinkle settled in the keen blue eyes of old Sam Slade. As if he understood that what he really saw was a boy climbing while he watched, climbing tooth and claw up the fo'c'sle ladder aloft to the deck of a bridge.

Young Barclay didn't know that. He had other things to do, and other things to curse. Because that voice inside of him was getting stronger now. He found he could no longer shout it down. He could hear it burbling away, its clarity maddening, as if the elemental clamor all the furies made couldn't silence it at all. . . . Well, here we are, Tommy, my lad, you with a boat in charge. That makes you an officer; doesn't it? And how do you like it? It's not what you thought it was. Is it now? It's a sort of lonely job.

Helen told you that, but you wouldn't listen then. It's not just a boy with a stripe or two on his sleeve. It's a man with something in his heart. That's tradition, Tom Barclay, and don't go laugh at it. That's why those fellows look at you that way. That's why they'll pull till they drown or drop. It's not Tom Barclay's commands they honor and give their trust. Not by a long sight. Don't kid yourself. You're nothing at all to them. No more than Chief Offi-

cer Slade was to you. It's what you're supposed to have inside! Well, have you got it, Tom?

That's what that accursed little voice kept babbling into Tommy Barclay's ear till he thought his head would surely burst. Or maybe it was just the howling gale, the crash and thunder of the seas. Because things weren't very clear any more and Time was a distant ghost. Still, he hung on with all his inner stamina. And his sailor's instinct held. It must have. Because somehow or other, though he never knew quite how or when, he took the smallboat through; he brought his first command safe home the way any competent officer should.

THE rest was a blur. Like old landmarks that are seen and dimly recognized through veils of drifting fog. He thought he saw passengers' faces floating fantastically around the Parthenon's promenade, all peering down at him with large, wide eyes. He remembered wondering what the blazes they were doing up on deck in the ungodly hours of the middle watch when they might see things not meant for them. Then somehow he found the familiar boat deck beneath his feet again. Stewards were bustling around, wrapping warm blankets about these men he had brought; the rescued, the war-wounded, the utterly weary. His own boat crew staggered drunkenly when their feet touched solid deck, stupefied with exhaustion. All except Sam Slade, who still could stand erect.

"Well, Barclay!" the chief officer snapped with curling irony. "Get along with it! We got no time to pin the hero's medal on right now. Get these lads below! I'll send a double tot of rum along. Get on with it!"

That stuck in Tommy's memory. Once he would have cursed those words as brutal, heartless. Damned old blister-face! he would have snarled. Riding me again the way all mates and skippers do to have their fun. But not now. He knew better. He knew the chief mate, perfect ship's officer that he was, understood a job wasn't done till it was thoroughly done—and after that there would always be another job for men to undertake. That's all Tommy remembered with any clarity. After that there was a dark and empty space. Until he found he was sitting in the warm fo'c'sle pantry, a blanket around his shoulders, a girl in white with a small, lovely face and soft brown eyes smiling down at him. Funny. She, too, had a changed look. Or was it just that he was seeing her truly and for the first time through his own subtly different eyes?

"I've brought you some hot coffee, Tom."

Simple words like that. Yet Helen's gentle, throaty voice made it sound like a wonderful thing she said. "Coffee?" he murmured in surprise. "There's plenty in the urn right here. Strong as lye. Why haul it from—"

"The chief officer sent it along. Mr. Slade said he thought you ought to have it. It's cabin coffee. It's out of the officers' mess."

Tommy Barclay looked at her quickly. And he blinked. Imagine! Elister-face Sam Slade doing a thing like that! Who'd ever think it of Mr. Slade? And just then he heard eight bells go tinkling musically through the ship. He was glad, it gave him something else to say. So he grinned with wan relief. "Thank God, that watch is gone!"

"Gone? The middle watch was gone four hours ago. It's eight in the morning, Tom, and the weather's getting moderate."

He still kept looking at her, and he had to blink his eyes again. As long as that? Had it taken as long as that? The longest middle watch of Tommy Barclay's life. Well, why not? In it they had sighted the sinking ship. In it Mr. Slade had proved himself correct in his judgment of a fo'c'sle hand over grim old Captain John Kilraine. That didn't happen every day. And in that middle watch young Tommy Barclay had grown up at last. And neither did a thing like that happen every day. So he reached out and took the coffee from Helen's small, white hand. It wasn't in a thick, mottled fo'c'sle mug. It was on a cabin saucer in a cabin cup. He looked speculatively down at it, and then he looked up again, his eyes beginning to dance.

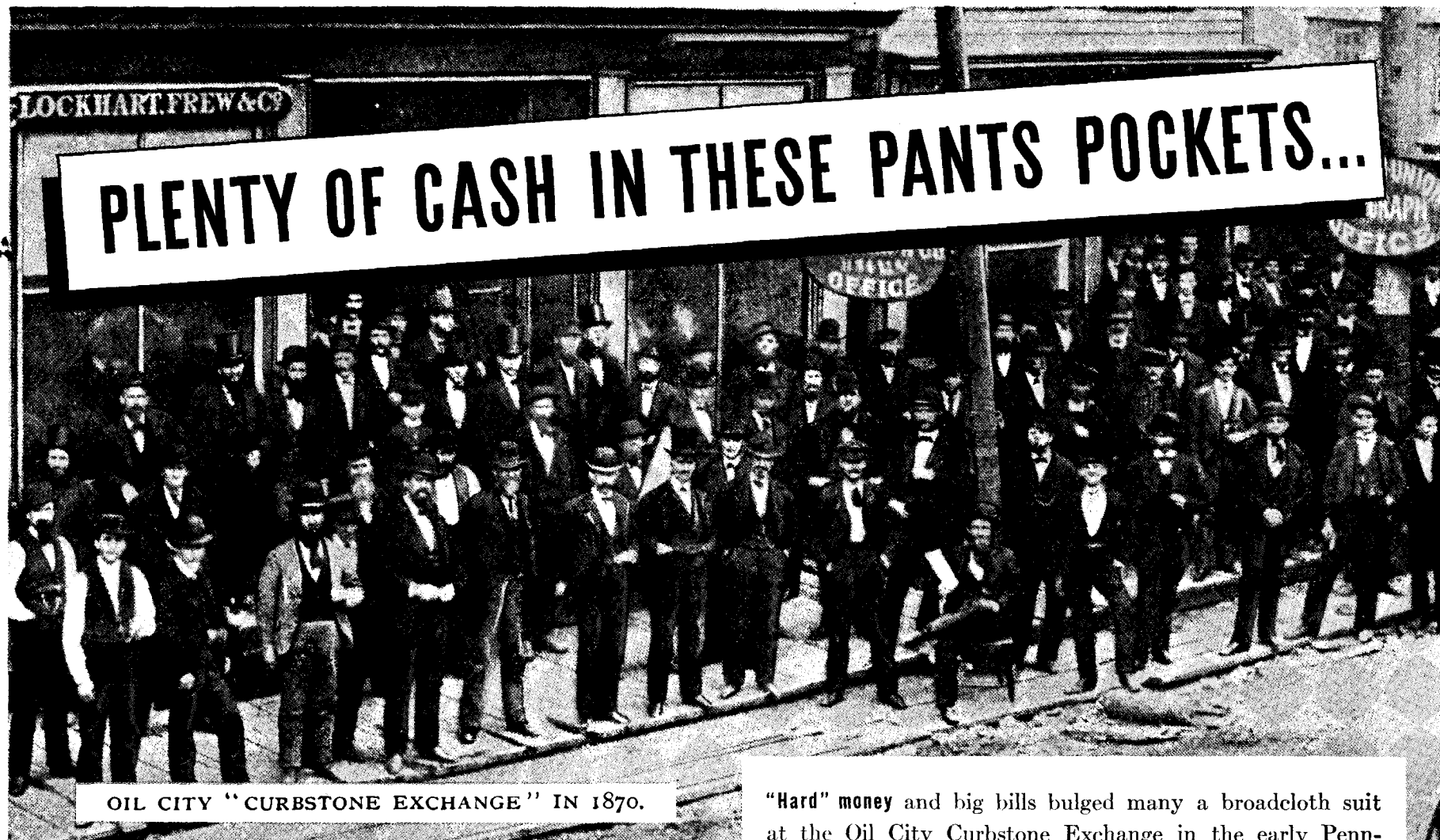
"HELEN," he said firmly and with deliberation, "I want you to keep out of here. You understand? This is no place for you. I'll be sitting for second mate this trip. A ship's officer can't have his wife hanging around the sailor's pantry. It doesn't look just right."

She didn't say a thing. She just nodded solemnly, and her eyes were exceedingly bright. Only then did he take the first delicious swallow of the good and steaming stuff. Cabin coffee! Chief Officer Sam Slade—old Blister-face himself—sent it for'ard to him because he thought he'd earned it. So he sipped it slowly. It was fine. It could warm a man's insides. And he kept grinning at Helen Claire, seeing that brightness glistening in her soft brown eyes. Cabin coffee! She was smiling back at him, that delicious way she had. Because she knew he'd earned it, too.



"Gregson would be a crack salesman if he could only learn to discriminate"

RICHARD TAYLOR



OIL CITY "CURBSTONE EXCHANGE" IN 1870.



Amid a maze of valves and gauges, the modern stillman controls the making of blending stocks for 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils—the motor oils that make your car better to ride in and cheaper to run. Here is Stillman Carl Dahl on the job at a refinery in Warren, Pennsylvania. A stillman can't afford to make mistakes, as witnesseth this jingle:*

*The skillful stillman's seldom still;
Much depends on the stillman's skill;
If he opens a valve that he ought to close
Up with the still the stillman goes.*



Forty different ways to refine Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil constantly are studied in this and a dozen other experimental refining units at State College, Pennsylvania. Just another bit of evidence that Pennsylvania Motor Oils do not intend ever to relinquish the top position for quality, economy and performance which they have earned and held through the years.



"Soon be time to winterize your car. Your level's still O.K.—but you'll save money and trouble by making your winter change-over soon. Drain and fill with a lighter Pennsylvania Motor Oil—change to lighter Pennsylvania greases, and your car is all set for winter weather when it comes."

This advertisement is published in the interests of producers, refiners, wholesalers, retailers, exporters and users of 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils protected by our emblem. Watch for new announcements in this series.

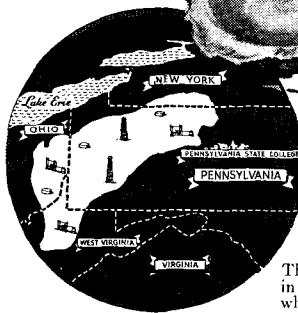
*From "This Fascinating Oil Business", Max W. Ball
Copyright 1940 The Bobbs-Merrill Company

"Hard" money and big bills bulged many a broadcloth suit at the Oil City Curbstone Exchange in the early Pennsylvania oil days. Men on the Exchange played for high stakes, buying and selling oil, making a million, or going broke. Like the spectacular miners of the west, they always got a good exciting run for their money. Today, long years after all the excitement, Pennsylvania Motor Oil gives you a better run for your money as the year-'round lubricant for your automobile. Choose your own brand at the price you want to pay—just be sure it's a Pennsylvania Motor Oil entitled to carry the emblem of our association. That's the safest guide there is to complete oil satisfaction.



The "cultured" pearl looks like the real thing to a layman. But most cultured pearls have "fake" centers 75% to 90% of the whole "pearl."

Similarly, motor oils are "cultured" to resemble Pennsylvania. "Blended with Pennsylvania," "Pennsylvania-type," "paraffin-base" and "eastern oil;" these are a few of the terms used to hoodwink you. Unless an oil is 100% Pure Pennsylvania, it is not a Pennsylvania Oil. Our emblem appears only on genuine Pennsylvania Motor Oils, made entirely from Pennsylvania Grade Crude. It is the same true quality guide as the sterling mark on silver or the 24-karat on gold.



BETTER OILS

from the GROUND UP!

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Copyright 1940, Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

The area at left, touching four states, is the only district in the world producing Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, which is known to be the best raw material in the entire world for making motor oil.

At right is the official emblem of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association. It is registered in the U. S. Patent Office and protected under federal copyright laws. This emblem is not the mark of a brand. It is a guarantee to you that a motor oil is made entirely from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil and that the oil is up to this association's rigid standard in every respect.

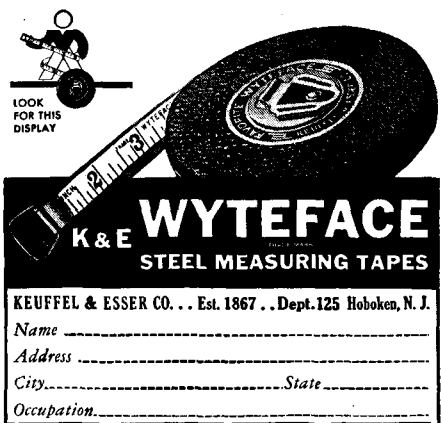


The Auto Comes to Stay

Continued from page 13



You know in a minute that this is the steel tape for you. Black-on-white! The crack-proof white surface is bonded to the steel. Here's a tape that is hard to kink, hard to curl... Popular-priced Favorite Wyteface Tapes are sold by hardware, building material and mill supply dealers everywhere. Ask your dealer—or mail coupon for free sample of the line and an illustrated folder, with prices.



The Ski-Suit Goes To Bed

\$2.00

SKI-MO-PAJAMA
by Weldon

When the sun goes down on Sun Valley, men slip into a sleeping suit like this. The outfit's perfect, and you too can enjoy it for "open window" sleeping. You'll like the softness and warmth of 'Ski-Mo's' fleecy, velvety fabric... snug, stay-put wrists and ankles... and the Lastex Wonderbelt that actually breathes with you. Blue, Tan, Green. Sizes A to D.

Pajamas by Weldon

At all better stores, or write Weldon, 1270 Broadway, N. Y., for name of nearest dealer.

that I did a better job than you did."

But the event that did even more than the races to popularize the motorcar were the Glidden Tours. Charles J. Glidden made his money in the telephone business, retired and began to enjoy life. In 1905 he made a world tour in a British Napier, bringing the first sight of the automobile to many countries and covering 46,528 miles. Later he offered a \$2,500 trophy for an annual road tour and the first was held in 1905, starting at New York and returning to that city via Boston, Bretton Woods and Worcester.

The automobile companies saw the value of this for publicity and jumped in with both feet. The tests were to prove reliability and stamina rather than speed and the cars proceeded sedately from control station to control station, the landscape being filled with ladies and gentlemen in linen dusters and mud-bespattered countenances. A penalty was charged for each stop for repairs en route and no car was allowed to enter the control station until the appointed time. Accordingly, the faster cars were compelled to wait for the slower at the station, with the motor running. The outcome of that was generally that they became overheated, boiled over and burned out parts. At night the cars were locked in the station so no repairs could be made. Since most of the roads were mud bogs interspersed with boulders a car that was able to finish at all was considered a success.

Repaired by Magic

The Glidden experiment ended in an atmosphere of loud screams and re-cremations in 1910, when Hugh Chalmers filed suit to keep the award from going to Ray McNamara in a Premier, on the ground that the Premier was not a stock car coming within the provisions of the tour. He won the decision but it ruined the tour idea. Previous to that there had been constant suspicions about cars which had been locked up overnight in the control station with a pair of bum tires and came out next morning good as new.

"Humph," said the other contestants. "Magic, I suppose?"

But the Glidden tours were of inestimable help in promoting the automobile and the general popularity of cars dates from that period. The job previously had been to prove that the cars would not explode; the task now was to get possible buyers to ride the little wonders and be convinced that they could both go somewhere and come back. The Brush \$550 Runabout was advertising in 1907: "Seats Two—That's All. Goes Fast Enough—That's All. Costs Actually Less than a Horse. Speed Range up to 26 Miles per Hour. It Goes and Keeps Going."

Henry Ford was advertising in 1903 that his car "has overcome all drawbacks such as smell, noise, jolt, etc., common to all other makes of Auto Carriages." By 1905 he was modestly saying "Don't Experiment—Just Buy a Ford." The Olds was urging purchase in 1902 on the slogan of "Nothing to Watch But the Road."

The Conrad promised in 1903 that it could be "instantly converted into a comfortable four-passenger vehicle by raising the disappearing seat as here shown, at a trifling additional expense of \$100." This sales talk seems to have won young Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., because he selected the Conrad as his first car. The only trouble he found was that the thing wouldn't run.

The early battles in the industry were between the respective merits of the steam car, the electric and the gasoline-operated vehicle. The steam car gave smooth acceleration but before you could start you had to get steam up in the boiler and were later compelled to stop every thirty or forty miles for water. The electrics were quiet and easy of operation but a lot of time was spent waiting for the batteries to recharge. The early gasoline cars started quickly but they were complicated to handle and in operation sounded something like a wagonload of rocks falling down a hill. The early gears were called crash gears and with justice. You simply took the lever in both hands, gritted your teeth and jammed it into place. The noise resembled a layer of platters falling off a pantry shelf.

When Alf Reeves, now secretary of the Automobile Manufacturers Association, started selling Maxwells in New York, the standard test was going up Fort George Hill. The climb was bad enough but even worse was the ride over the cobblestones.

"We solved that by taking half the air out of the tires," says Mr. Reeves. "They wouldn't have lasted a hundred miles with that treatment but they lasted long enough for a sale. It took a couple of weeks till our rivals got wise to that."

The favorite test of the car salesmen was to run the machine up the front steps of the courthouse or the Elks Club and back down again. Going up was to prove power, coming down was to test brakes. The police began to object to that but arrangements could generally be managed with a friendly lieutenant and a five-buck note.

The greatest stunt of all was pulled by Joe McDuffee at the first Madison Square Garden show. John Brisben Walker, owner of the Mobile, had a row with the show managers and was refused space on the floor. He therefore hired the roof of the Garden for his own show. That was all right but it was realized that it would be difficult to get people on the roof to see one car when there were dozens of cars downstairs.

McDuffee solved this by having a wooden runway built from the roof to the statue of Diana, fifty-three feet above. He ran a ramp up to that in three sections, two hundred feet in all with three slopes, the maximum grade

42 per cent. He then proceeded to drive the Mobile up and down this incline and the crowds flocked to the Mobile show.

William Randolph Hearst was interested in motorcars and also in the New York Journal and the feat on the roof was something the Journal circulation could use. Hearst thought it would be a beautiful thing if Lillian Russell made the trip up the incline with Mr. McDuffee. Mr. McDuffee thought so too and the publicity raged until the police stepped in and said that since there was a good chance that a car would leave that rickety scaffold and land on the spire of the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst's church in Madison Square, there would be no trip for Miss Russell. If Joe McDuffee wanted to kill his fool self that was all right, but not Lillian.

They Couldn't Scare a High Diver

This didn't stop the Hearst crowd, who arranged that on the last trip Saturday night Miss Russell would be bundled into the car and driven up the incline before the police could interfere. The only hitch was that Lillian, being much brighter than her press agent, failed to show up. This was awkward for the Hearst people because the papers were already on the street with pictures of Miss Russell making the ascent. This was easy enough for a good photographer but it was essential that somebody in skirts go up to keep the record clean.

McDuffee saw a young lady in the crowd.

"There's no danger," he said in his suavest tone. "Wouldn't you like to go up with me?"

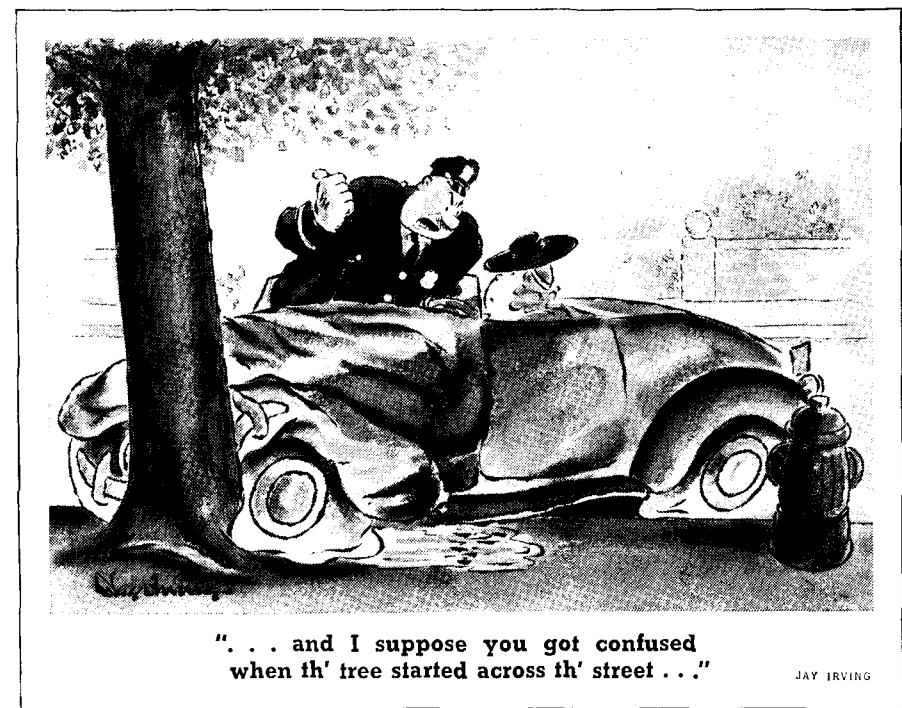
"With pleasure," said the young lady and got in.

They went up and backed down again and she seemed perfectly at ease.

"You're really a brave person to take it like that," he said.

"Who—me?" she answered. "If there'd been a bucket down there on the Square with two feet of water in it, I'd have jumped just for the fun of it. I'm a high diver by trade."

Some of the early developments grew out of necessity. Chris Sinsabaugh out in Chicago was automobile editor of the Tribune and the Daily News simultaneously. Those journals wouldn't stand for the usual publicity bunk so it was up to Chris to create news. From



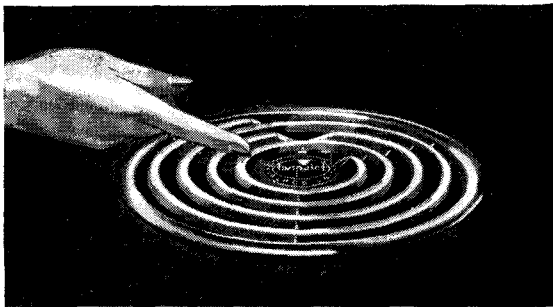
AMERICA'S CHOICE for an Efficient Administration in the Kitchen



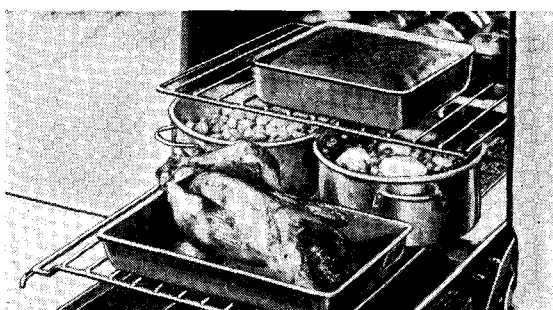
WOMEN throughout the country are casting their votes for Hotpoint's President—the new, high-quality, low-cost electric range that keeps its promise of tastier meals, cooler, cleaner kitchens and added hours of leisure!

This amazing model—climaxing thirty years of leadership in the field of electric ranges—is offered at the most reasonable price in Hotpoint history!

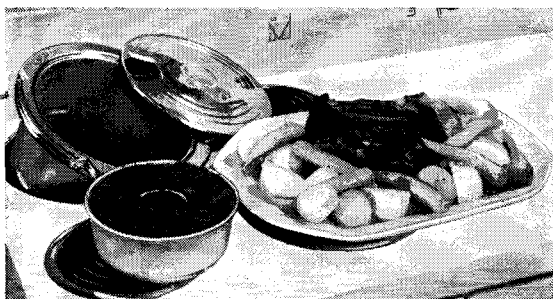
See the Hotpoint President at your dealer's. Find out how *easy* it is to own this new range that makes electric cooking more *efficient*, more *convenient* and more *economical* than ever before!



SELF-CLEANING CALROD COOKING UNITS—Five accurate Measured Heats enable you to cook faster or slower, as needed, yet consume less current. They insure best results with greatest economy.



OVERSIZE ALL-PURPOSE OVEN WITH MEASURED HEAT—Spacious, family-size oven bakes, broils, roasts or cooks complete meals at the exact temperature desired. There's no watching and no waiting. Simply set the controls and forget cooking cares!



WHOLE-MEAL THRIFT COOKER WITH FLAVOR-SEAL LID—You can cook an entire meal for a few pennies! Three Measured Heats to choose from. Newly designed lid provides moisture seal to preserve full flavor of food. There can be no cooking failures.

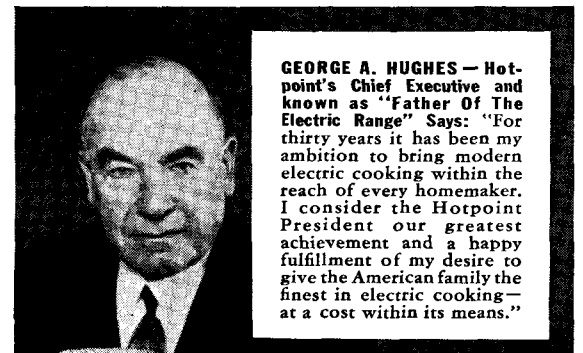
Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc., 5637 W. Taylor St., Chicago



COOKS FROM COAST TO COAST are enthusiastic about the President—Hotpoint's latest and greatest contribution to electric cooking. Say they never knew cooking with electricity could be so amazingly *clean—fast—safe—*

and *easy*. Kitchens stay immaculate longer! For the air is free from fumes. There's no soot because there is no flame. Pots and pans stay bright. And once over with a damp cloth cleans the whole range like new!

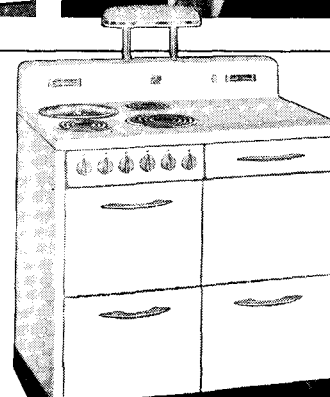
EVERY PLANK IN THIS PLATFORM INSURES A BETTER DEAL FOR WOMEN WHO COOK	
☒	PERSONAL LIBERTY with more freedom from kitchen work
☒	LOWER TAXATION on the family income
☒	ECONOMY because less waste from cooking failures
☒	PRIVATE INITIATIVE in planning delicious meals
☒	ADEQUATE DEFENSE against worry, heat and dirt
☒	SOCIAL SECURITY for modern hostesses
☒	PREPAREDNESS for unexpected guests
☒	NO ENTANGLEMENTS in meal preparation



GEORGE A. HUGHES—Hotpoint's Chief Executive and known as "Father Of The Electric Range" Says: "For thirty years it has been my ambition to bring modern electric cooking within the reach of every homemaker. I consider the Hotpoint President our greatest achievement and a happy fulfillment of my desire to give the American family the finest in electric cooking—at a cost within its means."

LOWEST PRICE EVER FOR A HOTPOINT RANGE WITH THESE HIGH-PRICED FEATURES:

- All-Porcelain finish, inside and out. Easy to clean.
- 3 Large Utility Drawers for pots, pans and dishes.
- Oversize All-Purpose Oven with 5 Measured Heats.
- 3 Calrod Surface Cooking Units (each with 5 Measured Heats).
- New Indicating Switch Buttons.
- New 6-Quart Thrift Cooker with Flavor-Seal Lid.



\$129⁹⁵

AT THE FACTORY

Freight and Installation Extra.

Other models as low as \$89.50 at the factory.



JOAN MARSH

ATTENTION CLUBS! SEE ME IN HOTPOINT'S ENTERTAINING SOUND MOVIE "BLAME IT ON LOVE" NOW READY FOR FREE CLUB BOOKINGS. ASK YOUR HOTPOINT RETAILER.

Hotpoint

ELECTRIC RANGES

ARVIN

ELECTRIC FAN-FORCED Circulating Heaters

JUST THE THING FOR

- Bathrooms
- Nurseries
- Sunrooms • Dens
- Camp Cottages
- Trailers
- Small Offices
- and Other Uses

Standard Model 101
10" high. Green enamel finish... **\$6.95**

Deluxe Model 201A
12" high. Ivory enamel finish. Chrome grille with glow light and toe switch... **\$9.95**

Deluxe Model 201
20". Tan finish... **\$8.95**

YOU NEED THIS EXTRA HEAT

for bathing and dressing, when your furnace fire is low. Fine for baby's bath anytime. Splendid, too, for any chilly room where you want greater comfort.

Circulates as it heats! Draws cold air from floor, heats it and fan-forces warm air into room. Plugs into any 110 AC wall outlet. Easily carried from one place to another. Enclosed for safety—motor, fan and heating element in beautiful, protective, metal cabinet. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and Underwriters' Laboratories.

Sold by hardware, electrical, department and other stores. If you don't find them locally, any model will be sent to you prepaid on receipt of price. All prices are 55 cents higher Denver and West.

NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, INC., COLUMBUS, IND.
Also Makers of Arvin Car Heaters and Radios

HI-LIFE A GOOD FOOD **5¢**
at a Thrifty Price
Ask Your Grocer
HI-LIFE DOG FOOD

NO MORE CORNS

Quicker Relief Than Before! Easier Removal

NEW!
KEEPS YOU FREE OF CORNS
SORE TOES, BLISTERS

Imagine—not only quicker relief and removal of your corns, but freedom from them! These are the benefits you enjoy with the New Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These soothing, cushioning, clinic-tested pads are 630% softer than before. Give greater protection from shoe friction and pressure; stop "breaking-in" discomfort of new or tight shoes and prevent corns, sore toes and blisters. New, thin SCALLOPED EDGE molds pad to toe with form-fit smoothness. Does not come off in bath. Separate Medications included for removing corns or callouses quickly, gently. Cost but a trifle—greater value than ever. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.

NEW Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

BUNIONS CALLUSES

this grew the hill climbs at Algonquin, Crown Point and later at Elgin. At the Crown Point road race in 1909, W. C. Durant entered his crack racing team of Louis Chevrolet, Lewis Strang and Bob Burman, on which he spent \$100,000 that year. Chevrolet won the race in the Buick and that established the car. The Chalmers Blue Birds swept the light-car events and Sinsabaugh is convinced that Hugh Chalmers would have successfully challenged Ford in the lower-priced field if he hadn't been obsessed with the desire to make the big ones.

The Algonquin hills at Elgin provided a severe test for cars and an important one because it fitted more nearly into the needs of the public than the more spectacular Vanderbilt Cup affairs. Barney Oldfield got his start at Elgin, where there was one long hill and one short, steep one. What designers learned in those races was invaluable in establishing models that would stand up to the roads of that period. The cars were built like battleships not because the factories preferred armor plate to tin cans but because a journey from Detroit to New York, such as Roy D. Chapin made in an Oldsmobile in 1901 in seven and a half days, was a matter for such endurance that only men who in other circumstances would have been with Peary at the North Pole could attempt it.

But cars were catching on with the public and it became a problem of supplying them. Joseph E. Fields, now vice-president of the Chrysler Corporation, was then a Buick dealer in Fargo, North Dakota.

"I could only get about twelve cars a year," says Mr. Fields. "So people would pay me a deposit a year in advance—a thousand dollars paid in 1906 to get a car delivered in 1907, I keeping the money all that time."

Why Use Up the High Gear?

But it was not all easy sailing because the cars themselves often couldn't perform up to promise and the drivers were not too efficient. On a trip through the South, a salesman saw a car coming down a long hill. It was creeping down, steam was belching from the radiator and there were signs that the driver would be nicely barbecued by the time he reached the bottom. When the salesman came up he noticed that the gentleman was driving the overheated Searchmont in low.

"And why do you drive down the hill in low and get yourself boiled alive?" he inquired.

"Because I don't want to drive it in high," answered the gentleman, who by now looked like a lobster. "I don't want to use it up."

One of the most inventive minds at the early auto shows was E. Ralph Estep, Packard advertising manager who was responsible for "Ask the Man Who Owns One." At the New York show in 1910 Estep decided that the Packard would show off better if it rested on a mirror. He tried six mirrors before he could find one that held the car without breaking. Each break was another press story and the final triumph got space in all the papers. Estep covered the first World War for Collier's Weekly as a European correspondent and was killed in a dugout in 1918, one of the few journalistic casualties of the war.

Another great triumph was the show put on in the lobby of the Hotel Commodore in New York by Joe Fields to launch the first Chrysler line. Since a company can't get into the regular show until it has had a year in the business, Fields was up against it for a show place. He paid the Commodore a thousand dollars a day for ten days to show

the Chrysler and almost lost his job with Walter Chrysler for squandering the firm's money. It was only when Chrysler had seen the show with its spectacular lighting and display that he entered into the spirit of the thing.

"Couldn't keep him away from the place after he saw it," says Fields. "He would come down at eight in the morning and stay until two and three the next morning, meeting the public, talking about the car. Before that he hadn't believed in advertising, thinking if a car was good enough it would sell itself. After that we had to curb him when it came to spending money."

Chris Sinsabaugh, now editor of Automotive News, maintains that there were four developments which made the general acceptance of the motorcar inevitable:

1. The electric starter in 1911.
2. Balloon tires in 1922.
3. Four-wheel brakes and ethyl gas in 1924.
4. Safety glass in 1926.

After the battle was won to get men into cars, there came the need of convincing the women that it wouldn't be undignified to drive. That was done by getting well-known actresses and other celebrities to pose in cars and on the racing side it was aided by Mrs. Cuneo, who held her own with the men daredevils on many a dirt track. The problem of selling cars to women in South America was even harder because of the social stigma attached to manual labor among the upper classes.

"We licked it in part by selling open cars, which a woman can drive in the Latin countries without losing face," explains Alf Reeves, "but they still won't drive a closed car. They buy them but they won't drive them; that's a job for a chauffeur."

Out of thirty-one models shown at the first automobile show in 1900 only the Packard and Autocar, which is now made as a truck, still remain. Between 1898 and 1903 approximately \$35,000,000 was invested in motorcar companies. The mortality in that field is astonishing, considering the popularity of cars once they were established. The Automobile Manufacturers Association lists 534 makes of cars which were once on the market and are now no longer made.

Here are a few of the "firsts" in the industry:

1. J. M. Murdock of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, drove from Los Angeles

to New York in 1898 in thirty-two days.

2. Charles B. King, the famous designer, made and operated the first car to be run over the streets of Detroit. That was 1894 and its top speed was twenty miles an hour. Mr. King was also responsible for the left-hand drive and vacuum-clutch control.

3. The first car sold commercially in America was a Winton, on April 1, 1898, to Robert Allison, a mechanical engineer of Port Carbon, Pennsylvania.

4. The first gasoline car was made by Charles B. Duryea at Springfield, Massachusetts, in April, 1892.

5. Thomas M. Galey, Owensboro, Kentucky, claims to be the first boy in the United States to own his own gas carriage, a Winton purchased in 1899.

6. According to the records of the Smithsonian Institute, the first automobile license in the United States was given to Harold T. Birnie of New York City on May 15, 1900.

7. Cannonball Baker drove from Los Angeles to New York in a Graham in fifty-three and a half hours in 1933.

8. "Diamond Jim" Brady used to buy four cars at a time from Arthur Lee Newton because only in that way could he be sure of having one of them fit to run. Also the bodies had to be made with the glass coming down to the floor. "I want 'em to know who's riding back there," said Diamond Jim.

They're Prettier Now

But the day when only the daredevils rode motorcars has given way to a mass of owners which grows with the years. Stunts are no longer needed and nobody has to be sold on the ability of a car to run.

It's a question now of streamlining and improvements and beauty. The New York show continues to be the flash part of the automobile business, the first publicity blast. The Chicago show is where the dealers gather and where sales are made.

In giving a testimonial for a Haynes in 1904, Simeon Ford, the late hotel man, said: "An automobile must be very good or it is no good." R. E. Olds was advertising his Reo in 1912 in the following words: "The car represents the best I can do—down to the smallest detail. Men will never build cars much better."

Well, they're prettier now, anyhow.

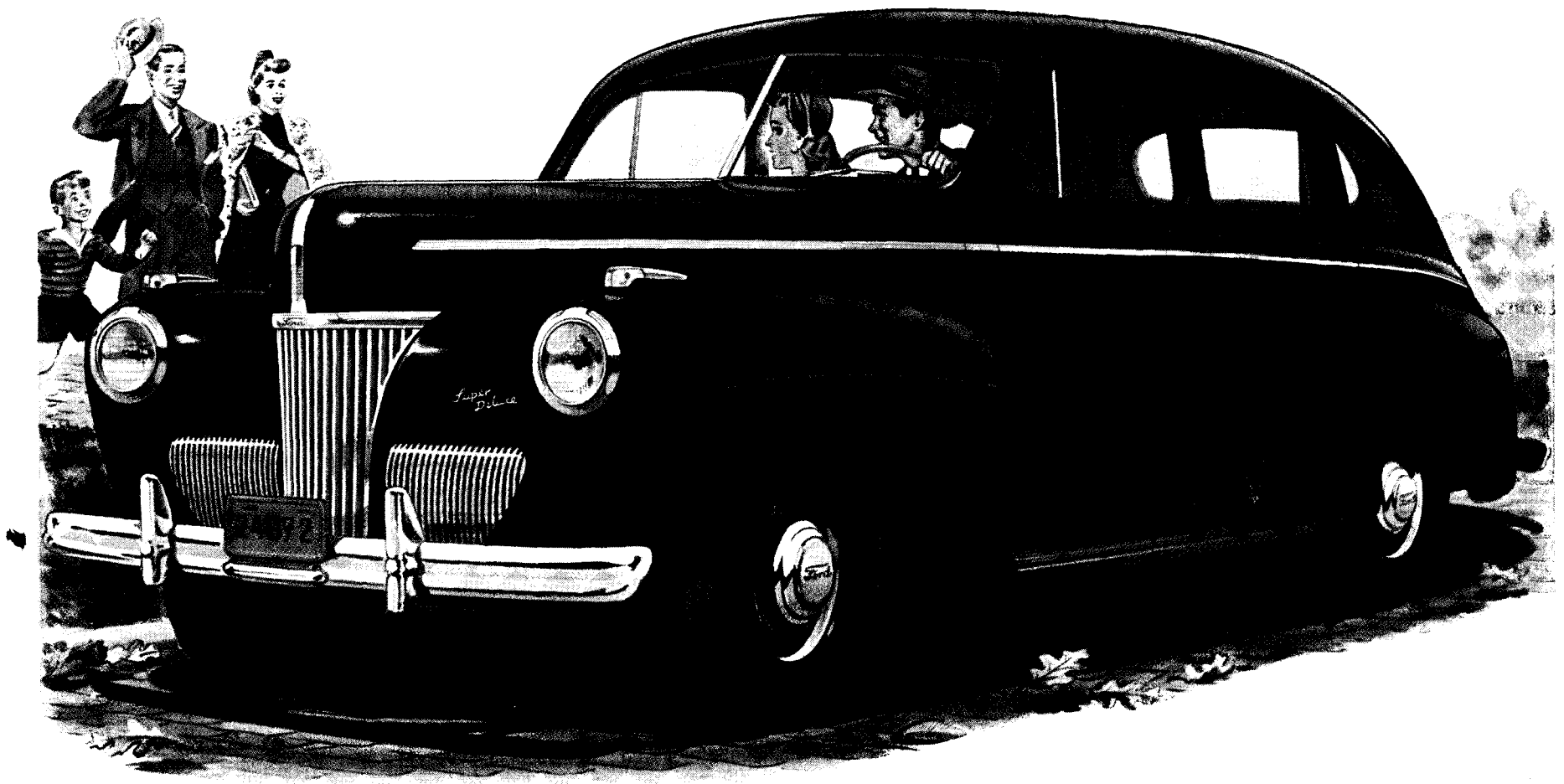


"It's about time you people restored the two-cent postal rate!"

DAVE GREGER

A BIG NEW FORD

WITH A NEW KIND OF RIDE!



1941 FEATURES

NEW Massive Beauty
NEW Room Throughout
NEW Vision All Around
NEW Faster Acceleration
NEW Stronger, Rigid Frame
NEW Longer Wheelbase
NEW Longer Springbase
NEW Soft, Slower-action Springs
NEW Soft Seat Cushions
NEW Stabilizer Ride Control

Get the facts
and you'll get a
FORD

ONE look at the new Ford tells you it is bigger all around. The wheelbase is longer. Bodies are entirely new. Seating room is wider by as much as 7 inches. Windshield and windows are larger; 22% more vision in sedans.

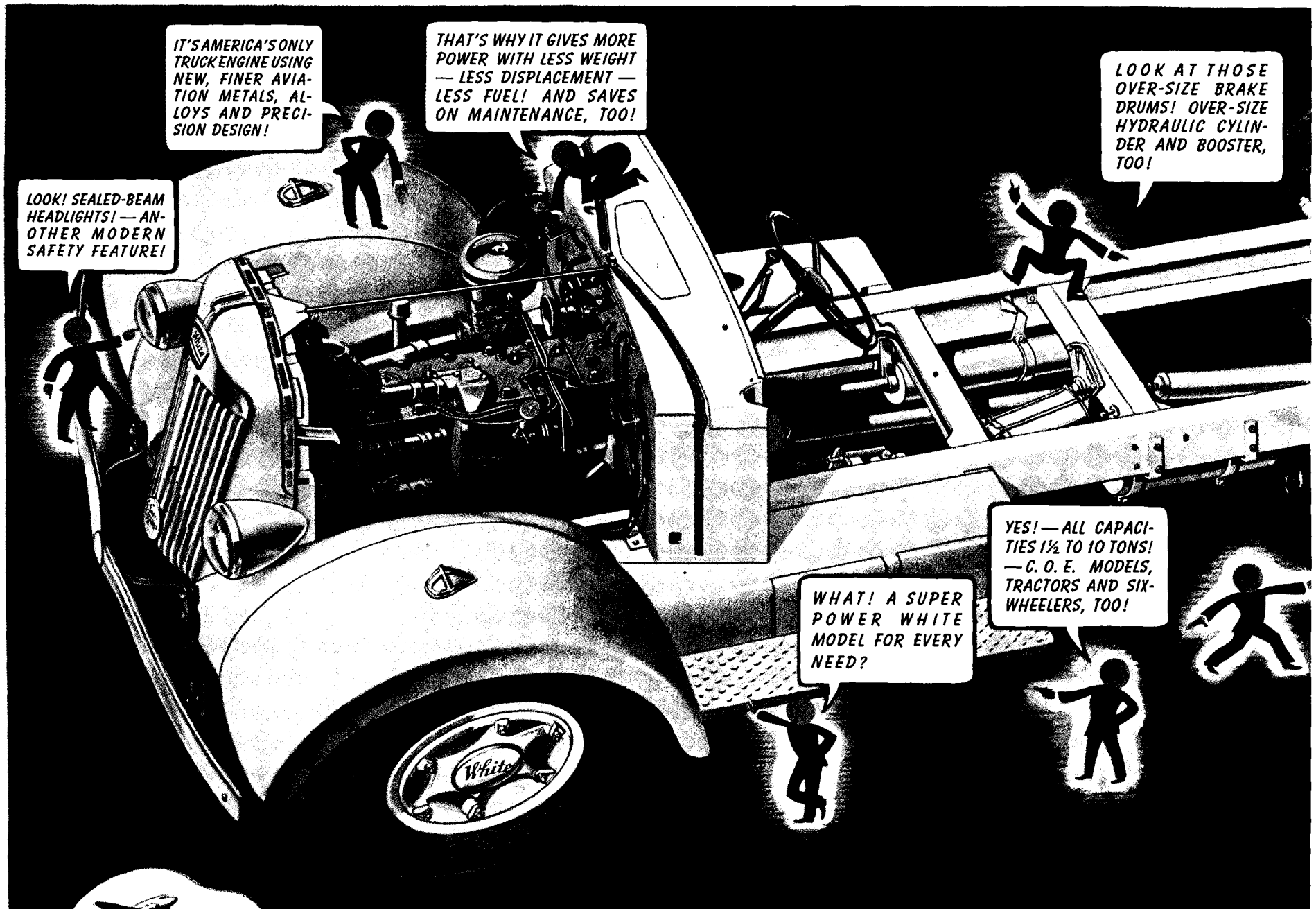
And, with all this has come a new Ford ride. New slower-action springs work more gently — kept in check by big improved shock absorbers. The newly designed stabilizer adds to comfort and helps maintain balance on curves.

This year, more than any other, it will pay you to look at the Ford and take a ride in it. New size and beauty and comfort have been combined with traditional Ford reliability and economy. Only the Ford way of doing business could give you such a car at such a low price.

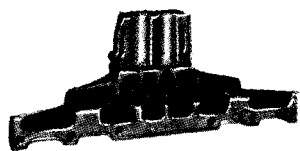
Your Ford dealer will gladly show you the car and let you drive it. Count on him to offer a generous allowance on your present car. Any way you look at it, the Ford for 1941 means a good deal.

Introducing Precision Tools of Transportation

A FULL LINE OF WHITE



***ASK ANY AVIATION ENGINEER**
what these features mean in developing more power with less weight, less displacement, less fuel. Stronger, longer wearing metals and alloys had to be developed before these high efficiency features could be used in aviation, where dependability is of first importance. White uses these same better, costlier materials to give you long life and low maintenance costs in addition to the operating advantages of the Super Power design.

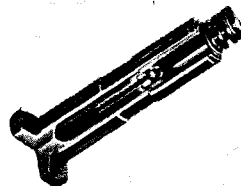


METERING MANIFOLD
Six graduated ports, fed by a dual carburetor, assures that each cylinder receives the same balanced mixture with condensation reduced to an absolute minimum. No "starved" end cylinders. Improved power. Saves gas.



Metallic Sodium
COOLING AGENT

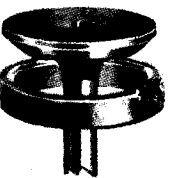
SODIUM-COOLED VALVES . . . Internally cooled by means of Metallic Sodium—a pure metal which turns to liquid at 210°.—(Standard in all medium and heavy models, available in light at slight extra cost.)



HYDRAULIC VALVE LIFTERS . . . Used only on White products, airplanes and America's most expensive passenger car—they eliminate "tappet adjusting." Valve timing is 100% accurate. Fuel is saved. Power is improved.



OIL TEMPERATURE CONTROL . . . Holds oil within narrow limits of proper temperatures year 'round, for most efficient viscosity and constant pressure.



STELLITE-FACED VALVE AND SEATS . . . Stellite, one of the hardest substances known. Used, only White uses it on exhaust valve seats and the valves; it eliminates pitting and oxidizing at high temperatures.

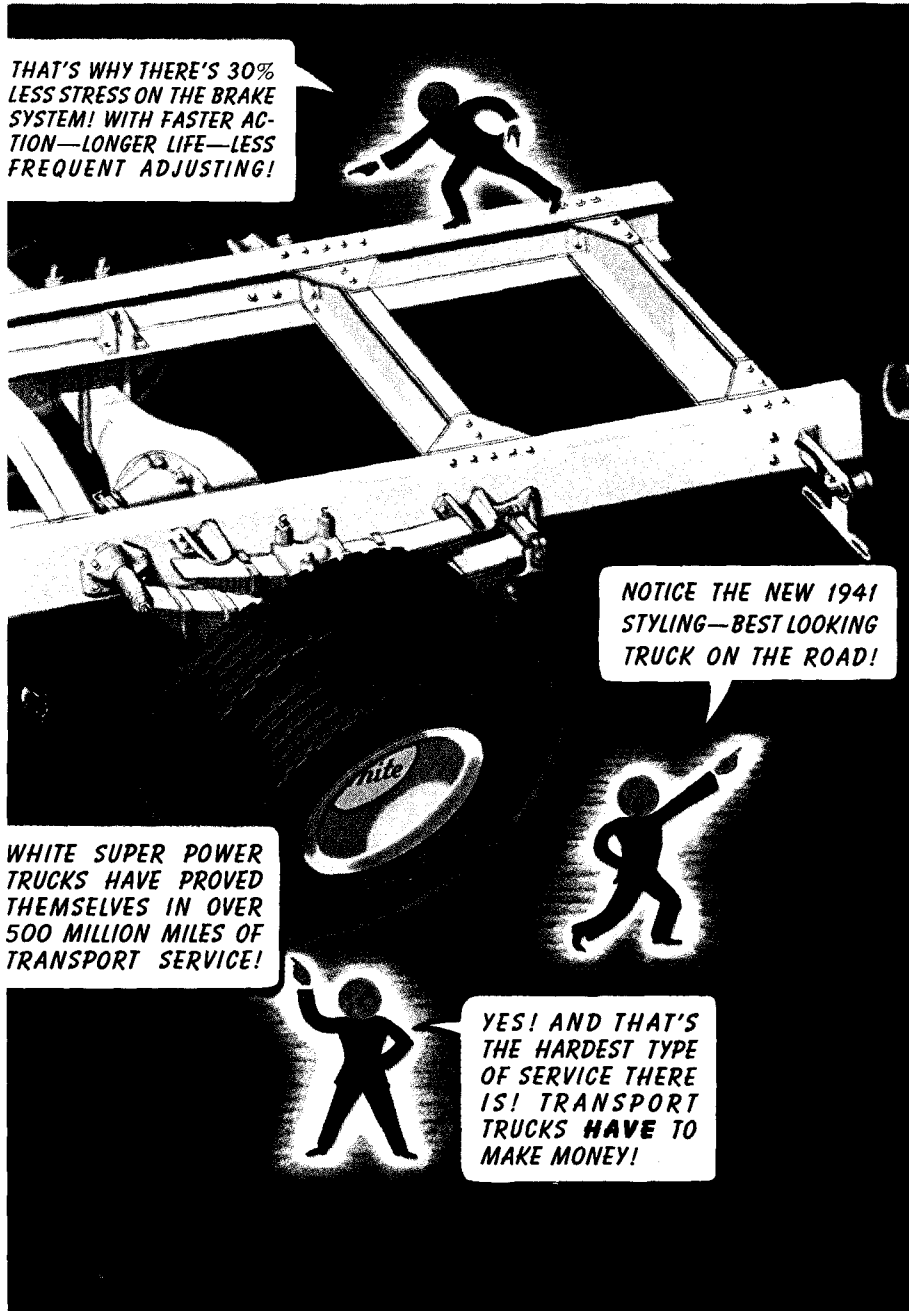
for 1941....



SUPER POWER TRUCKS

AERO-ENGINEERED*

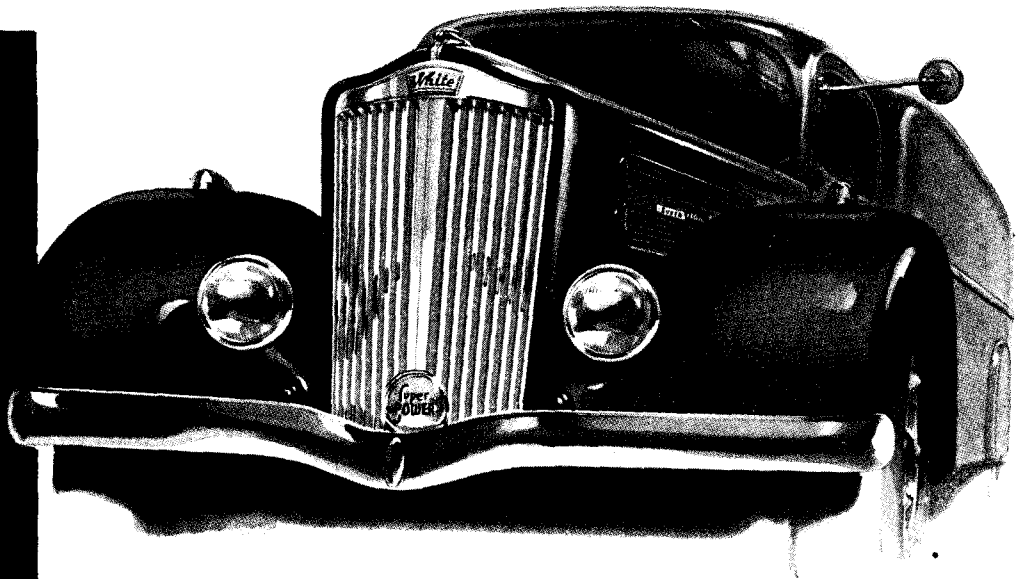
THAT'S WHY THERE'S 30% LESS STRESS ON THE BRAKE SYSTEM! WITH FASTER ACTION—LONGER LIFE—LESS FREQUENT ADJUSTING!



NOTICE THE NEW 1941 STYLING—BEST LOOKING TRUCK ON THE ROAD!

WHITE SUPER POWER TRUCKS HAVE PROVED THEMSELVES IN OVER 500 MILLION MILES OF TRANSPORT SERVICE!

YES! AND THAT'S THE HARDEST TYPE OF SERVICE THERE IS! TRANSPORT TRUCKS HAVE TO MAKE MONEY!



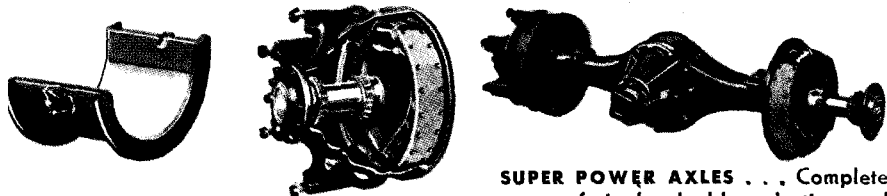
Here is White's proudest contribution to motor transportation in the 40 years that White has been building to make trucks better money-earning tools of business.

All the quality, precision and craftsmanship that have made White the greatest name in trucks have been lavished on this new complete line of White Super Power Models. They are the first trucks so advanced in design . . so efficient in power output that they use the same costly metals and alloys developed to meet aviation's need for high horsepower with low weight and the utmost in dependability.

You can feel the difference at the wheel and see it on your books . . greatly improved performance in traffic and on hills . . remarkable fuel economy . . lower maintenance cost over high mileages. This is a proved statement, not an engineering claim. Already, White Super Power has a background of more than 500 million miles of service in the one hardest type of truck work . . the transport field. Here it has proved able to earn an extra \$1200 and more per truck per year.*

Find out today what White Super Power can do for you. Phone your local White Branch or Dealer for a demonstration or write THE WHITE MOTOR COMPANY, Cleveland, O.

*Available operating records covering thousands of White Super Power Trucks in the service of the country's leading transport companies show these results.



INDIUM TREATED BEARINGS... Aviation-type copper lead, impregnated as in high power output aviation engines—with Indium. Prevents deterioration due to acid condition of the oil.

SUPER POWER HYDRAULIC BRAKES... Over-size in construction, faster in action with approximately 30% greater safety factor than with ordinary booster and brake cylinders.

SUPER POWER AXLES... Complete range of single, double reduction and 2-speed Super Powertypes. Utilizing new heat-treated metals for extra strength, longer life and less dead weight. Proved in months of laboratory tests by America's leading authority on gear and axle standards and in hundreds of thousands of test miles in mountains, in high speed runs over Arizona desert roads and in sand pit service.



Collier's, The National Weekly

Trek

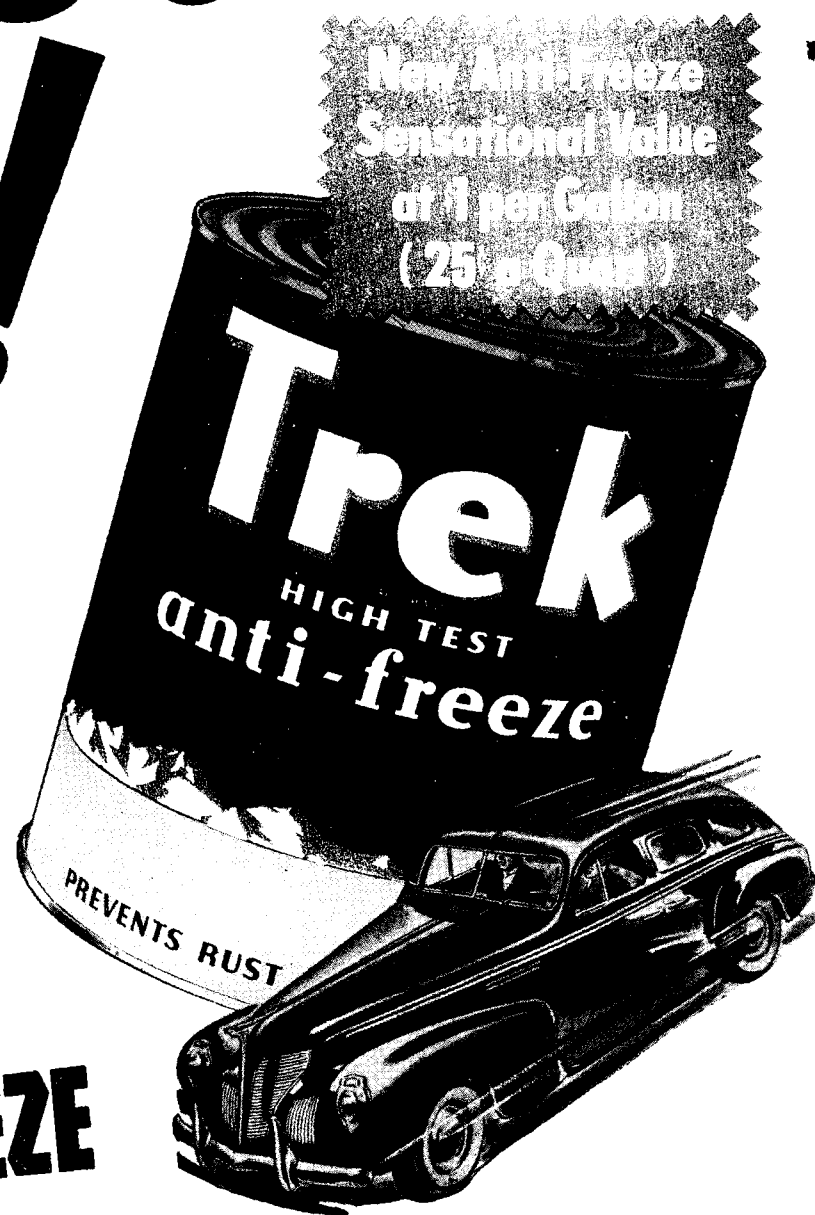
ANTI-FREEZE

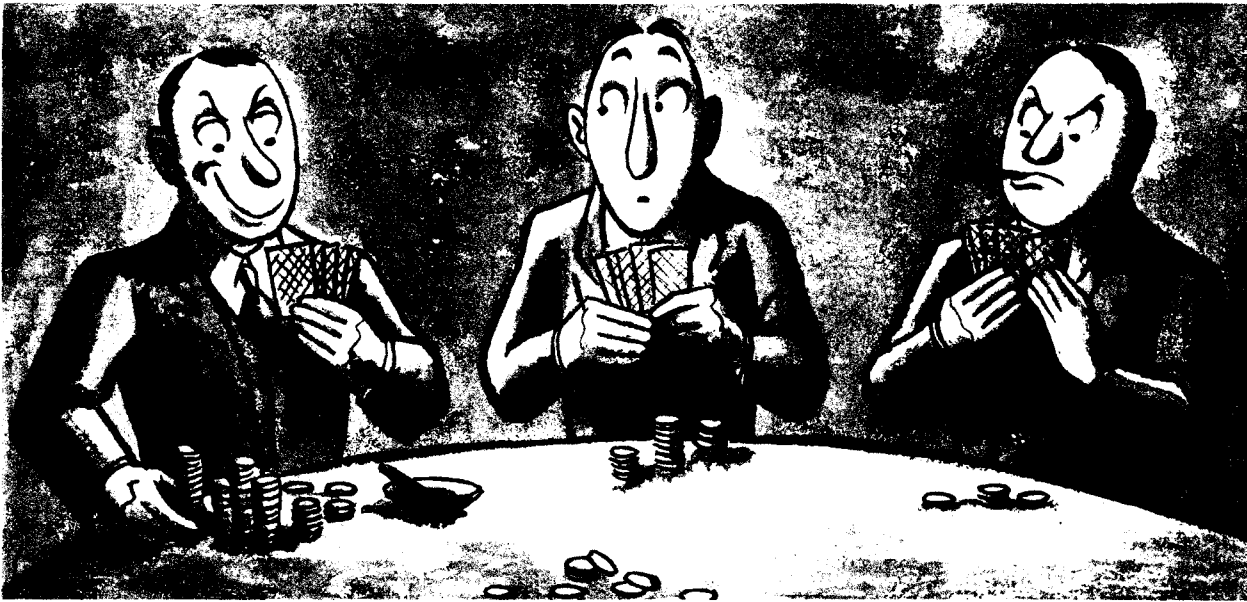
scoops the dollar field!

SENSATIONAL! NEW! "TREK" anti-freeze...made of concentrated methanol...made to a new formula...that offers far more protection than ordinary "dollar-a-gallon" anti-freeze. You need *less* "TREK" anti-freeze for safe winter driving. Every drop of this amazing, new product is anti-freeze—including the new, improved inhibitors which prevent rust and corrosion! See your dealer today!

The word "TREK" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

TRAVEL WITH
"Trek" ANTI-FREEZE
A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.





Most dangerous are the player with lots of chips and the one with few

Close to the Vest

By Oswald Jacoby

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

The guys you meet over a poker table generally fall into three distinct classes. Here's how you can match wits with each and win

A POKER pot might well be compared to a building. First we have the ground on which the building is located, or the ante; then we have the foundation, or first-round bets; then the middle structure, or early-round bets; and finally the superstructure, or last-round bets.

A beginner at poker should have a sound foundation at all times. The very best poker players do not always have this sound foundation, but if you sit in back of a good player for an evening, you will be surprised to see on how few bad hands he wastes even one chip; and when he does waste this one chip it is strictly for advertising purposes.

Then we come to the middle game or main structure. If his hand is not developing as well as his opponents' hands seem to be, watch the good player abandon the few chips he has already put in the pot and get out quickly. The fact that his foundation may have been supersound means nothing to him if the middle-game developments are unfavorable

to him and favorable to the other players. Remember, once a player puts chips into the pot, they cease to be his and merely represent an investment. If the investment starts to turn out badly, it is only a losing player who wastes more chips in an effort to protect it.

Finally we come to the superstructure, and here is where the expert really shines. Other players may build their foundation and middle structure just as well as the expert, but on those hands where a final large bet is called it will be found that the expert wins much more than half the time, while if a successful bluff is worked, the expert is much more likely to be on the right side of it than the ordinary player. The reason for this is that the expert is a psychologist. He is continually studying the other players to see, first, if they have any telltale habits, and second, if there are any situations in which they act automatically.

In connection with general habits, I divide poker players into three classes, namely: the ingenuous player, the tricky or coffee-housing player and the unreadable player.

The Ingenuous Player

When the ingenuous player looks worried he probably is worried. When he takes a long time to bet he probably doesn't think much of his hand. When he bets quickly he fancies his hand. When he bluffs he looks a little guilty, and when he really has a good hand you can see him mentally wishing to be called. This ingenuousness, incidentally, is seldom found in veterans. A player of this type usually quits poker at an early stage on account of his "bad luck."

The Tricky or Coffee-Housing Player

At least ninety per cent of all poker players fall into this category. The tricky player has a great tendency to act just the opposite of the way he really feels. Thus with a very good hand he trembles a little as he bets, while with a poor hand he fairly exudes confidence. Of course he may be triple-crossing, but year in and

year out I have played in a great many games and have found that at least two times out of three when another player makes a special effort to look confident he has nothing, while when he tries to look nervous he is loaded.

There is one mild little coffee-housing habit that practically never fails to act as a giveaway. That is showing too much nonchalance. For instance, it is my turn to bet and as I am about to put my chips in the pot one of the other players casually lights a cigarette. Experience tells me that this casual player is at least going to call me and is very likely to raise me if I bet. Accordingly, if I do see that sign, unless my hand is really very good I refuse to bet for him and simply check.

The Unreadable Player

This particular individual is, of course, the hardest opponent of all. Invariably he knows all the rules of correct play but departs from all of them on occasion. Unlike the ingenuous player, who acts the way he feels, or the coffee-houser, who acts the way he doesn't feel, this player has no consistency. Accordingly, the fact that he exudes confidence or

(Continued on page 72)



The Unreadable Player



The Tricky Player

CAPTURED FLAVOR

...the difference you can TASTE

Here at the Taylor Cellars we pamper the pick of fine wine-grapes all through our secret Cellar Treatment... capture their full flavor... blend them into wines with "Captured Flavor." Try a glass of any wine... make the next glass Taylor's—taste the difference! Enjoy Taylor's wherever fine wines are served... bring Taylor's home from your local package store.

Just taste this fine New York State Sherry! Your taste will tell why it's fast becoming America's favorite at the cocktail hour!

Enjoy these full flavored Sauternes with dinner. Two types. Dry and Haut slightly sweeter from a famous Wine District.

Taylor's NEW YORK STATE SHERRY WINE

Taylor's NEW YORK STATE SAUTERNES WINE

"Alcohol 19% by Volume"

TAYLOR Wines

FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

Free...

Unique 44-page wine-cookery booklet—an addition to Americana! Includes favorite recipes of Martha Washington, Famous Amateur Chef recipes, too... Write to Taylor Wine Company, Hammondsport, N.Y.

LEAVES from the TABLE

Copyright 1940 Taylor Wine Co.



WRINKLES DISAPPEAR IN BOTANY WRINKLE- PROOF TIES

Crush a Botany Wrinkle-Proof Tie in your fist...feel and see it spring back to fresh newness. Let us direct you to a Botany dealer near you, featuring the new "Planned Patterns" at \$1 each. He has a Botany Book of Magic for all purchasers of Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties.

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY
Botany Ties • Botany Robes • Botany Sportswear • Botany Socks
Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics • Botany No-Dye-Lo! Yarns

The Drifter

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Jim Keene, a stranger from Texas, reaches the frontier town of Prairie City, he finds the homesteaders of the region in a state of terror—bullied, beaten, insulted by the hostile cattlemen who surround them. Touched by the desperate plight of a girl homesteader—Aurora Brant, whose father has just died, leaving her almost nothing—the Texan decides to remain and see to it that she is not ousted from her little cabin which is on land from which homesteaders are barred, illegally, by their enemies.

Aurora wants to start a store, for homesteaders. She has difficulty raising the necessary money; but Tim Sullivan, a kindly saloon owner, finally lends her all she needs. . . . While Keene is at work near the cabin, a girl rides up. She introduces herself as Portia Crews, daughter of the owner of Rafter T. She tells Keene that Grat DePard (head of the Broken Bit outfit, and leader of the antihomesteader forces) will kill him if he doesn't go away.

A little later, Keene rides over to Aurora's cabin. Aurora is there; also DePard and his foreman, Red John. DePard has just ordered the girl from the "cattle graze" land on which her cabin is located. Now, as Keene rides up, Aurora terminates the interview by getting her rifle and ordering the two men to leave.

Keene follows DePard, at a distance. Presently Keene catches up with him, halts him. "You blasted mongrel," Keene exclaims, "you're yellow!"

DePard does not draw his gun; he accepts the insult. But he makes his plans—carefully, cunningly—for getting his revenge. . . . Near the cabin of the Cannons (homesteaders) Red John encounters Jennie Cannon, one of the children. He kisses her. Jennie, a timid little thing, laughs and runs away. A moment or two later, Red John sees young Joe Spackman (Jennie's "steady") riding toward the Cannons. He thinks in sour amusement: "That's one kiss he won't get."

III

THE valley was a dull bed of silver under the night; out of it came the soft ruffle of wind-stirred grasses. In the sky from rim to rim stars made their cloudy glitter. Keene stood in the yard, hearing a rider splash across the ford and make a wide circle of the cabin; he heard the rider go northward at a steady, dying run. That, he guessed, would be Red John returning to Broken Bit. And because every move in this game was familiar to him, Keene knew what Red John had been doing across the river.

Aurora Brant came to the doorway of the cabin, framed against the light. She had already explained her trip to Prairie City to him—and now added: "I stopped by Spackman's on the way home this afternoon. He's agreed to freight the store stock from Argonaut."

"You're pretty against the light. Pretty—but a target."

She stepped from the doorway and put her shoulders to the cabin wall. "You know so many things like that. It is the sort of an education that should have made you very hard. But you aren't." Then she turned the subject: "I'll never understand what was in Sullivan's mind when he offered me that money. It was a kindness I never expected."

"He saw you walking on the street. Next thing he knew the idea came to him—and he did it. That's the way it happens to a man."

"He had no reason for it."

"Reason means nothing. It is just what comes to a man. When it comes, he's got to do it."

The ford's gravel telegraphed the passage of another rider. Keene's cigarette dropped to the ground. "It will be Spackman," he said "telling you he can't haul your freight."

It was Spackman. The big Hollander drifted into the yard and swayed on the broad back of his horse. He said: "Aurora, the wife says I don't go. DePard sent that Red John around with threats. If we help you it is to be trouble. I gave you my promise and I'll keep it if you want. But maybe—"

"No, Fritz," said Aurora, "I don't want you to get in trouble."

"I have stood against DePard," said Spackman slowly. "I will stand again. But the old woman—"

"Fritz," said Keene, "would you lend me your team and wagon?"

"That is not too much for me to do," said Spackman at once. "That I would do."

"I'll be past your place in half an hour."

"So," said Spackman, and went away. Aurora said: "How did you know he would come and tell me that?"

When he stepped forward she saw the old silent laughter in him, the quick flare of pleased humor. Challenge had come out of the night and he had seized it. This one thing she knew about him—he never passed a challenge by. "Nothing," he said, "ever changes much. I know this game—I guess it is all I do know. I'll pick up Spackman's team and go on to Argonaut. Be back the third day."

She went into the house and came out

with Sullivan's money, never thinking that she had met this man only the night before. It was thoroughly natural for her to give him the money. "The wholesale house in Argonaut," she said, "will know what I ought to have." But even then she was thinking, not of the store, but of him. "Why are you doing it, Jim? It would be so much better if you just kept on riding."

"Same as Sullivan. One of those things."

She said: "I watched you stop DePard. I think you must have said terrible things to him. He stood perfectly still when you rode around him. Why quarrel with him when he has so much brutal power?"

"THE first thing to know," he told her, "is what kind of a man you've got against you—if he bluffs, if he comes straight at you or slides around the back side, if he's got a weak spot. That's what I wanted to know."

"Be careful, won't you?"

"So long."

"So long, Jim," she murmured, and watched him step to his pony and swing out of the yard. She listened to him cross the ford, she heard the last sound die. Not until then did she realize how completely she had come to depend on him. For now the silence around her was thick and strange and full of menace. She went into the cabin, barring the door.

Cleve Stewart crossed the upper valley and came upon the ascending grassy chute that was Broken Bit's front entrance. At the head of the chute, in a bowl-shaped break of Lost Man Ridge, DePard had his ranch. Pines surrounded it and the rough footslopes of Thunder-





head Range touched the north edge of its yard. From this hundred-foot elevation Cloud Valley was a long, amber plain upon which fall's haze beautifully lay.

STEWART found DePard on a top bar of a corral watching Blackie Naves break a mustard-colored pony; and DePard, who never found another man's work wholly satisfactory, shouted at Naves: "Don't scar him up like that with your spurs! Dammit, I want a salable horse!" He saw Stewart and came off the corral bar. "Want me to tell you something?" he said. "You ride too much. Who's doin' any work when you leave your outfit? You're too easy and your crew soldiers on you to beat hell."

Stewart flushed. He said, "I'll run my outfit," and showed stubbornness in the long throw of his chin. "What are you doing about that girl?"

"I told her to get off. She was a fool and threatened to bushwhack me. We'll see—we'll see."

"Listen," said Stewart, "I don't want any rough stuff. I'll talk to her."

"Talk to her then," said DePard. "It won't do you any good. She's borrowed some courage from a man down there. From that rider—that Keene."

"Let the girl alone."

"Cleve," observed DePard cynically, "you're soft. If that girl stays there she'll draw other damned fools across the river, which is the end of the valley for cattle. I won't have it. As soon as I get Morspeare into office I'm going to scare hell out of those nesters across the Silver Bow. I grazed there once and I'll graze there again. You can't let 'em get thicker over there, for pretty soon they'll stampede over here."

"No, no," said Cannon, agitated by the thought. "Can you draw a gun fast? No. Can you fire from a horse? No"

"Pretty tough," commented Stewart. "Nesters?" said DePard. "Hell, they can't fight. Cut their wire and throw a few bullets around the shanties at night and their women will pack up. They'll pull out."

"Might run into a fighter," suggested Stewart.

DePard was thinking of Keene when he answered: "I'll take care of that, too."

Stewart was troubled. Since he was a cattleman he understood DePard's point of view. But the thought of crossing the Silver Bow and driving out homesteaders was hard on his conscience. DePard saw Stewart's moody hesitation, and assessed it with his sharp voice: "When I don't like a thing I buck it and I bust it. I've always found a way and I always will. That's why I'm big."

Stewart said: "There's more to the world than that."

"You tell me what," grunted DePard.

Stewart swung to his horse, thinking of one other thing. "And keep that darned foreman of yours away from her. I'll kill him if he tries his hands on her."

DePard studied Stewart with a half-contempt. "There you go, askin' for help. Take care of your own private affairs. You always struck me as a man a little too light on the power. Now

(Continued on page 82)

Refreshing
from any angle



Any way you look at it, you're in for some grand refreshment when you taste delicious Beech-Nut Gum. Its fine, full flavor lasts you a mighty long time! 7 tempting varieties to choose from.

Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum
4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

Beech-Nut Gum
Always Refreshing



Close to the Vest

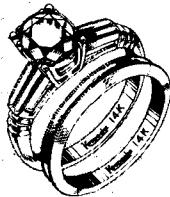
Continued from page 69



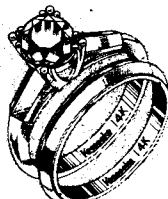
HEADING FOR A **WEDDING?**
COMPLETE HER HAPPINESS WITH A
GENUINE, REGISTERED
Keepsake
DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING



HOLLISTER Set 150.00
Engagement Ring 100.00



ROXANA Set 107.50
Engagement Ring 100.00



BRIGHTON Set 132.50
Engagement Ring 125.00



SERENE Set 62.50
Engagement Ring 50.00



MARLBORO Set 212.50
Engagement Ring 150.00

Ring illustrations
enlarged to show
details.

She'll love the brilliant beauty and distinguished styling of a genuine registered Keepsake. With each ring comes the Certificate of Registration and Guarantee — your protection against an unwise choice. There's a Keepsake for every taste and purse. Extended payments can usually be arranged. Ask your jeweler to show you the new matched sets.



**BEFORE YOU
ANNOUNCE YOUR
ENGAGEMENT**

Write for the book
for coming brides
and grooms.

Keepsake Diamond Rings
A. H. Pond Co., Inc., 214 S. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Please send the valuable book "Etiquette of the Engage-
ment and Wedding." I enclose 10 cents to cover mailing.

Name.....
Street and No.....
City.....C 10-40

looks nervous gives no clue to the nature of his hand.

When there is such a player in the game I endeavor, as much as possible, to steer clear of him. But if I do find myself in a pot against him I have found one method that works reasonably well. That method is to relax completely and then see if some impression is conveyed to me in a subtle manner. Then, having secured this impression, I act directly against it. In other words, if the impression is that he is bluffing, I may drop; if the impression is that he has a good hand, I may call.

The preceding discussion has been of a very general nature. Here are a few specific giveaway habits I have noticed.

(It should be borne in mind that poker has no ethics except in a few obvious and specific instances and that short of actually cheating, which, by the way, includes attempting to peek at another player's hand, you have the right to any advantage you can gain.)

Glancing to the Left

In the early stages of betting a player with a normal calling hand usually comes into the pot with no fuss whatsoever. However, a player with a good hand is going to consider raising and, before betting, is likely to cast a covert glance toward the players in back of him (on his left) to see if he can get any idea as to what they are going to do. If it looks to him as if two or three of them are going to call, he sandbags; if it looks as if they are all going to drop out, he raises. Accordingly, when I see this glance, even though the player merely calls, I am fairly sure that his hand is fully strong enough for a raise.

Counting the Stacks

In a Table Stakes game when I see a man gazing intently at my chips I know he is counting them in order to see just how much he may win from or lose to me. If I have been doing the betting I know right at that point he is making up his mind whether to drop or to go through for the whole works. If he or someone else has been doing the betting, however, I now know that he is either planning some play against me or is afraid of some play I may make against him.

The following specific examples in Table Stakes Stud will show how advantage is taken of this:

I have one hundred chips in front of me. My first up card is an ace. I bet four chips. Only one player calls. On the next card I bet ten chips. Before calling he studies my stack. At this point I realize that he has a pair and has made up his mind to stay until the finish of that pot on the theory that I haven't got aces back to back. Accordingly, if I have aces back to back I go merrily ahead, betting twenty-five chips on the fourth round and the rest of the stack on the last; but if my ten-chip bet was in the nature of a bluff, I do not carry it any further.

Here is another example: I have a king up; the player right in back of me has a jack, and another man has a queen. I bet a chip; both players call. On the second bet I check. The player with the jack bets five chips. Now if the man with the queen looks at both our stacks, I merely know he is estimating all possibilities; but if he pays particular attention to my stack and very little to my opponent's, I immediately mark him with queens back to back, the reason being that he is not

worried about the man with the jack—he knows he has him beaten—but he is worried about me.

Looking at the Hole Card the Second Time

The very best Stud players, of course, look at their hole card once and then know it for the rest of the hand, but the average player, particularly with a low card in the hole, is likely to be careless and not remember it. Accordingly there are many instances where a second glance at the hole card gives a lot of information away.

For instance, the first bettor shows an ace; on the next card he receives a six and he promptly looks at his hole card. At this point there is a very strong presumption that his hole card is a six or something close to it.

Piling Chips on Your Hole Card

This is probably the most telltale giveaway habit of all. Before the second card is dealt a player looks at his hole card. If it is a low card he pays no attention to it, but if it is a high one he is quite likely to put it down and pile some chips on top of it immediately, to prevent any possibility of it blowing over. I know I must have seen chips piled on top of the hole card in that situation hundreds of times and I do not recall more than two or three instances where the card was lower than a jack and very few when it was not an ace or a king.

Looking at Your Draw

In Draw Poker it is the exceptional player who will simply pick up the cards and look at them. The average player has various methods of mixing his draw with his hand, squeezing the cards, looking at one at a time, etc. While little can be learned about the nature of a player's hand from the manner in which he looks at his draw, there is one pretty general giveaway in connection with a one-card draw. A player drawing to a flush or to two pair is likely to put the card he draws in the middle of his hand. A player drawing to an open straight invariably puts the card either on top or bottom. If a man takes a one-card draw and puts it in the center of his hand, I assume he is drawing to either a four flush or two pairs, and when he puts it on the end I assume that he is drawing to a straight.

Conditions of the Game

The conditions of the game are particularly valuable in determining how often you should depart from rules of correct technique. For instance, in a limit game it is probably sufficient to vary your game once or twice in an evening. In a Table Stakes game with a small ante and a great many chips on the table you can afford to play badly on all small pots in an effort to build up one big pot that will more than account for your earlier losses.

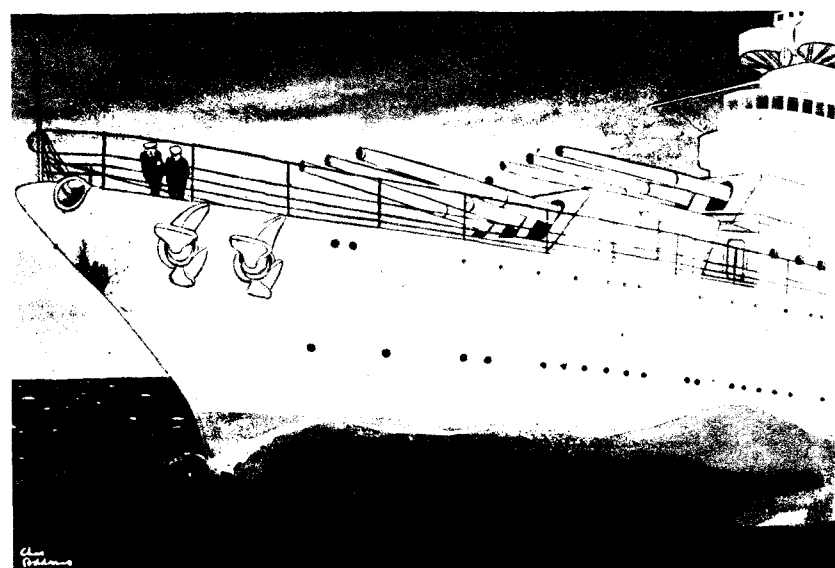
In a Table Stakes game it is particularly important to watch the chip situation of all players. In particular the most dangerous are the player with a lot of chips and the player with very few chips. Everyone knows enough to watch the player with a lot of chips since he is the person who can tap you at any time. But few people pay enough attention to the player with very few chips.

The danger represented by this player lies in the fact that he is likely to shove all his chips into the pot at any moment, whereas if he had a lot of chips he would not make such a play. Now if you are right in back of him and call, even though you are certain you have a better hand than the man who has bet, there is a distinct chance that someone in back of you will be able to raise. Now, since the first bettor has all his chips in the pot, he gets what is known as a "free ride," whereas if you want to try to draw out you must call the raise.

Incidentally, when we come to High-Low, where we give special rules for the division of side money, we will discuss this situation at greater length.

The technique of varying the size of your own bets is very important. For instance, let's suppose we are playing a Table Stakes game. In an early stage I decide to start bluffing, and when it comes to the last card I have one opponent and there are about two hundred chips in the pot. I can be certain my opponent has a pair of fives. I have been trying to convey the impression that I have a pair of jacks. I know this man can be bluffed, else I would not have started that particular play against him. Therefore, I decide to bet, and my problem is whether to bet approximately the size of the pot or substantially more or less, and here it is my knowledge of my opponent that determines.

Against one type of player I would be likely to bet only a hundred chips. He



"What's good for a champagne stain?"

CHAS. ADDAMS

A NATIONWIDE CONTEST OPEN TO ALL
 Enter BRUNSWICK'S 8 WEEK

\$50,000⁰⁰

RED CROWN

Bowling Carnival

Anyone can win!
 Just bowl three games

Oct. 12th to Dec. 7th

No charge, other than
 the cost of bowling

17,526 CASH AND OTHER AWARDS!

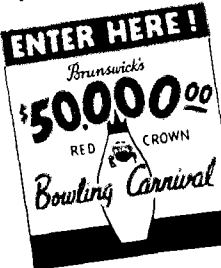
EVERY WEEK

**2,190
 PRIZES**

6 prizes of \$100.00
 6 prizes of \$50.00
 12 prizes of \$25.00
 60 Brunswick Mineralite Bowling Balls
 150 Pairs Brunswick Bowling Shoes
 1356 Brunswick Sharpshooter Trophies
 600 Free \$1.00 Bowling Coupon Books

6 GRAND PRIZES OF \$1,000⁰⁰ EACH

CALL WESTERN UNION
 for names of bowling establishments featuring this Bowling Carnival, or enter where you see this sign.



EASY TO ENTER—START ANYTIME—ALL YOU DO IS BOWL 3 GAMES IN OPEN PLAY

Enter now! Enter often! Every week, for 8 consecutive weeks, there's a new Carnival contest. The more frequently you enter and bowl, the more opportunities you have to win prizes. So bowl and enter often—several times a week. And get in early, start October 12th. All you need to do to compete is bowl three lines in open play and enter your scores on an official contest entry blank.

You'll feel "at home"! Men and women of all ages—experts, beginners, and average bowlers—all will be in this contest. All have an equal opportunity to win! So feel

no hesitancy about entering, even though you've never bowled before! You will compete only with other bowlers of your ability. Mornings and afternoons, or Saturdays and Sundays are especially good times to participate in the Carnival—enjoy wholesome fun on uncrowded alleys.

Lessons—instructions—help for beginners. In every official contest bowling establishment, you will be able to get advice on ways of improving your score. Locate your nearest official establishment through Western Union and enter today.

● **Improve your game—have more fun—by owning your own Mineralite Bowling Ball, made to "fit like a glove!"**

HIGH SPOTS FROM THE RULES

1. There will be six classes of competition from beginners to experts. The score you bowl in 3 consecutive games will determine the class in which the entry will be judged.
2. There will be eight weekly contests for each of the six classes, beginning October 12th. The prize list in each class is the same.
3. Maximum prize award to any one contestant is limited to \$1200.
4. Double weekly cash awards for winning entries in special "target number" event.
5. Decision of the judges on all matters affecting the contest will be final.



Copyright 1940 by The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

SPECIAL CONTESTS

for Duck Pin, Candle Pin and Rubber-band Duck Pin Bowlers in those districts where these games are popular. Ask your Bowling Establishment Proprietor for special entry blanks in these events.

ENJOY AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR INDOOR SPORT—15 MILLION MEN AND WOMEN BOWL REGULARLY

EXERCISE!

BOWLING'S JUST WHAT I NEED FOR WINTER EXERCISE. YOU BET I'M GOING TO ENTER THE CARNIVAL.



BEGINNER
 MISS THEODORA LAMB,
 SOUTH PASADENA, CALIF.

FUN!

OUR WHOLE WEDNESDAY NIGHT LEAGUE IS STAYING AFTERWARD TO ENTER THE CARNIVAL. SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF FUN.



AVERAGE BOWLER
 MR. W. G. HALL
 ATLANTA, GA.

MONEY!

I JUST BOUGHT A NEW MINERALITE BALL - I THINK THE TWO OF US TOGETHER CAN COP SOME OF THAT DOUGH.



"200" BOWLER
 MR. ARCH DAVIS,
 CHICAGO, ILL.



*"It's a grrrand idea, Laddie—now I'll
never be withoot an Arrow Tie!"*

• Men who take pains to look their best are staunch friends of Arrow Ties. They like the way Arrow Ties always look ultra-handsome . . . their happy quality of tying neat dimpled knots, of resisting wrinkles! Get some Arrow Ties at your Arrow dealer's today! \$1.00, and \$1.50.

ARROW TIES

As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

WIN \$500⁰⁰!

Will the cops get out of this
one? How will they explain
their love for a 1941 model?

SEE PAGE 86



Your answer may win \$500⁰⁰!

would be likely to say to himself, "Jacoby surely has a pair of jacks and wants me to call, but I won't." The same man, however, will quickly call a three-hundred- or four-hundred-chip bet, figuring that I definitely am trying to bluff him. Another type of man, however, would be sure to call a one-hundred-chip bet, reasoning that I was afraid to bet more, but he would drop before a three-hundred- or four-hundred-chip bet. Finally there is a third type of player who always figures that any variation from the normal indicates a bluff. Against that man I would bet exactly the size of the pot.

Of course my readers may now ask, "How about the man whom you can't figure out at all?" To which my answer is that I do not try to outplay him. I merely trust to luck. Fortunately, there are not too many of that breed.

Just as you may vary the size of your own bets to fit different conditions, so you should carefully study the significance of any variation by an opponent. Offhand, there is a presumption that the larger the bet the better the hand. But, as explained before, a good player may well be reversing this practice and making a small bet with a tremendous hand or a very large bet as a bluff.

However, here is one instance where an abnormally large bet practically always means an abnormally large hand and should act as a definite warning. The game is Jack Pots and the general custom of that particular game is for the opener to bet either two or three chips. However, a player suddenly opens for six chips. Right at that point it is good policy to assume that the reason for the large bet is a large hand and to beware.

Luck

In any one session of poker the Goddess of Chance is the one who determines the winners and the losers. In two or three sessions she has a lot to say about who wins. But over a long period she bestows her favors equally, and the good players win and the poor players lose.

A poker player might well divide his game into two parts, the psychological and the technical. I have already mentioned the fact that the really good poker player must depart from correct technical play sufficiently often so that his opponents can never be certain as to what he is doing. Nevertheless, the technical side is far more important than the other; and while correct technical play will not make you a winner, it will certainly keep you from being much of a loser even against the best poker players in the world.

As an example let us take a Table Stakes Stud game in which Player A starts with aces back to back and Player B starts with kings back to back. If B is a great psychologist he may decide at some stage that A has aces and get out of the pot before he is hurt too badly. If he is merely a technician he will go through to the end, lose his chips and complain about his bad luck quite properly. But this bad luck is not going to afflict him often.

Now let us consider Player C, who starts in the Stud game with a king in the hole and a ten-spot up, against a player who shows an ace. Player C now draws a king for his third card and promptly proceeds to lose all his chips because the other man started with aces backed up. C also complains about his bad luck but he has no right to. When he stayed against the ace, in the first place, he was violating the correct technical procedure and hence directly caused his own misfortune.

This habit of staying with inadequate hands merely to give yourself a little more action is one that no amount of psychological skill can hope to over-

come against good players, although against bad players you can get away with almost anything. Of course, the average player who trails along without having cards to justify it knows he is doing something wrong, but says to himself: "Well, it won't hurt just this once." But he doesn't do it just once—he does it tens and hundreds of times. Remember, one hundred chips wasted one at a time are nevertheless one hundred chips.

Bucking Your Luck

Suppose you owe a man twenty-five dollars and go to him and say, "Let's toss a coin to see whether I pay you fifty or nothing." You are offering a fair proposition, but he now says, "No. I'd rather collect the twenty-five." "All right," you reply. "Let's toss a coin to see whether I pay you one hundred dollars or nothing."

Right away my readers will remark, "There's no one crazy enough to offer that proposition." However, a great many of the poker players I have seen—in fact, I think a majority—do exactly that in a different manner by bucking their luck when they are losing. And when they once start bucking their luck they are usually giving the other players, who are playing their hands properly, great odds.

When I am losing in a poker game I say to myself, "I can get even when, if and as my luck turns. If it doesn't turn today it will tomorrow. Meanwhile, I am not going to force matters with bad hands."

Of course there are times when I do overplay my cards, and a casual observer who happened to play poker with me might think, "This Jacoby doesn't play according to his instructions."

However, a closer observer would notice that this liberality occurs only when I am winning and able to be liberal with someone else's money. In other words, I am not bucking my bad luck but I am pushing my good luck.

Tight vs. Loose Play

In my discussion of individual poker games invariably I give rules as to the minimum holding with which a player should stay in a pot. I am certain that the average good player of these games will say, "Jacoby's requirements are entirely too stringent, but these instructions are for all classes of poker players, and the student or novice, or even the good player playing a new game will do well to play even tighter than I recommend."

The general tone of the play in any game affects your requirements for staying. For instance, I know of two Seven-Card High-Low games in one of which no one ever stays without two very low cards and the first-round raise nearly always indicates a holding such as the two, three and seven of the same suit. In that game if you don't play approximately as tight as the other players you have absolutely no chance to come out anything but a loser. In another game everybody stays to draw a fourth card, people raise blind, and one can afford to play in that game much more liberally than I recommend. Of course, a tight player could win in that game with absolute certainty, but he would never be asked to play again, since the whole purpose of that group is to have an exciting time.

Bluffing

The technique of bluffing depends materially on what game is being played. Thus in a Limit game the player who bluffs should not really expect to drive his opponents out very often, and in that game your bluffs

correspond to an advertising appropriation and should be made just often enough so that your opponents will call you when you really have the best hand. (Note of warning: The average player who does bluff in a Limit game does so entirely too often.)

In a Table Stakes game, while your bluffs also have a slight advertising value, they are frequently planned with the serious idea of winning the pot and constitute perhaps the most spectacular maneuver in poker. Some of these bluffs may be made on the spur of the moment or they may be planned well in advance of when they come off.

In planning such a bluff the first consideration is a psychological analysis of the other players. For instance, the average player who is a big loser will usually call any bet out of sheer desperation. But a minority, once they get well in the hole, are afraid to lose much more and hence are a cinch to bluff.

About half the people I have played with are easy to bluff when they are big winners, since they say to themselves, "Why risk part of my profit?" The other half are almost unbluffable, since they feel it is a sporting gesture to throw in their chips and call.

The least likely victim for a bluff, however, is the player who after being a winner has suddenly reached the point where he is a small loser, since he will call, knowing that if you are bluffing he is once more ahead of the game. Conversely, the man who after being loser for a long while has finally pulled himself ahead of the game is the easiest victim, since he is not likely to want to risk his profit.

Finally, the most successful bluff is likely to be the innocent one. For instance, a player who has mistaken a heart for a diamond may think he has a flush and act so convincingly the others will drop.

Introduction

To be a really good poker player it is essential to have a fair idea of the direct probabilities underlying various situations in poker in order to use them as a guide to one's general course of action. But one should always bear in mind that in the final bet or bets the psychology of one's opponents is much more important than any of the direct mathematical probabilities.

I was fortunate to learn this at the age of fifteen. In the fall of 1918, by dint of some judicious maneuvering, I managed to get myself in the Army. I wasn't much of a soldier but I did receive a thorough military training in the principles of poker, my chief instructor

being an old sergeant who used to come out the big winner in practically every game. Naturally I made a study of the sergeant's military tactics and pretty soon I discovered his simple system.

The game was Table Stakes Stud, although the table stakes were commensurate with the soldiers' thirty dollars a month. Occasionally, however, after seven or eight of us had cornered most of the company's money, the game might run into fair figures.

My first line on the sergeant's theory came when a player showing the king, queen, jack and ten of spades tapped him and the sergeant called with a pair of threes and won a big pot. I asked him about that the next day and he said, "Well, in that spot this other fellow was going to bet whether he had them or not, and I couldn't afford not to call."

The next time we played I had aces back to back against his kings. Two other aces had appeared during the course of the early rounds, but when I tapped the sergeant on the last round he turned up the king he had in the hole and threw his hand away without hesitation. I didn't ask him why he did it because I didn't have to. I put two and two together and said to myself, "The sergeant didn't call because he figured it was such a foolish time to bluff that I must have that case ace in the hole."

The sergeant's theory—which might be summarized as, "To hell with the mathematics—it's the money that counts!" has worked for me ever since. But, strangely enough, it proved his undoing in the final two-day game that preceded our discharge. By this time I had learned that he liked his theory so much that he made the mistake of *never departing from it in the slightest*. Accordingly, whenever he made a logical bet I called him, knowing he might be bluffing. But when he made an illogical one I dropped, knowing that he wasn't bluffing. Whenever it looked like a poor time for me to bluff him I did so with perfect safety; while if it looked like a good time for me to bluff him I'd have to have an "immortal" before I would throw a chip into the pot.

Mathematics of Draw Poker

There are 2,598,960 possible poker hands in a fifty-two-card deck. This is the number of combinations of fifty-two things taken five at a time and is equal to the product of the numbers of fifty-two, fifty-one, fifty, forty-nine and forty-eight divided by the product of the numbers one, two, three, four and five. The table below shows the division of these hands into categories:

	Actual Number Possible	Expected Number in 10,000 Deals	Approximate Number of Times
Straight flush	40	$\frac{1}{6}$	Once in 64,974 deals
Four of a kind	624	$2\frac{1}{2}$	" " 4,165 "
Full house	3,744	14	" " 694 "
Flush	5,108	20	" " 509 "
Straight	10,200	39	" " 255 "
Three of a kind	54,912	211	" " 47 "
Two pairs	123,552	475	" " 21 "
One pair	1,098,240	4,226	" " $2\frac{1}{2}$ "
No pair	1,302,540	5,012	" " 2 "
TOTAL	2,598,960	10,000	

"A GREAT CO-PILOT— MY ELGIN *Airlord*!"

says **CAPT. JACK
ARMSTRONG**

Eastern Air Line.



MILLION-MILER—one of the 75 such pilots with "The Great Silver Fleet." Capt. Armstrong flies the busy New York-Miami run, has over 12,000 flying hours to his credit. Elgins have been a tradition in his family since his great-grandfather's day.



Sky-wise!

This is the handsome Elgin "Airlord" worn by Capt. Armstrong and all members of Eastern's flight personnel. 15 jewels. Sweep second-hand and "Avigo" luminous dial. No. 6605G. \$35.00

LOOK AS A GREAT airliner... accurate as a radio beam. The ELGIN "Airlord" puts timekeeping on the strictly business basis which modern flying demands.

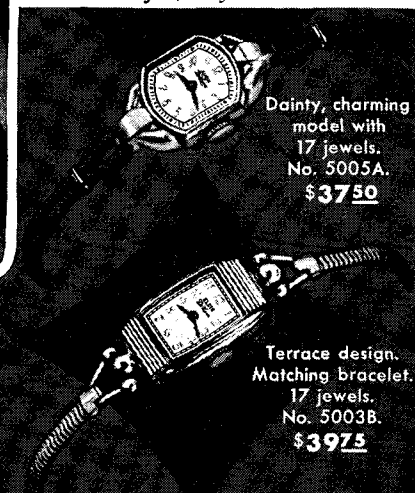
And for those who have not yet acquired wings, there's a wide choice of "De Luxe" ELGINS with the same true-to-the-stars standard of accuracy. Plenty of smartness, too. For ELGIN has the services of leading American designers.

Advances come with regularity at ELGIN. And this year each new "De Luxe" is equipped with the Elginium hair-spring* and Beryl-X balance. Both are rustproof, non-magnetic, unaffected by climatic or temperature changes.

See the newest 17-jewel "De Luxe" ELGINS at your jeweler's now. They're thoroughly American, completely produced under one roof by skilled, fourth-generation craftsmen in the world's largest fine-watch factory. Priced from \$37.50. Lord and Lady Elgins from \$50.00. These watches are priced slightly higher in Canada.



FLIGHT INFORMATION—father to son. Jack, Junior, has been promised an Elgin "Airlord" when he graduates. "That puts him in line for a real flying job," says dad.



Dainty, charming model with 17 jewels. No. 5005A. \$37.50

Terrace design. Matching bracelet. 17 jewels. No. 5003B. \$39.75

Modern styling with two-tone rose dial. 17 jewels. No. 5506G. \$42.50

Classic lines. Spherical dial. 17 jewels. No. 5704A. \$37.50

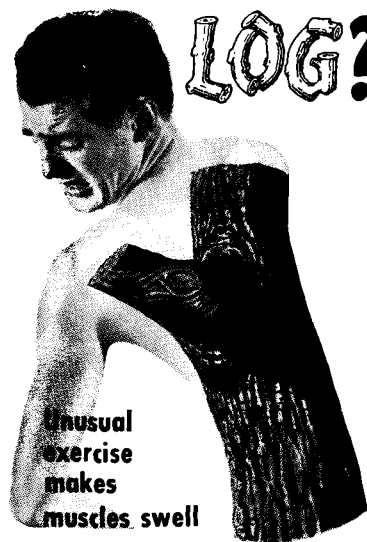
*Patent Nos. 1,974,695 and 2,072,489
Copr. 1940 by Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Ill.

★ **ELGIN** ★
De Luxe

CHOICE OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN FAMILIES
FOR BUSINESS... FOR SPORT... FOR DRESS

BACK stiff as a

LOG?



Unusual
exercise
makes
muscles swell

DRIVE OUT FATIGUE ACIDS!

Those sore, "tight" muscles that plague you after unusual exercise are caused by excess fatigue acids. These waste products accumulate in your muscles—making them swell painfully inside their sheaths. It's agony to move!

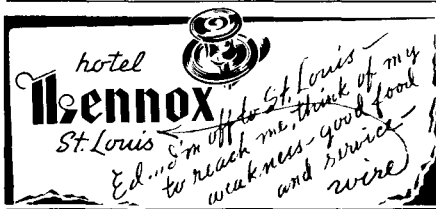
Relieve that suffering! Splash Absorbine Jr. over the sore muscles 3 or 4 times a day. Laboratory tests prove Absorbine Jr. steps up your circulation so that fresh blood carries those irritating acids away. Then you get real relief. Swelling reduces—your muscles limber up—stiffness goes! Millions depend on Absorbine Jr. to relieve muscular aches and pains. They've found it is

1. QUICK ACTING
2. QUICK DRYING
3. PLEASANT
4. ECONOMICAL TO USE

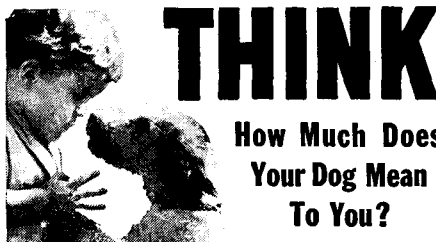
At all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle. Free sample—Write W. F. Young, Inc., 201X Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also
for relieving
Athlete's Foot,
Strains, Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.



REWARD! For a little of your spare time as a special Subscription Representative. WRITE TODAY.
Independent Agency Division
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Ave. New York, N. Y.



THINK

How Much Does
Your Dog Mean
To You?

NEW Discovery
For WORMING Your Pet Without
Danger of TOXIC POISONING!

Never Before Possible In A Worm Medicine

Thanks to this discovery, you need have NO worry when you worm your Puppy or Dog with the NEW Glover's Imperial Capsules. The danger of toxic poisoning and violent after-effects is at last removed. They not only expel Round Worms (Ascarids) and Hook Worms, but also

Whip Worms—ALL 3! Think of the ECONOMY, only 25¢! FREE DOG BOOK—In full color. Gives you valuable advice on Care, Training, Feeding, etc. Write to Glover's, Dept. 16, 460 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ONLY
25¢

GLOVER'S

Imperial CAPSULES

There are eight main islands and a dozen smaller ones; they are one hundred hours by boat, sixteen by plane, from California. Biggest island is Hawaii, but Honolulu isn't there; it's on Oahu, a smaller isle to the westward. Biggest town on Hawaii is Hilo. The islands are merely the summits of a volcanic chain; some of the spouters still work. Mauna Kea, the highest, isn't much lower than Shasta or Rainier, on the mainland.

The territory is a little smaller than Connecticut and Delaware combined, but only about one twelfth of it can be cultivated. The rest is in mountain, forest, pasture and wasteland. This workable area—only about twenty miles square in all—supports more than 400,000 people. Big crop is sugar—a million tons in a good year—paying fifty thousand workers and their families about \$30,000,000 annually. Pineapples bring in \$30,000,000 a year. Cattle, poultry, coffee, papayas, bananas, coconuts, honey—and tourists—pour in more millions.

Although she has no oil, no minerals, her crops have enabled Hawaii to pile up a property valuation that matches that of Florida and runs far ahead of a dozen other states. The federal government makes a nice profit out of the territory. In the past forty years the islands have paid into Washington \$150,000,000 more than they have got back in federal spending. This is taxation without representation; the islands have a delegate in Congress. He may talk, but he can't vote.

A Question of Loyalty

Opposition to statehood in Hawaii—and in Congress—centers around what is called the "race problem." This doesn't mean the 30,000 folks of Chinese ancestry, or the 7,500 Puerto Ricans or the 30,000 Portuguese-Americans, the 7,000 Koreans or the 53,000 Filipinos. It means the 150,000 people of Japanese ancestry, 115,000 of whom are American citizens, nearly all of whom were born, reared and educated in Hawaii, U.S.A.

This "race problem" is a headache to the United States Navy and to a good many haoles—white Americans—in the islands. It is more of a headache to the malihinis—newcomers—than to the kamaainas—old-timers—who have lived with it so long that it doesn't mean much any more. But in the end it is going to be the factor deciding whether Hawaii remains a territory, attains statehood or—if the Navy gets its way—becomes a naval reservation.

To the Navy, the 30,000 Chinese and Chinese-Americans are no menace. China has no navy. The 23,000 Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians aren't dangerous, Polynesians having no expansionist tendencies and desiring only to enjoy life in the Paradise of the Pacific. The only Polynesian menace seems to be a team of pretty brown-skinned Hawaiian girls from Honolulu's City Hall, which recently licked the pants off the Navy, 7-1, in a ball game—which probably was headline stuff around Yokohama.

The Navy's fear is that, in time of war, the loyalties of Hawaii's citizens of Japanese ancestry might be with the Emperor Hirohito and Nippon; that defense works might be sabotaged; that there might even be an uprising.

Some naval authorities would like to see Hawaii converted into a naval reserve, ruled like Guam. The civilian retort to this scheme is that, if it goes into effect, Virginia and California also should be detached and made into naval reservations because they contain Norfolk, Mare Island and San Pedro naval

establishments and, like Hawaii, have fair-sized alien populations.

Today, the Navy will not employ citizens of Japanese ancestry on any construction jobs in the islands, on the theory they can't be trusted. And it is an unwritten rule that naval officers may not have servants of Japanese blood working in their homes.

The Navy's fears are not shared by the United States Army. Major General Charles D. Herron, who commands the 25,000 men of the Army stationed in Hawaii, told Collier's: "The Army is not worried about the Japanese in Hawaii. Among them there may be a small hostile alien group, but we can handle that situation."

"It seems people who know least about Hawaii and live farthest away are most disturbed over this matter. People who know the islands are not worried over possible sabotage. I say this sincerely after my years of service here. I am sold on the patriotism and Americanization of the Hawaiian people as a whole."

Since we're a democratic country, let's see what the rank and file of the Army thinks. Here's Private Walter Frieling, who is stationed at Fort Armstrong, Honolulu, and has thought a lot about the question. Mr. Frieling says: "It's unfortunate so many people think a man of Japanese descent is naturally anxious to hand over the islands to Japan as soon as he seeks a public office. If a man of Japanese heritage has the ability and loyalty to hold public office I'd rather vote for him than for an 'American' whose only qualification lies in having been born into a family of native Americans."

So, there are Navy and Army sides of the argument. Now we need the civilian angle. Let's go around to the Honolulu Star-Bulletin on Merchant Street and see what Editor Riley H. Allen thinks.

"I've lived in Hawaii thirty years," says Riley, in his shirt sleeves, running through a fistful of brains-page proofs, "and in that time I've met several thousand young Americans of Japanese ancestry and known many of them well. My slant is that they regard themselves as Americans and expect to carry the full responsibilities of American citizen-

ship. The difference between them and Anglo-Saxon Americans is more physical than mental. They will, with engaging frankness and unconsciousness, speak of 'our forefathers who fought at Lexington' and proudly think of themselves as American boys and girls whose national heritage dates back to the Revolution."

Breaking Down the Vote

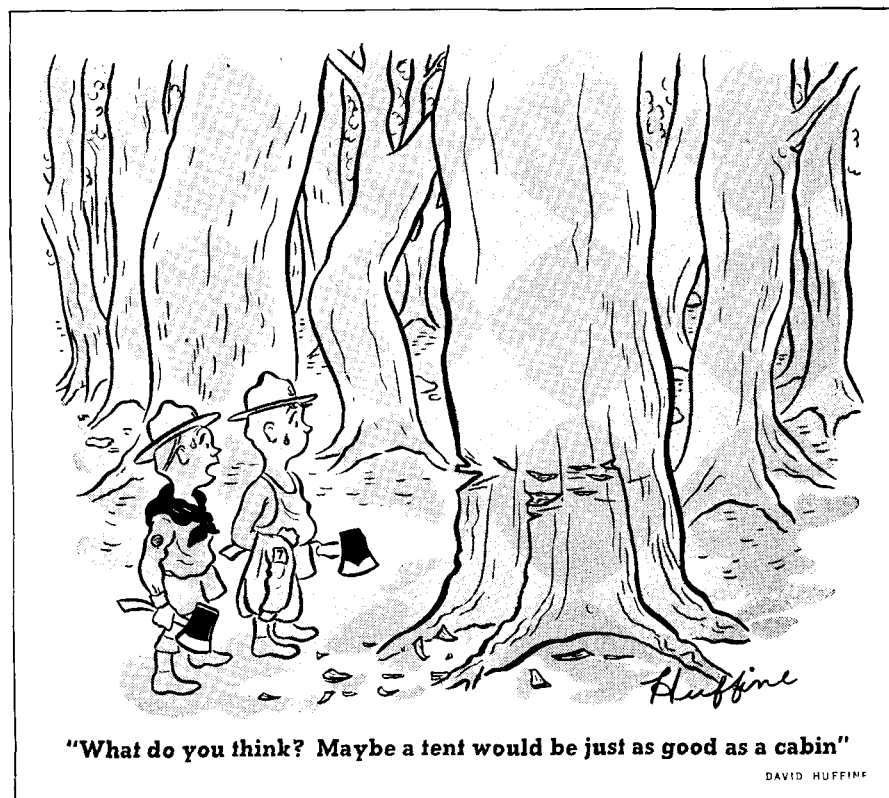
There are three sides, and maybe your reporter may toss in his dime's worth and square it up: It seems incredible that boys and girls born in such a lovely spot as Hawaii, living free American lives, enjoying a top-notch standard of living, would be anything but loyal to the country and the system that gives them these blessings. Most of them know of the poverty and repression and ugliness of life in Japan and you couldn't bribe them with a million dollars to have anything to do with the place.

Opponents of statehood ask: "If Hawaii became a state, how would you like to have Congressman Takahashi or Senator Yamamoto making laws in Washington?" This is a possibility, of course, but it seems a slim one, according to political experience in the islands.

The political setup in Hawaii is like this: There are about 83,000 voters. Almost a third of these are of white ancestry. About 24,000 have Japanese blood and more than 22,000 have Hawaiian ancestry. The other ten per cent includes Chinese, Filipino, Korean and so forth. These voters, of course, split into Democrats, Republicans, Socialists and what-have-you?

So, to control an election, the "Japanese" would have not only to combine with some other racial bloc, but they would have to ignore party lines and vote as a unit. Since they are strongly partisan, and since no other racial bloc unites with them, the chance for "Japanese political dominance" seems negligible.

There are forty-five members in the island legislature. On a racial basis, the Japanese should have thirteen seats. They have three. The Hawaiians should have a dozen—and they have seven-



"What do you think? Maybe a tent would be just as good as a cabin"

DAVID HUFFINE

CHESTERFIELD

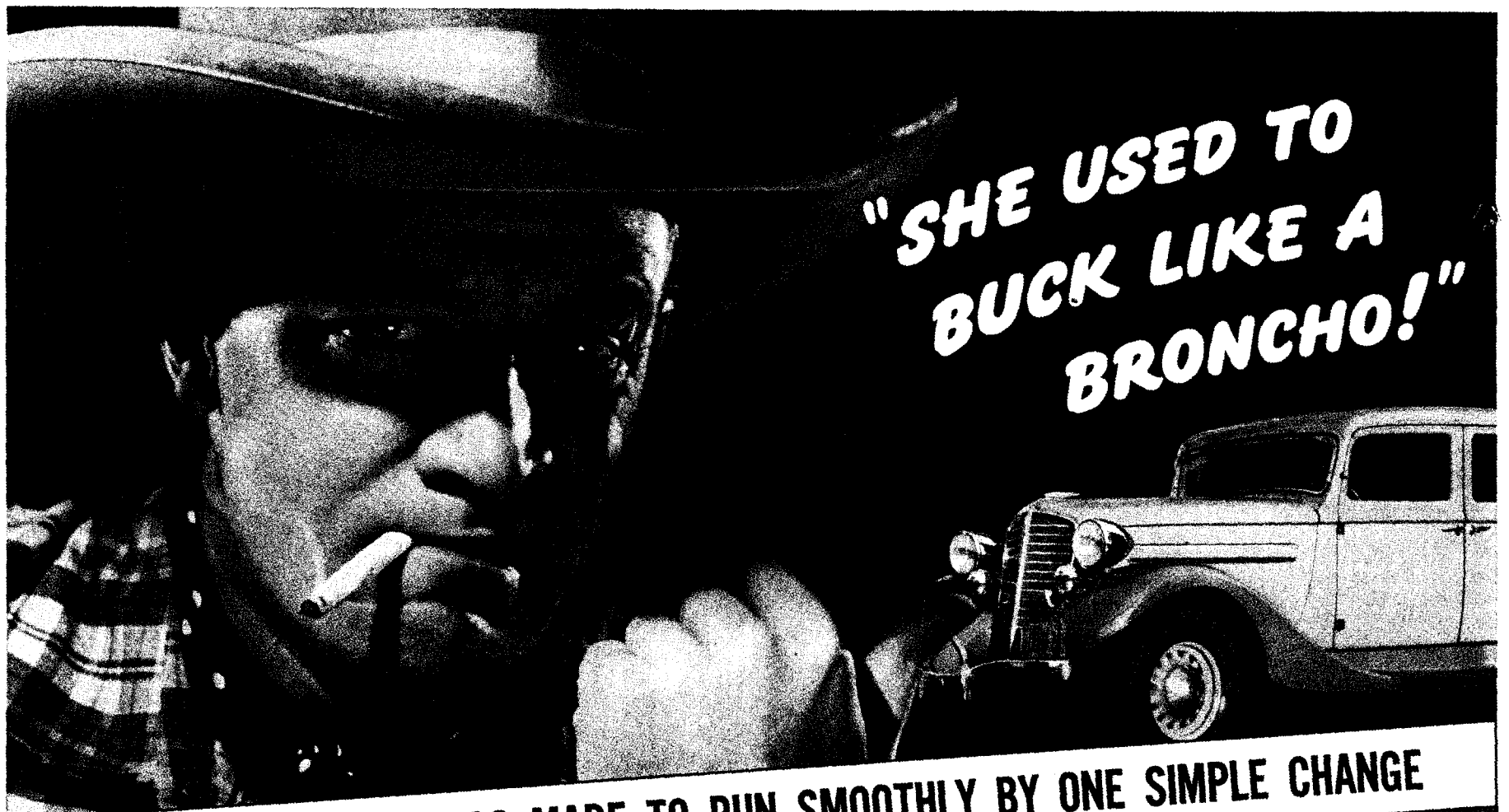
Satisfies

*Do you smoke
the cigarette that*

Chesterfield is the one cigarette that gives you a completely satisfying smoke. The exclusive Chesterfield blend... the right combination of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos makes Chesterfield today's **DEFINITELY Milder, Better-Tasting, Cooler-Smoking** cigarette. Everybody who smokes 'em, likes 'em.

MAKE YOUR NEXT PACK CHESTERFIELD

Copyright 1940,
LIGGETT & MYERS
TOBACCO CO.



"SHE USED TO
BUCK LIKE A
BRONCHO!"

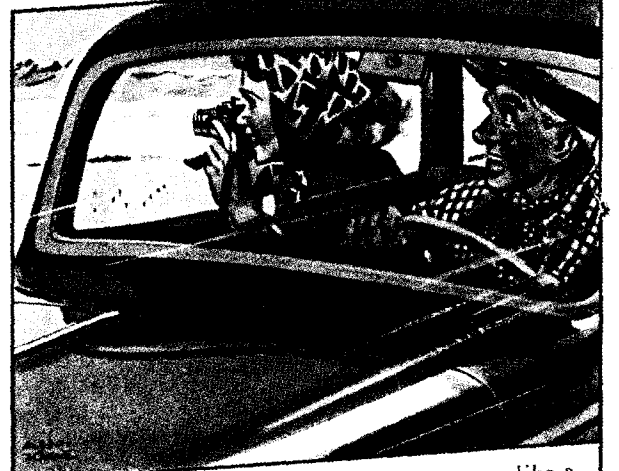
HOW A BALKY CAR WAS MADE TO RUN SMOOTHLY BY ONE SIMPLE CHANGE



MY CAR HAD THE JITTERS. The motor used to miss and backfire and it had no power on the hills. I couldn't figure out what was wrong until —



A SERVICE MAN PUT ME HEP to Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. "They'll give your car new life," he said. "Those old plugs now waste plenty of gas."



RUNS SMOOTH AS SILK NOW! My motor purrs like a kitten. And say, I've sure cut my gas bills since I had those new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs put in.

Is your car spark-weary? Let the Auto-Lite mystery spark give it new life!

YOU'LL be amazed at the difference in the performance of your car when you replace old, gas-wasting spark plugs with sensational new Auto-Lites! Lazy motors suddenly take on new pep, gain lively pickup and smooth, responsive power. Gas wastes are eliminated.

Auto-Lite Spark Plugs deliver an amazing *Mystery Spark* that steps up the efficiency of the entire ignition system. To harness this remarkable ignition spark, Auto-Lite's famous

staff of engineers created a new-type electrode, made of a new Konium alloy in a new geometric gap design. They developed a new "Ziramic" insulator and other revolutionary features.

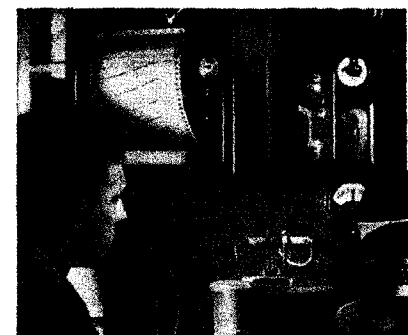
Try this new kind of spark plug in *your* car. Discover for yourself why thousands of other car owners from coast to coast are switching to it every week. Remember, too—Auto-Lites cost no more than ordinary plugs at service stations, and they may save their cost many times over.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY

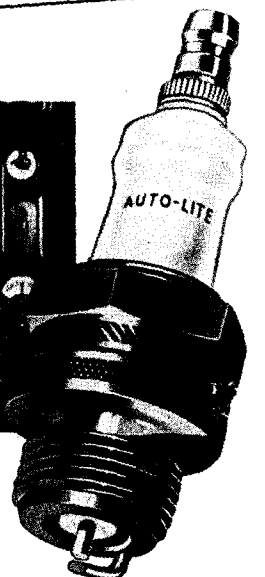
TOLEDO, OHIO

Merchandising Division

SARNIA, ONTARIO



ROASTED AT 2000°—Testing insulator resistance at twice temperatures found in average engine operation guarantees Auto-Lite Spark Plug durability. This is one of many exhaustive laboratory tests which safeguard Auto-Lite quality.



Ignition Engineered
by Ignition Engineers

Change to **AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS**

teen. The whites rate fifteen seats, and have twenty-one. The Chinese rate four and have four.

As a matter of fact, the Japanese-Americans don't vote for their own people. A good many Chinese-Hawaiian officials get in by Japanese-American votes—which seems a pretty good indication how the American idea has wiped out the old racial rift in Asia.

"This may all be true," says opponents of statehood, "but the Japanese-Americans are increasing faster than other races. In time, they will dominate the islands."

How a State is Made

This argument gets an answer from Professor Romanzo Adams, an authority on population trends. He studied the question for a congressional committee and reported that voters of Japanese ancestry never will number more than one third of the electorate and that, after 1950, this percentage will probably decrease.

All in all, the evidence seems to show that Japanese-Americans never can control Hawaii politically.

Well, that's all very well, says the Navy, but we're worried about the 35,000 Japanese who aren't citizens. We'll admit, if you like, that most Japanese-Americans are loyal—but how about the Japanese-Japanese? Of course, nobody knows the answer to that—but it ought to be made clear that most of the Japanese remain Japanese only because our law forbids them to be citizens.

The Navy says that, in a war emergency, it should have full power to handle the situation created by these 35,000 aliens. Statehood proponents retort that, when M Day comes, Hawaii will be under exactly the same rules and controls as Arkansas and New York, so what difference does it make whether the place is a state, a territory or a naval reservation? From the defense angle, it seems not to matter. You can round up and intern people just as fast one place as another.

If you'd paid attention to history at school, instead of keeping your nose in Old Cap Brady, we wouldn't have to explain to you now how a territory like Hawaii becomes a state. In this case, the Hawaiian legislature started the move in 1903 with a petition to Congress. It has repeated this petition ten

times and nothing has happened, helping a territory attain statehood having seemed less important than aiding states to attain bankruptcy.

A couple of years back, though, a congressional committee went junketing to Hawaii, held some hearings, told the boys and girls to hold a plebiscite on statehood and then went out to Waikiki to hold hands with the hula girls. The Hawaiians looked up "plebiscite" in the dictionary, arranged for one this November and went back to being annoyed with tourists who looked at Honolulu and remarked: "Quite like an American town, isn't it?"

If Hawaiians vote for statehood this fall, Congress may—but doesn't have to—pass a law directing the islanders to frame and adopt a constitution. If Congress approves this, or if the President approves and Congress fails to act, the people go ahead and elect a governor and various political officers. They report their action to Washington and the President proclaims the admission of the new state.

Then all the flag manufacturers cheer like anything and a new banner, with seven rows of seven stars appears in quantity.

Well, well—we got in kind of deep on the political stuff, didn't we? Better come up for air. . . . Ever been in Hawaii? It's a great place. Take Honolulu: That's where you can tell a beach boy's having a day off because he's wearing pants; it's where they won't let customers sing in cocktail bars; where the old brown grass skirt is now made of cellophane in seven colors.

It's where a miniature golf course survives triumphantly at Waikiki and girls in native villages have B.S. degrees; where naked Polynesians prowl the reefs at night with patent gasoline torches, fishing. It's where plump old ladies from the mainland learn to hula at \$35 a lesson.

To the Navy, Hawaii is a dry dock, repair and construction shops, storage plants and oil tanks surrounded by Pearl Harbor, which is surrounded by the Army, which is surrounded by Oahu, which is surrounded by nineteen other islands, which are surrounded by the Pacific Ocean. The Pacific, as every patriot knows, belongs to Old Mr. Whiskers. It's safer that way. As long as we have a fleet and Pearl Harbor, that'll be the setup.

The Japanese navy has a lot of swell

photographs of the naval base—almost as good as our collection of art concerning Shimonoseki. Every time a Japanese ship pays an official visit, everyone dashes off armed to the teeth with cameras and spyglasses, and photographs everything in sight including hula girls, the Moana hotel, Waikiki Beach, *haole wahines* in one-piece bathing suits, and other fortified zones.

Spying and counterspying is a live topic in the Navy. The boys are fond of telling about the yeoman abroad a cruiser who, pressed for cash, thoughtfully stamped a copy of the International Morse Code "Secret and Confidential" and sold it to a Japanese agent for fifty bucks.

Every navy afloat knows that Pearl Harbor has one narrow entrance-and-exit which could, theoretically, be blocked by sinking a freighter in the right place. (Most of the navies probably know the right place, too.) But actually, it would hardly be possible, because the Navy neglects this channel as a Scotsman neglects his change. If it could be blocked, it would be tough, because if the fleet was inside it couldn't get out, and if it was outside, damaged ships couldn't get in. The only danger seems to be an earthquake, which is unlikely to happen.

All this naval background is included, because you have to understand the situation to judge whether Hawaii should become a state or remain a territory. The statehood question is tied right in with our national-defense problem—and statehood proponents, by the way, admit that a vote on the thing couldn't be coming at a worse time, from their standpoint.

Only a Stern Test Can Decide

Here they have the keystone of America's naval power, inhabited by some of the most diverse races on earth. One of these races—the Japanese—makes up almost one third of the population of this melting pot. It is this same race, of course, that is expected to be our enemy. Naturally, it is a question whether the Americanized members of this race, in Hawaii, will be loyal to us or to the country of their ancestors.

The great weight of evidence seems to point to utter loyalty to America—but only a stern test can decide, once and for all. Until then, there will always be argument.

The many-nation make-up of the territory is due to successive waves of imported labor for the plantations: Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese from the Azores, Puerto Ricans, Koreans, Filipinos. The Polynesians imported themselves in canoes from the South Pacific and whether there ever were any "natives" nobody knows.

Despite the alarmists, these races seem to get along very well together, socially and in business. A great solvent is the school system on which the islanders spend more than half their budget. The islands have a higher literacy rate, despite their cosmopolitan population, than most of our Southern states. The alien population ratio is about that of Connecticut and Massachusetts, and not much more than that of California.

Since 1902 the territory has normally voted Republican, going Democratic only in 1922, 1924 and 1932. It went back to the G.O.P. in 1934 and is expected to stay on that side this year.

As a state, Hawaii probably would send Republican senators and representatives to Washington. Incidentally, they could leave Honolulu Saturday and be in their seats when Congress opened Monday noon.

But, Republican or Democrat, it's a cinch the state of Hawaii's legislators would be Big Navy men—whether their names were Kimura, Ah Fong, Kahana-moku, de Silva or just plain Smith.

*"But, madame—
I am an artiste!"*



"Who, me?" said I, when this housewife asked me to polish her car for my victuals, "A retired impresario?" Whereupon she just handed me a can of polish and said, "No work, no food . . . get busy!" Which I did, for just then I smelled steak sizzling.



Imagine my joy! Why, this polish imparted a dazzling shine with scarcely more effort for me than when I wielded the baton for the Hoboken Philharmonic! "Ah, No. 7," I said, examining the can . . . "my favorite number!" Then I saw "made by Du Pont."



"That No. 7 Polish," I confided, as I topped off my steak with a slab of pie, "is made by the same people who made the Duco finish for my last three town cars. No wonder it bestows such a lustre! And using it left me so full of vigor I'd be charmed to chop some wood for you, Madame."



DU PONT
No. 7 POLISH
made by the makers
of **DUCO*** and
DULUX*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Tune in "Cavalcade of America"
NBC Red Network, Wed. Evenings

WANT A SAMPLE?

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Dept. 9-B
Chemical Specialties Division, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me a sample of the improved No. 7 Polish—enough for hood and fenders. I enclose 6¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

Offer good in U. S. only

CLEAN AUTO UPHOLSTERY with **DU PONT**
"TRI-CLENE," the non-inflammable cleaning
fluid which leaves no odor, and leaves no ring.



PERRY BARLOW

And You Know Who I Am

By Luther Davis and John Cleveland

When John Latouche wrote "Ballad for Americans" he didn't realize he'd be whipping up the patriotic feelings of his countrymen to a white heat—he thought he was writing a radical song

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER



WHEN John Latouche heard that the Republican national convention was to open with his song *Ballad for Americans*, he immediately telephoned all his pro-Roosevelt friends, announcing hysterically, "I have betrayed us! If the G.O.P. wins, it's entirely my fault!"

Perhaps he exaggerated a little, but it's understandable. After all, when Paul Robeson first sang the *Ballad* on C.B.S.'s *Pursuit of Happiness*, November 5, 1939, there was a twenty-minute studio demonstration and the greatest telephone and mail response since Orson Welles' little horrors dropped from Mars. Two months later, Mr. Robeson's second rendition raised the same program's Crossley rating enormously (eleven points); caused Mrs. Roosevelt to call the song "the first American opera," and thoroughly embarrassed Representative Clifton A. Woodrum of Virginia.

In June, 1939, Mr. Woodrum had been unfortunate enough to announce from the floor of the House: "I have here the manuscript of the Federal Theater show, *Sing for Your Supper*, which has been in rehearsal fifteen months. If there is a line or passage in it that contributes to the cultural or educational benefit or uplift of America, I will eat the whole manuscript, and I am not particularly fond of that kind of diet." *Ballad for Americans* was in that show. It's not on record whether the good congressman actually sat down and devoured the whole script, but presumably he took a few nibbles when the convention opened with Ray Middleton and a chorus singing into the rafters:

*"Our marching song will come again,
Simple as a hit tune, deep as our
valleys,
High as our mountains, strong as the
people who made it.
For I have always believed it,
And I believe it now,
And you know who I am—America!"*

Nice Philadelphia ladies "simply adored" it, but many people were considerably disturbed. Thousands of revolutionaries, for instance, were themselves revolted at their official May Day song becoming the Voice of Conservatism. Earl Robinson, the liberal composer who wrote the music, seriously contemplated hara-kiri. "Next thing you know," he groaned, "boy scouts will be singing it."

Next thing he knew thirty-six boy scouts were singing it in Gimbel's basement. Said Gimbel's ad, "Hear the thrilling music that so impressed thirty-six boy scouts that they made a pact to learn it to perfection. They practiced while pitching camp, weaving baskets, in their rest periods. Soon they became famous. . . ."

The Informal Touch

Mr. Latouche is twenty-three years old, and sort of round. He weighs almost a hundred and sixty, is five feet five, and much given to wearing odd and original clothes. After dark he usually turns up in a baggy white suit, a starched dress shirt, bow tie with red-white-and-blue stripes, green sandals. The sandals are worn to bring out the green of his eyes, he explains, but he has no good reason for the stiff shirt.

He smiles easily, and when he does, looks like a milk-fed edition of John Garfield of the movies. This has occa-

sioned some amusement to Latouche who'll sign "John Garfield" in anybody's autograph book, and frequently does. He always adds, generously, "Be sure and visit me for a day or two when you're in Hollywood."

Although he's never been out of the United States, and his European languages have a labored, American ring, he regularly speaks Italian from dinner-time until midnight. After that, French. Spanish in the mornings if he's up, and English from two to six every afternoon.

"I never plan anything," Latouche complains. "Things just happen to me. Wheee!"

When he was fifteen he startled both Richmond, Virginia, and himself by getting an unprecedented 100% in his English college-entrance exam. He was given a scholarship to Columbia University where he celebrated his precocious freshman year by winning awards for poetry, prose and the Stephen Vincent Benét Prize for Being Generally Astonishing While Awfully Young. His nights were always spent at Tony's, on Fifty-second Street, where he was the center of a social circle composed of two scientists, a lady novelist, a dulcimer player, a union organizer, an architect and a man named Crasny who was suspected of complicity in the Black Tom explosion. "They bought me drinks," Latouche explains, "and I gave them the fruit of my lack of experience."

It Looked Like Success

His second year at Columbia he authored the varsity musical show, *Mlle. Flair Flair* from Paris. It was so unhealthy that Lucius Beebe liked it, and *Variety* reported, "the young author resorted to every naughty line, gesture, posture and innuendo that ever hit the boards. It contains the cream of Rabelais, Havelock Ellis and Captain Billy's Whiz Bang." Columbia ran the show to full houses an extra five days before setting up a board of censors to make sure it wouldn't happen again.

Some of the *Mlle. Flair Flair* songs were bought by the American Music Hall. Latouche, believing that he was now a successful song writer, left Columbia, pausing only to award three ornamental watches to instructors whom he thought particularly promising. His family couldn't afford to send him money, and when his royalties turned out to total something less than four dollars a week, there was nothing for him to do but seek lodging in New York's cheapest hostelry, the Mills Hotel on the Bowery. He pushed through the crowd of hobos and beggars around the desk, and said, "I must have something with a pleasant view—at fifty cents a night."

He was miserable there and searched fruitlessly for a job. They weren't plentiful in 1934, but finally, by pretending to be twenty instead of seventeen, and by manufacturing a large experience to fit the case, he was hired as third assistant press agent for Colonel Basil's touring Ballet Russe. In the smoker of the train which was to take the company to the hinterlands, he found composer Vernon Duke, Colonel Basil, and lots of well-dressed managers, directors and friends of the theater. Latouche snorted, "What are people like you doing riding in a coach?" He bullied them into the Pullman and grandiosely bought them all drinks, over and over again. When the large check came, he presented his entire fortune, ten dollars, and beamed at Colonel Basil. "The rest is up to you," he proclaimed. The colonel dismissed him on the spot, very volubly, but Latouche was undisturbed. "If you fire me now, how will you ever get your money back?"

(Continued on page 91)

John Latouche, author of *Ballad for Americans*, sits before portrait of a friend in his bizarre Greenwich Village apartment



We've got the Swellest Jobs in America.

ME AND 3,499,999 OTHERS

Trucks and Trucking help save you money on practically everything you eat — wear — or use!

WE know they're swell jobs because, first of all they're important . . . yes, *vital* to the life of America.

Look. From the time you open your door in the morning and take in the milk and newspaper, to the time you turn out the last light at night—nearly everything you do—nearly everything you eat, wear or use, in some or all of its stages has been *moved* by truck. And, for that reason, these things *all* cost you far less than they otherwise would!

There are a lot of us at it . . . helping to make your dollar go farther.

Not counting the million trucks operated by farmers, about 3,500,000 of us work on America's trucks. That's roughly the total population of Chicago.

That's a lot of jobs—which the trucking industry has created. That's a lot of families—supported in comfort by the trucking industry's pay-roll.



AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

They're the kind of jobs that build character, too . . . responsible jobs. Every driver must pass stiff government examinations . . . and obey rigid safety rules. Eyesight must be good. Nerves steady. Trucks and all equipment, tops.

And it's interesting work . . . out in the open—seeing America—meeting interesting people—often helping motorists out of trouble on the road—living up to our name, "Gentlemen of the Highway."

SPEED CUTS LIVING COSTS

But trucking does more than provide swell jobs and increase the nation's purchasing power.

You pay less for milk—less for eggs—less for meat and bread—less for clothing and practically everything else you buy—because of efficient motor transportation.

Trucks deliver door to door . . . with no intermediate handling. There's less breakage—less damage in transit. That reduces prices.

Motor freight gets there quicker . . . because trucks can take the shortest route between points and are subject to fewer delays. (Motor freight is *never* side-tracked!)

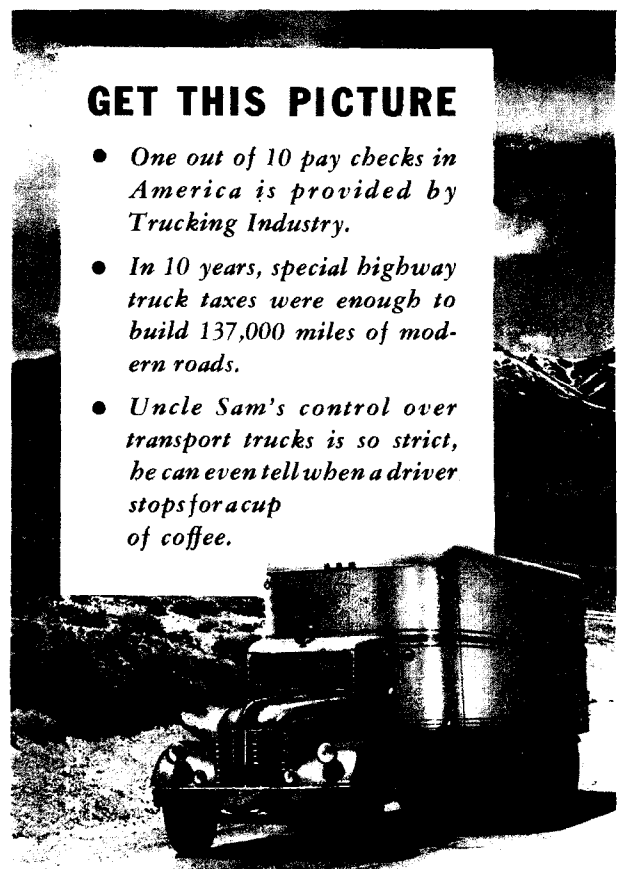
Everybody benefits when freight travels by truck. It brings more

employment—increases national purchasing power—lowers your living costs.

So—next time you meet a truck on the road—remember what trucks are doing for you. America's vital trucking industry is an industry you'll want to see grow.

GET THIS PICTURE

- One out of 10 pay checks in America is provided by Trucking Industry.
- In 10 years, special highway truck taxes were enough to build 137,000 miles of modern roads.
- Uncle Sam's control over transport trucks is so strict, he can even tell when a driver stops for a cup of coffee.



She gave me bride ideas!



because she's such a swell housekeeper... keeps things spic and span and free from dust with Kleenex, the no-scratch tissue.

(from a letter by D. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.)

"Tell me Another" says
KLEENEX
and win \$5.00

for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

I KEEP THE CONVERSATION CLEAN!

BY PUTTING A KLEENEX OVER THE MOUTHPIECE WHEN I TALK ON THE PUBLIC TELEPHONE... IT HELPS ME AVOID CATCHING GERMS WHILE I'M CATCHING MY MAN!

(from a letter by B. B., Chicago, Ill.)



I WAS A SCREWDRIIVER!

AND WEAVING UP THE ROAD WITH A FOGGY WINDSHIELD WAS MY SPECIALTY... BUT NOW I ALWAYS KEEP KLEENEX IN MY CAR, AND I CAN WIPE MY WINDSHIELD SPIFFY IN A JIFFY.

(from a letter by H. D., Eau Claire, Wis.)

Plumber, STAY AWAY FROM MY DOOR!

NO MORE CLOGGED PIPES IN OUR HOUSE SINCE I LEARNED TO CLEAN GREASE FROM PANS WITH KLEENEX INSTEAD OF POURING IT DOWN THE SINK.

(from a letter by D. R., Casper, Wyo.)



Adopt the Kleenex Habit

KLEENEX *DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

The Drifter

Continued from page 71

here's something you want and you tell me to keep Red away. Why, man, you keep him away yourself. It's your woman, ain't it?"

Stewart climbed from the horse with his solid fist doubled. "Don't say that to me, Grate."

Grat DePard was unimpressed by the threat. He had formed his judgment of Stewart long ago after a long period of sly observation and he saw nothing now to change his belief that Stewart lacked the killing instinct. Lacking it he was not a man Grat DePard, who bowed only to strength, could respect.

"All right," said DePard. "But you take care of Red yourself. That's not my fight."

STEWART left Broken Bit and traveled steadily down the valley. He arrived at the store yard to see Aurora come from the river with a bucket of water. He said at once: "That's not the sort of work you should be doing."

"What should I be doing, Cleve?"

"You should be married to a man who could do everything for you. You shouldn't be here at all. On this desert alone. You can't possibly stay here. You can't buck DePard. I can't stand thinking of the risk hanging over you. You don't know the kind of man you're up against. Come to my place, Aurora. I've asked you that before. It's a big house and you'd fill it out for a lonely man."

"Once," she told him, "I thought of that. The night before dad died I sat on the steps of the shack and wondered what I'd do. Then I thought of you and I knew I'd be secure and that you'd always be kind."

He was stirred tremendously. He said, so quick and so eager: "Why not? Why not, Aurora?"

"Because I've got to make my own security. It means everything to know I can do something without asking help."

He said: "If it is because you don't love me, that's all right. I never asked that. I'd be glad to have what I'd get."

She spoke with complete candor: "It would be that way if I married you, Cleve. A bargain between us, and no love. I don't trust love very much. I know how it should be but I never really see it. Half of the women in this world marry without it and some of the others lie to themselves when they think they have it. I don't like that. I'd rather not have any of it than to have a miserable little bit to dole out here and there over a whole life."

"Why don't we make that bargain, Aurora?"

She smiled at him. She was hiding something from him in her smile; there was a part of her he couldn't reach. "I've got to try this first, Cleve. And then"—and she turned away so that he couldn't catch her expression—"maybe that rare thing will happen and I'll really be in love. If it doesn't I'll make a bargain with you. I can't forever stay single and I can't always wait for something that might never come."

"I don't understand."

"I hate things halfway, Cleve. It has to be all of one thing or all of another."

He turned to the thing worrying him: "You can't stay here."

She faced him with an expression half soft and half stubborn and then he knew he couldn't reason with her. He tipped his hat and moved away at a fast gallop.

Next morning Aurora baked six loaves of bread instead of the two which would have been enough for her

own use. This, she realized, was her tacit admission that she expected Keene to be around. Near noon she saw a rider moving down the valley and soon identified a woman on sidesaddle. In a little while Portia Crews ran her horse into the yard.

Aurora had met the girl a few times during the past year, with always the inevitable homestead-cattle feeling between them; and it surprised Aurora now to find Portia inclined to friendliness. Portia dropped from the horse upon Aurora's invitation and began the talk with her customary energy: "I hear you plan to stick here. News does get around. I'd wish you luck but that wouldn't do any good. The truth is Grat DePard's a mean son of a gun and your coming here doesn't please him. Of course he'll run you out. That's really what I wanted to tell you."

"How?"

"I don't know. But he'll find a way. He's sly and he's brutal. Remember Garratt?" Then she said: "By the way, where's that man who was around here?"

"In town."

"I thought maybe he'd drifted," observed Portia. She maintained a nonchalant attitude but her eyes briskly gathered whatever shreds of reaction to be seen on Aurora's face. Aurora realized that. They were two women facing each other with their pleasant surfaces, both fully aware of what the other thought. Portia was a handsome girl, made spectacular by her swift energy and her startling candor. At first her bluntness and the note of her impetuous will overshadowed Portia's other gifts; but presently when Portia fell into moments of silence Aurora caught the underlying character of the girl—the hidden sweetness and, more clearly, a certain wistful longing.

Aurora's fresh-baked bread lay cooling on a bench in front of the cabin, its fragrance filling the yard. Portia wrinkled her nose at it. "Makes me hungry."

"Like some?"

"No-o," said Portia, "but thanks." She counted the loaves mentally and cast another glance at Aurora. "That will last one person a long while."

"But not very long for two people," said Aurora.

PORTIA abandoned whatever pretense of indifference she may have had. She faced Aurora Brant directly. "You know it would be better for him if he left here."

"I've told him that."

"But he wouldn't go," murmured Portia in half a question, half an answer. "I knew that." She added a phrase that revealed her completely to Aurora, not only in the words she used but in the relieved and hopeful tone with which they were spoken. "I'm glad."

She swung to the saddle, so obviously thinking of Keene; and because her face was a sensitive mirror of her heart, Aurora noticed the relief and the hope darken into distress. "But how can he ever hope to fight DePard? You know that's coming, don't you?"

"Yes," said Aurora.

Portia shook her head, and rode away.

Keene drove Spackman's heavy-loaded wagon into the yard at dusk that evening. He got down and stamped the stiffness out of his legs, and stood before Aurora, the old, soft smile on his face. Habit made him reach for his cigarette papers; he held his head down over the forming cigarette a long while. When he lifted his glance she saw a

strong feeling whip across his features and then it was hard for her to say the casual "hello" she had planned. The two-day absence had done something. The truth was he had thought of her during the trip and she had had him strongly in her mind. That awareness of each other touched them with its restraint.

She said: "Supper's ready."
"I'm ready to eat it."

HE LEFT the load of merchandise in Spackman's wagon overnight; and therefore had kept Spackman's team. Next morning he said: "Where'll you put this stuff?"

"The cabin will have to be the store."

"You'll have a better store than that by noon," he told her and rode away to the ridge. Presently he returned with two long slim poles in tow.

She said, "What for, Jim?" but he only grinned at her. He harnessed Spackman's team, hooked on the saplings to the doubletree and drove over the ford. It was seven o'clock when he left. By nine she had unloaded all the lighter boxes from the wagon and could do no more. At ten Blackie Naves of Broken Bit crossed the ford, coming from town, and circled the house. He stopped out on the prairie a moment to observe the yard and the wagon in it, and then ran up the valley. Near eleven she heard Keene at the ford and walked from the house to meet him.

He had gone to her old tar-paper shanty, had slid the saplings under it to provide runners; and here he was, hauling the shanty to her.

She said, "I never thought of that!"

He was pleased by her astonishment. "You want a town, Aurora? I'll drag it off the desert for you house by house."

He maneuvered the tar-paper shanty beside the log cabin, wall touching wall, and unhitched Spackman's team. "During the week I'll break down the horse shed and haul over the lumber," he told her and fell to unloading the wagon. He had a casual, steady way of working. Near noon he took back Spackman's team and wagon.

That afternoon she cleaned out the transported shanty and helped him carry in the supplies. In the twilight following supper he lay full length in the yard, long silent and at ease. A rider circled the house at a distance and Aurora, seated in the cooling darkness near Keene, saw the glow of his cigarette fade as he listened to that rider's pas-

sage of the river. In all things, she thought, he was acutely attentive, taking in little rumors and stray shreds of sign, and seeing stories before they happened. His life had sharpened that gift. She knew nothing of that life, but its tumult was part of his character, its close and hard risks were visible in his talk, in his way of turning still.

His silence left her alone but because at this hour her doubts always rose and made her small and lonesome, she wanted to creep inside that silence and be sheltered by its comfort. It was hard to be a woman alone, to hold herself always to the cold resolve of self-sufficiency. There were moments when the real part of Aurora, warm and needing warmth, passionately protested this rigid suppression. And so she said:

"What do you think of, Jim?"

He sat up, and after a time he said: "You happy here?"

"I never think too much about happiness. I want to be here. This is something I must do. If I don't do it I'll never be able to look myself in the face."

"Like Sullivan. He had to give you that money. Like me. I've got to hunt. Even like DePard. He's got to obey what pushes him." He squeezed the cigarette's brightness between his fingers. "Something pushes everybody. Nobody knows what's really in the other fellow's system. Now you were never meant to be what you're trying to be."

"What am I—what am I trying to be?"

"You're trying to buck the world alone for some reason. But a woman is fire and need, half filled and wanting to be filled. You're afraid of that and you make a battle out of it."

She rose, watching him lift himself from the ground.

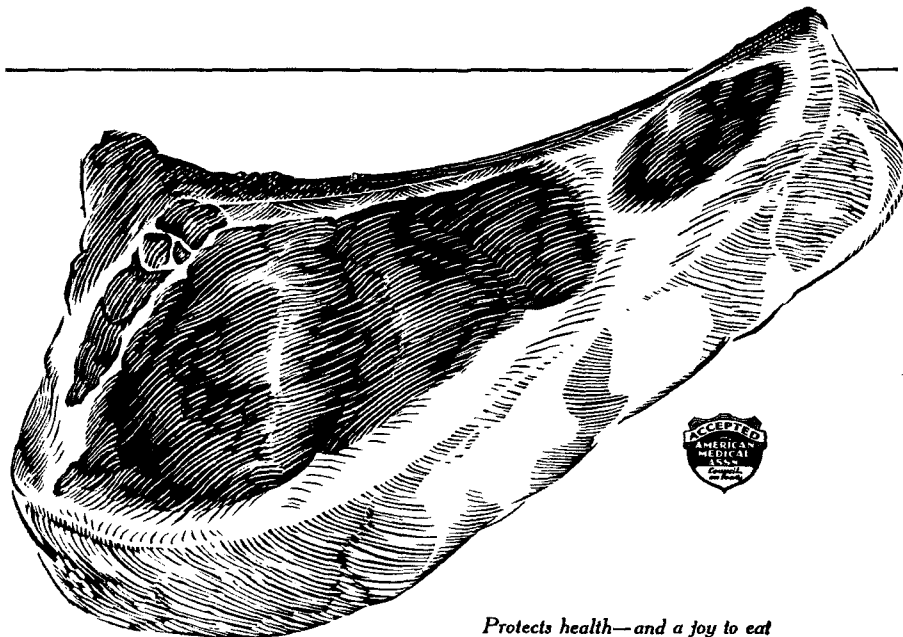
SHE said: "There's no need to camp on the ground, Jim. Sleep in the storehouse."

By the delay of his answer she guessed he had already considered that. He turned his face to her. Between them, flung there by the thoughts they both had, was again that man-and-woman awareness and its reserve. "No," he said. "It won't rain tonight."

Out of the darkness came the ropy, thinned echo of a distant shot. She wasn't sure of its origin but Keene wheeled at once, facing the river, and then he said more to himself than to her: "I shouldn't have borrowed Spackman's wagon." He ran over the yard, seized

Recent Findings About Pork

One pork chop contains enough "thiamine" to meet average, normal requirement for a day



Protects health—and a joy to eat

THE PORK which we have always relished now takes new rank as a healthful food.

Dr. C. A. Elvehjem, professor of agricultural chemistry at the University of Wisconsin, as the result of his extensive vitamin research, finds that lean pork is a rich natural source of what is now known as the Vitamin B group.

An important member of this vitamin "family" is Vitamin B-1 (thiamine) which physicians and nutritionists recognize as necessary for growth, for a healthy appetite, for protection against certain conditions and nervous disorders.

According to scientific assays by Dr. Elvehjem, published in the *Journal of Nutrition*, "one pork chop, even after thorough frying, may

supply up to 325 International Units, which is about equal to entire daily requirement for Vitamin B-1 of the normal adult."

The same applies to an equal quantity of lean roast pork, or ham, fresh or smoked.

Pork and various other meats are also rich in riboflavin (Vitamin B-2 or G) which is necessary for normal nutrition.

The same study shows that meat as a whole is an important source of the pellagra-preventive factor, another member of the Vitamin B group. This discovery may well lead to the complete eradication of pellagra, a condition prevalent in certain sections, and many borderline cases which exist throughout the country. AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE, Chicago.



"—milk, cream, eggs, butter. Did we use up all the butter?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS



*Meals of crisp pork sausage
At this time of year,
Make a hungry husband
Sit right down and cheer.*

Wake up and eat—

One of the best alarm clocks in the world: pure pork sausage, sputtering on the fire.

One of the good foods for you, too.

For pure pork sausage is made of tender pork, which contains Vitamin B-1 (thiamine) as well as other members of the all-important Vitamin B group.

Pure pork sausage is rich in proteins to build you up, and it's full of flavor to pep you up. It's so digestible and so easy to cook.

Top o' the morning to you with—

Pure pork sausage patties and applesauce.

Pure pork sausage links and waffles, pancakes, or corn meal mush with hot spiced orange slices.

GREAT PIPE OFFER

plays repeat performance

Hurry, Men, don't miss this famous "GET ACQUAINTED with BRIGGS" BARGAIN!

It's the same choice, "Park Lane" briar pipe... as last year's fast sell-out. And, remember, the quantity is limited. So, again, it's first come, first served. There is only one reason why Briggs can afford to repeat this great bargain "buy". We know that most men who really get to know Briggs Pipe Mixture like it... for life.



Genuine "Park Lane" Briar, perfect finish and balance. Heat-tested bowl exclusively processed and permeated with fine oils. Mouthpiece matches grain of wood. Removable triple filter assures continued sweetness. Supply limited. Act today!

GENUINE "PARK LANE" BRIAR WITH TWO 15¢ TINS OF BRIGGS PIPE MIXTURE

Briggs is a blend of blue ribbon tobaccos, time-mellowed extra long in oaken casks. Its flavor and fragrance win most men... at first pipeful. So act at once. Don't delay. Your money back, gladly, if you say so!

All Yours
for
\$1.00



At your tobacconist...
or mail this coupon!

ACT NOW, MEN

Go to your tobacconist today. If he can't supply you, get this coupon in the mail right away. We guarantee quality of both pipe and tobacco... but quantity is limited. Tear out now as reminder... before you forget!

P. Lorillard Company
119 West 40th Street, New York City
Enclosed is \$1.00 (check or money order for safety).
Send me the special de luxe box containing 2 tins of Briggs
and the genuine "Park Lane" briar pipe as advertised.
This offer good in United States only!

Name _____

Address _____

Copyright, 1940, by P. Lorillard Co.

his saddle gear and hurried on to the pony picketed in the grass; a moment later he had crossed the river.

As soon as he reached the flats, he turned south, guided on by the outshine of Spackman's lights a mile away. A rider crossed that beam of light, cutting a brief, black nick in it; the rider raced by at a distance. All Spackman's dogs were hallooing when Keene came into the yard. He called his own name to protect himself, seeing Spackman's oldest boy bracketed foolishly against the house light with a gun in his hand. Mrs. Spackman was on her knees, half crying and half comforting Spackman, who lay on his side and groaned his misery. Settling beside Spackman, Keene saw something that cut him to the very bone and afterward poured a scalding anger through him: Spackman's younger children stood hand to hand near their father, silent and terrified.

Spackman breathed: "I won't die. Who's that, mamma? I can't see."

Keene said: "Keene."

"Ah—you dug Brant's grave. Well, you won't dig mine. I will live to fight that man. It is my arm—that's all he hit."

Mrs. Spackman cried: "You should not have lent those horses."

"Which man?" asked Keene. "Which one came here?"

"All I saw was a shadow before he shot. It was a shadow like a house."

"Morspeare," said Keene.

BY THE middle of the week Keene had finished his soddy and lean-to. On Friday he disappeared across the ford and was gone all day. That afternoon Sheriff Ben Borders stopped at the store.

He was really an old man, but age had done nothing to his spirit. He was stiff-backed on the saddle, his eyes had a biting keenness; below a long, sharp nose a mustache made its silvered, drooping crescent, to give him an old frontiersman's perfect air. His past reputation as a fighter protected him now. Seldom did he use a gun. He displayed an old-fashioned gallantry in front of Aurora, making a ceremony from the lift of his hat, and he had age's one great gift, a thorough understanding of people and a kindness toward them.

"You have been in the country more than six months, Aurora, and you are eligible to vote next Wednesday. I think you ought to."

"I will. Is it going to be a close election?"

The question made him smile; for he had an old man's memory of these elections, and a perfect knowledge of Grate DeParde's methods. "As to that I can't say. Where's that man? Keene, I mean."

"Out on the Silver Bow somewhere."

"Liked him," said the sheriff, and went away.

Cannon came into the yard just after dark. "Aurora, you got kerosene?"

She brought him a can of kerosene, plugged the spout with a potato and took his money. This was her first sale. Cannon kept to his horse. "This would be a mighty handy store for us, Aurora. But I don't know. Risky to cross the river. You know what DeParde's told everybody. Where's your man?"

"On the Silver Bow."

Cannon's voice held hope: "I hear he ain't afraid of DeParde. You think he can help any? That's the only way—some fellow that can use a gun and ain't afraid."

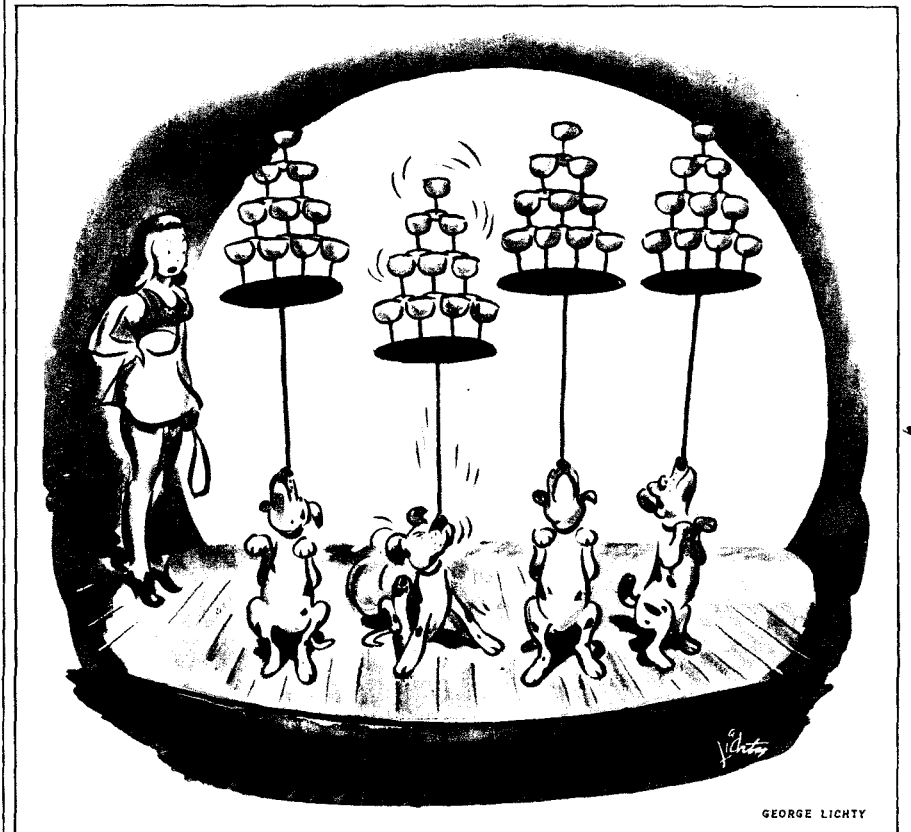
When he left the yard Aurora remembered that he had said: "Where's your man?" The Silver Bow people, never devious in their thinking, had already put Keene and herself together. She had supper long ready and now found herself waiting and at last worrying. Why should this be? It was the way of a married woman—this troubled fretfulness, this growing fear. When she heard him come down the grade to the ford she turned into the cabin to set on the supper again.

He had gone away on his saddle horse; he drove into the yard with a pair of wild buckskins hitched to a wagon, his own horse tied behind. He was in a fine temper, as he always was when returning with something unexpected.

"Found a bargain for hauling wood," he said; and had a bad quarter-hour getting them out of harness and on picket. "Mostly," he said, over the supper, "their feelings are hurt. This is the first time they've been in harness." Later, lying in the yard with his cigarette making its fragrance, he added: "You've got to have wood banked around the store. I know what winter is like here."

SHE said: "You want security for me, but none for yourself."

"Maybe," he told her, "I'm fixing things for you as I'd fix them for myself—if I were staying in one place."



GEORGE LICHTY



FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 8

A Chicagoan for thirty-four years, George Lichty (Lic-fee) studied at the Art Institute until ejected under forced draft for putting gag captions under the Old Masters. After four years of brushing up on his penmanship (the result is shown on the page opposite) at the University of Michigan he was released in 1929, since which time he has art-jobbed on a Chicago paper and acquired a sailboat and Mrs. Lichty.

"And you never will?"

He thought about that a long while. "Probably never will. You've got to vote next week, Aurora. Not much chance of Borders being re-elected. The day Morspeare goes in—"

"That bad, really?"

"Yes."

It took him an hour the following morning to harness and hitch the buckskins to the wagon. For a while all she saw was Keene's shadow weaving and ducking through the cloudy dust ripped up by the violent horses. When he got them hitched he made one jump for the wagon seat and was carried toward the ridge in a wild runaway. Near the base of the ridge the exhausted team settled to a walk; presently Keene vanished in the pines.

SHE saddled her own pony, carrying water from the ford to fill the extra barrels he had brought. He was back with a load of wood at noon, ate dinner and returned to the ridge. Shortly thereafter she saw a rider come down the valley at a steady gait and curve over to the ridge, following Keene into the timber; it was Portia Crews. Aurora stood at the cabin corner, watching Portia Crews go into the pines; and as time passed and Portia didn't return, a strained, resentful emotion worked through Aurora.

Portia Crews sat on a log in the pine's shade, watching Keene work. He was stripped to the waist. At each swing of the ax the muscles of his back made a sharp V. She had thought him thin, which was because of his height. But he had big shoulders and his arms were solid, unlike those of most range men. "Funny to see a rider do that kind of work. Jim, do you know DePard's left-handed?"

He quit his chopping and she observed how quick he visualized DePard. "No," he said, "he's right-handed."

"Ah," she murmured, "so you have been studying him. I wondered. Let me tell you something. He's the bad one. He's killed at least one man. Red John is tough, too. Then there's Blackie

Naves. He's treacherous. He's the one who'd get behind a tree, half a mile off, and spot you with a rifle. Morspeare's very stupid, but cruel. But don't you ever put your back to Grat. You can't tell about him."

"All right," said Keene, and turned to his chopping.

"You're foolish to come to this timber alone. And listen. If you ever have to hide, go straight north on this ridge until you hit the high hills. That's broken country, good to hide in. On your way you'd pass my place." She dropped her voice. "You could always stop there."

"I thought you'd be on the other side of this scrap."

SHE sat on the log, straight-shouldered and firm of body; she had a soft and open and pretty expression on her cheeks if he cared to see it. Suddenly she spoke: "Do you only look at men?"

He swung back to her. "No," he said.

She held her hands quiet on her lap; she lifted her chin, presenting herself squarely to him. She was alert to his expression, anxious to know if she pleased him, ready to smile if he wanted a smile and ready to rise and meet him halfway if he came toward her. She had made up her mind about him. She had seen him and within twenty-four hours she had wanted him. Having no subterfuge in her, this was her way of going about it. She knew her own gifts; she knew she could move a man without saying a word and now she watched him to see what he had in his eyes.

The swinging of the ax in the timber's heat brought a heavy glow of blood to his cheeks; sweat sparkled on his forehead. His glance held her and she realized that, like any man the world over, the suggestion of half a promise stirred him. There was nothing pale about him; his appetites were sound, his urges very strong. Presently she knew she had penetrated his indifference.

She got up from the log, her glance leaving him. For she caught one more truth about Keene: he would not want her to be cheap. Therefore, in the way of a woman, she retreated from her suggested promise and became elusive. Looking swiftly at him, she smiled and turned to her horse. "So long," she said, and rode northward through the timber.

It was four or five minutes later that his ax resumed its long, smart ringing. That delay made her smile sweetly. . . .

The election was on a Wednesday. On Tuesday night the adjoining neighbors met at Spackman's house—the Cannons, the Cobbs, the Pattersons, the big Murchison family, Kilrain and his flame-haired wife, and Comrie the Scotch bachelor. The younger children ran in and out of the darkness, their feet scurrying furtively from shadow to shadow, their voices crying and going mysteriously still and suddenly crying again. The women sat in the house, steadily talking. The men, lounged in the yard, spoke quietly between long pauses. Young Joe Spackman stood at the corner of the house, a dark and hard-worked boy made alternately miserable and hopeful by Jennie Cannon. She was near him. When he grew still she mocked him with her eyes and lifted him out of his silence but when he spoke her attention went away from him. Young Joe, who was no fool, knew where her mind was at those times. He said now: "Jennie—don't ever do that again."

"What, Joe?"

"You know what I'm talkin' about."

Spackman sat on a chair in the yard, nursing his bullet-torn arm. "Sam Venable said he heard this. Tomorrow when we go in to vote DePard's goin' to send some men here to cut our fences and drive off stock."

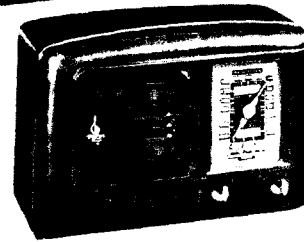
"A threat to keep us home so we won't vote," murmured Comrie.

"We got all day to vote," pointed out

I've fallen in love with
the **MIRACLE TONE** of
my 1941 **EMERSON**
says *Paulette Goddard*

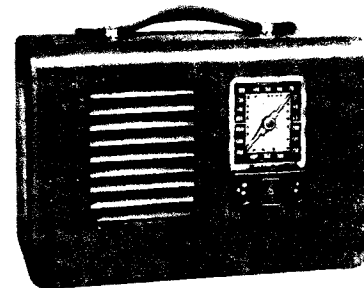


Paulette Goddard
star of
Cecil B. DeMille's
All Technicolor
Paramount Production
"NORTH WEST
MOUNTED POLICE"



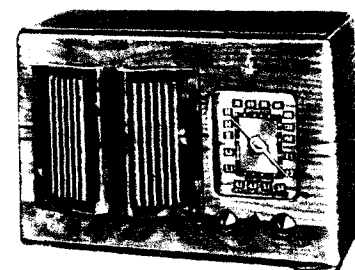
A QUALITY INSTRUMENT

At an almost incredible price! Tune it in and the fullness of its rich *Miracle Tone* will startle you. Large "Eye-Ease" Dial—no straining. New "Super-Loop" for greater power. Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Beam Power Output. For AC or DC current. Model 336 . . . **\$9.95**



LATEST "3-WAY" PORTABLE

(1) Plays on own power; (2) plays on AC current; (3) plays on DC current. Automatic Power Shift. Inclosed "Super-Loop." Beam Power Output. Here's *Miracle Tone* wherever you go! A real beauty—and it's at the lowest price in history! Model 357A . . . **\$19.95**



AMERICAN AND FOREIGN RECEPTION

Handsomely finished Walnut-veneer hand-rubbed cabinet. New improved inclosed "Super-Loop." Beam Power Output. Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Operates on AC or DC current—just plug in and play. An amazing value. **\$24.95**
See and hear Model 349



EMERSON "PHONORADIO"

Miracle Tone in Phonograph and Radio. Beam Power Output. Improved—inclosed "Super-Loop." Extra-size Dynamic Speaker. Phonograph has Self-Starting Constant-Speed Motor and Crystal Pick-Up; plays all size records including 12". Striking Walnut-veneer cabinet. Model 383 . . . **\$49.95**

Prices slightly higher in South and West.

Copyright 1940, Emerson Radio and Phonograph Corporation, New York, N. Y.

77 GREAT NEW 1941 MODELS

\$9.95 to \$199.95!

The year's greatest selection. Each with *Miracle Tone*, an Emerson engineering triumph . . . increased power output . . . greater sensitivity . . . and new improved-inclosed "Super-Loop" to bring in more stations, more clearly! Startling performance . . . amazing beauty! Choose from models in bright plastics . . . or in rare woods shaped by Emerson's exclusive "Sta-Bent" Process. Never before such quality at prices so low—outstanding values made possible only by Emerson's volume production!



Emerson

World's Largest Maker of Home Radio



THE NEW HARVEST TONE American Browns IN BELTS & BRACES

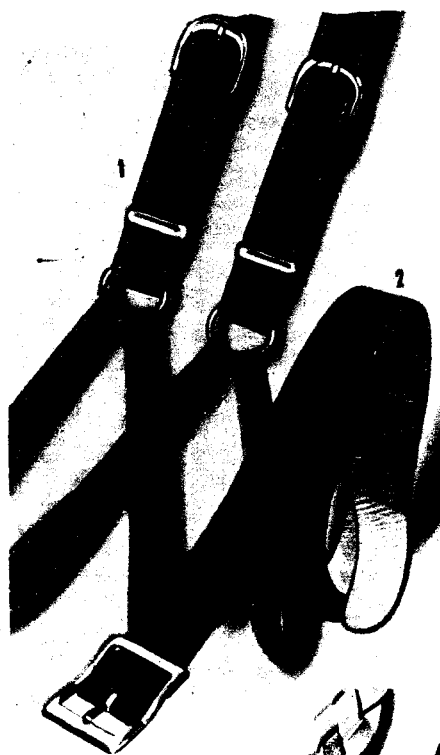
Richly colorful! Distinctively designed!
Style-born and well-bred in the U. S. A.!

Appealing to the legion of men who appreciate fine leather-wear. Available at men's furnishing counters everywhere.

1. Leather Braces (elastic in back) in new Alamo Tan \$1

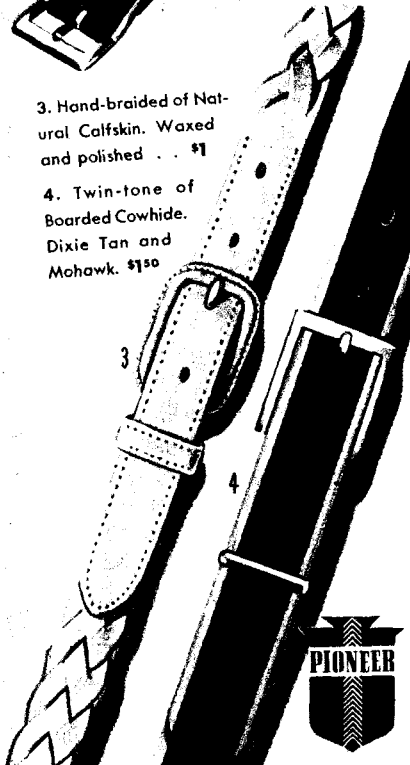
2. Reversible Belt of Cowhide in Alamo and Mohawk shades \$1

PIONEER
BRACES · BELTS · GARTERS · BUCKLES
PHILADELPHIA



3. Hand-braided of Natural Calfskin. Waxed and polished . . . \$1

4. Twin-tone of Boarded Cowhide. Dixie Tan and Mohawk. \$1.50



Spackman. "Half can go in durin' the mornin' while the other half keep watch. Then switch durin' the afternoon."

Cannon, an old man and a gentle one, murmured: "What good will that do, Fritz? If they come to your place or mine—how could we fight?"

"I would. I will."

"See what happened to you. We ain't made to fight with men that use guns. Some day there'll be a lot of us here and Broken Bit won't dare do things like that. It is a matter of patience."

Comrie, who was a thoughtful Scotchman, added his word: "There's twenty or thirty of us on these flats. We could take care of Broken Bit if we all got together."

"No, no," said Cannon, agitated by the thought. "Don't consider it. Can you draw a gun fast, Comrie? No. Can you fire from a horse and hit anything? No. We have got to wait until we are strong enough to make them mind the law. That will come."

Spackman moved in the chair but said nothing, for Cannon's views were the views of a good many homesteaders. They were humble people with families and they wouldn't hunt for trouble. In a little while the group made its plans to go to town in relays; and the meeting broke up.

JENNIE, who had her own pony, followed her father's wagon. Young Joe Spackman got his horse and rode with her. They let the wagon draw ahead; they were alone in the felt-black night, with Jennie laughing at young Joe's

seriousness. "What's so sad? You're a funny boy. You take on so."

"Keep with your own kind of people. Nothing good will come for you—fooling around."

She said, cool and scornful: "Been spyin' on me?"

"I saw Red John ride away from you that night. Listen, Jennie, he's no good."

"I don't believe all the stories I hear about him."

"You say that," he cried out, "about a Broken Bit fellow. The same outfit that shot my dad."

"It wasn't Red John that did it."

Young Joe knew this girl and the knowledge was tragedy to him. "You don't mean anything by it, Jennie, but you're a flirt."

She flung her anger at him: "Don't bother about me if you don't want to."

"All right," he answered, and stopped his horse.

Jennie Cannon immediately rode back to him. This boy loved her and that was the sweetest thing she had in her life. In her graver moments she knew she intended to marry him. But she was seventeen and wanted her moments of foolishness.

She touched young Joe's arm. "Joe, don't be angry. I'm not bad. A girl's got to have some fun. After we get married—" and the coquette in her swiftly added, "if we get married, that will be different. You know that, don't you, Joe?"

"No," he said, "I don't. It ain't right and I don't like it."

"A man's always got to have his own

way," she answered in a sighing voice.

Usually he ended these meetings with a kiss. She waited for him to take it, knowing it would dissolve his resentment and make him awkward and eagerly anxious to set the marriage time. But he said, "Good night," and rode away, and she realized she had pushed him too far. She turned the horse toward the river bluff. Standing in her own yard earlier during the afternoon, she had seen Red John ride along the edge of the bluff and look once in her direction; and that was a signal. He would be there tonight.

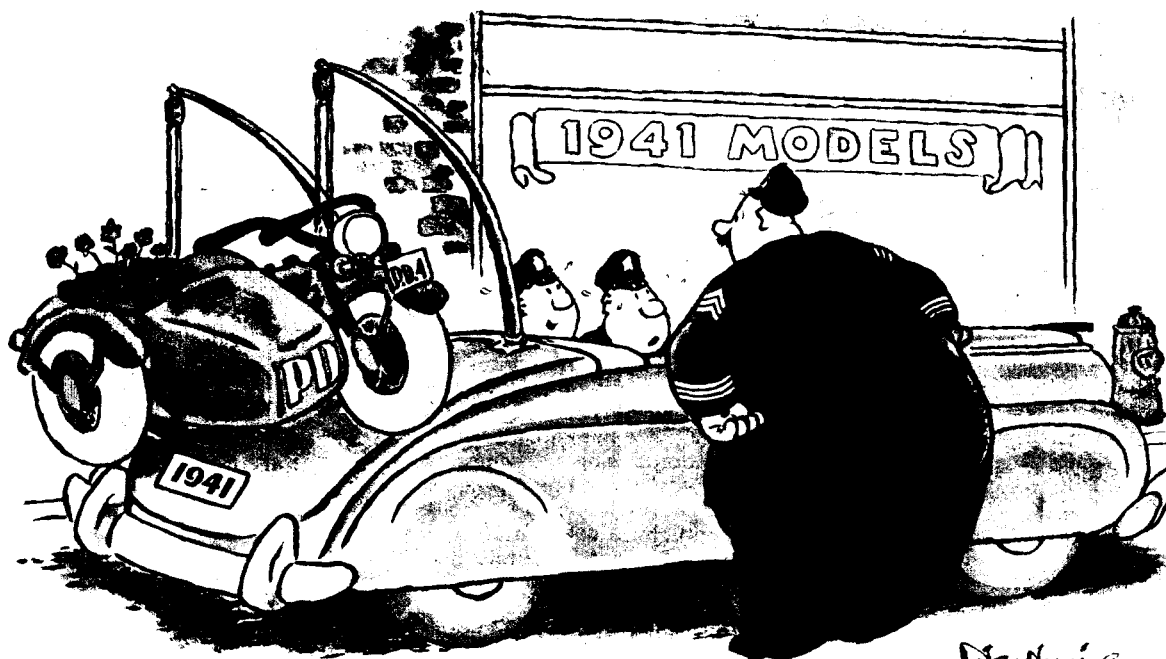
THE night was soft and warm and her heart beat faster; the knowledge that Red John, who had known many women, had singled her out for attention made a stinging sensation through her body.

He was there, waiting beside his horse. He touched her. His arms were hard and impatient as they pulled her against him.

Red John kissed her, feeling the stillness of her body, neither protesting nor giving. His voice was broken, rough-edged: "Jennie, that's not the way to treat a man!" He kissed her again and felt her indifference break. Her arms pulled at him and her mouth had its own pressure.

He was inwardly laughing. She had been trying an experiment on him, just holding away and figuring she could quit whenever she wanted. Now she couldn't; and the rest of this affair was a dead certainty. Women were all alike.

(To be continued next week)



JAY IRVING

WIN \$500!

CONTEST RULES

What "gag" do you think would earn a place in Collier's pages for this cartoon by Jay Irving, creator of Collier's famous cops?

If you submit the winning entry, in the opinion of the judges, you will receive a certificate worth \$500 to apply against the purchase of the 1941 model automobile you select. (Read contest rules at right.)

How many times have you asked yourself and your friends: "How do those cartoonists think up their cartoons?" Now's your chance to try it yourself!

1. This contest is open to anyone of legal driving age, except employees and their families of The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company and its subsidiary and affiliated companies. It is not necessary for you to buy a copy of Collier's.

2. You may submit as many different entries as you wish. These entries should be submitted as follows:

(a) Write a "gag line" of 15 words or less for the above cartoon.

(b) Beneath it write the name and address of your car dealer and your own name and address and mail it to:

Contest Editor
Collier's, The National Weekly
250 Park Avenue
New York City

Be sure and sign your full name and address to each entry in this contest, and also the name and address of your car dealer.

3. The winning "gag line" will be selected on the basis of originality, simplicity, humor and suitability to the situation pictured.

4. The winning entry will receive a certificate worth \$500.00 to apply against the purchase of any 1941 model sold by the car dealer whose name and address appear on said winning entry.

5. You may choose any car dealer and as many car dealers as you wish, providing you do not submit the same entry or "gag line" for more than one car dealer.

6. All entries must be mailed to Contest Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, not later than midnight, October 31, 1940.

7. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

8. All "gag lines" submitted become the exclusive property of The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, publishers of Collier's, The National Weekly, and the decision of the judges will be final.



**I'M THE GUY BEHIND
THAT MOVEMENT!**



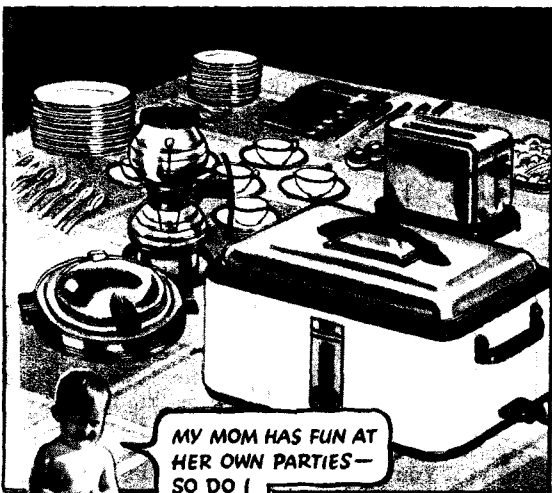
**MOTHER AND I HAVE
TIME TO BE PRETTY
CHUMMY**

Shorter kitchen paths! Grateful feet! with a Westinghouse Stepsaving Kitchen. The handsome and efficient Westinghouse Refrigerator, Range and Dishwasher will leave you more free time and energy.



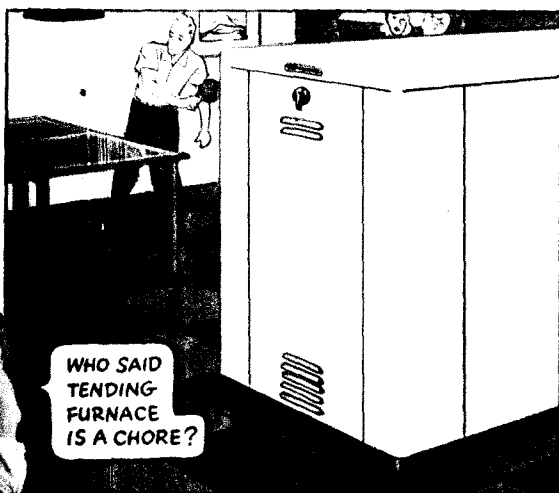
**WE FIGURE THE
FAMILY LAUNDRY
IS JUST A MINOR
WEEKLY INCIDENT**

Take it easy! and still enjoy the many advantages of modern home laundering. Yes, there's a pleasant way to do it—inexpensively—the Westinghouse Washer, Ironer and Automatic Water Heater!



**MY MOM HAS FUN AT
HER OWN PARTIES—
SO DO I**

Have more fun! Simplify your hostess duties with a Westinghouse Roaster-Oven and Table Appliances. They add sparkle to any party and perform like veteran servants.



**WHO SAID
TENDING
FURNACE
IS A CHORE?**

There's sure a heap o' livin' in a Family Recreation Room like this. It's made possible by that Westinghouse Automatic Home Heating System.

Every house needs
Westinghouse



**THE OF
ELECTRIC HOME APPLIANCES**



**I CALL IT
LEISURE
FOR LIVING!**

Tune in "Musical Americana,"
N. B. C. Red Network, Coast-to-
Coast, every Thursday evening.



**AW, YOU WOMEN HAVE A
CINCH
NOWADAYS!**

Copyright 1940 by
Westinghouse
Electric & Manu-
facturing Co.

LAST-BORN

By Mona Gardner

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS



MAY-LING tossed her sewing on the table and ran to the window. Not to see—for the Yangtze mist was like smoke over Chungking today—but to hear. Yes, the alarm whistles were beginning—a long, low growl that climbed and climbed to the screaming wail of many demons.

May-ling didn't think what to do. She knew. It was the same each day. It was the same on nights when the moon hung bright. May-ling took the last-born in her arms and with her other hand led the boy who walked. They went and sat in the tunnel that burrowed deep into the mighty rock that was Chungking and waited until enemies were out of the air.

Always, these days, May-ling wore the cash belt about her waist, and they took the last-born's quilt, for he was very young. But that was all. They took nothing else, and they never waited for the father to come. He was a stone mason. He might be building on an upper shelf of the city or he might be building on a lower shelf. He went to the tunnel on that shelf.

Today it was different. The boy who walked had gone with a bowl to the dumpling shop twenty doors away for their midday dumplings. He was not back yet.

May-ling caught up the last-born. His face was pink with sleep, and her eyes loved him in that quick moment while she reached for his quilt. She remembered the fire. It had to be smothered. With a scoop she heaped ashes upon it—two, three scoopfuls. Then she hurried to the door.

Outside, the street was filled with running people and the air was filled with their fright. From her doorstep May-ling looked back toward the dumpling shop. She couldn't see it. There were too many people between her and the red doors; and amongst those people there was no sign of a boy with a bowl of dumplings.

May-ling turned and hurried with neighbors and strangers. She'd put the last-born in the tunnel and come back for the boy. He wouldn't get lost in that short distance—twenty doors from the dumpling shop, twenty doors more to the black mouth of the tunnel, and no place to turn off. He wouldn't get lost. He might even be waiting in the tunnel for her.

Jog, jog, jog, she ran with blue cotton coats ahead of her and blue cotton coats beside her. She had feet that were sure. She could run. But there were old women who couldn't, old women with bound stumps who could only squirm along like festival puppets. May-ling crooked her free arm and a grandmother clung to it and took steps instead of jerks.

A MASS swayed before the tunnel mouth. People swarmed up the steps from the houses below and they swarmed down the steps from the houses above. May-ling pushed with them, pushed and pushed, into the rough rock corridor. She didn't go far: only around the first turn to the place where men and women and children sat with their backs against the wall. One woman, a meager, cramped-faced woman, was sitting alone. May-ling handed her the baby and said:

"Please hold him while I go for my first-born son."

The woman answered in a coast dialect that was strange to May-ling; at the same time she put out her arms

The woman answered in a coast dialect that was strange to May-ling; at the same time she put out her arms and took the child

and took the child. May-ling hurried out.

The shrilling whistles were quiet now. The bombers were very near. May-ling felt the warden catch at her arm as she darted past, but she dodged away into the street. She saw it was bare, bare and lifeless, except for a small blue blot on a distant doorstep. She knew the blot was her son. She ran to him, sobbing words, and he came.

The bombers were in sight now. Ten, nine, eight doorsteps; seven, six . . . The first bomb dropped, screaming, deafening, on the mud flats far below at the river's edge. Four, three, two doorsteps . . . May-ling stumbled with fright, but hands pulled her and the boy into the tunnel as the next bomb hit. The rock jarred; the very air jarred; sticks and dust and tiles flew past the tunnel mouth. The warden didn't have to tell her. May-ling knew this bomb had struck her doorstep. She put her head on the head of her boy and sobbed for the thing that had almost happened.

She sobbed and sobbed. No one noticed. There were others there sobbing. These were their houses climbing up the rock. This was their city.

Later May-ling got to her feet and went for her other son. She felt herself carried with the flood of people ebbing and churning with each jar of the rock and each clap of doom. But she could not find the meager-faced woman. Along one wall she searched, along the other; then back again, and again, frantically. But all she found was the last-born's quilt, trampled and dirty.

MAY-LING ran with it to the warden. He called a soldier, and the soldier called an officer. Together they stood at the tunnel mouth as the "All Clear" signal sounded and the townspeople streamed out. Each woman with a baby stood to show it to the officer. Each time May-ling shook her head. Suddenly she saw him in the arms of a strange woman.

"There! He is mine!" May-ling pointed.

The officer stopped a plump, round-faced matron.

"No! This is my baby," the woman protested quickly.

"Mine!" May-ling screamed.

"Mine! Mine!" the matron screamed louder.

The officer looked from mother to mother and shook his head. May-ling pointed to the baby's jacket; the matron pointed to a new shawl which covered him. May-ling talked; the matron talked. The officer only shook his head.

"You have no witnesses," he told them. "No proof. How can I decide?"

May-ling looked along the street, as if to summon a neighbor, but she saw tangled doors and powdered walls. At the same moment she remembered the screaming whistles, the drone of bombers, day after day, at night. . . . She looked at the matron's round, well-fed face and saw that it was kind. She looked at the matron's fine jacket of heavy silk.

"You are not a native of Chungking?" she asked with tight lips.

"No. We come from the north," the matron sighed, but her eyes lit with good hope. "We are migrating to Siam. Our brother is a prosperous merchant there. We only wait for darkness before we take to the road with our carts."

"And you take . . . the infant?" May-ling asked.

"Yes. We have a safe home there."

For a long breath May-ling stared at the woman's face. Then she turned to the officer and spoke slowly, humbly:

"I have made a mistake. The son is hers!"

May-ling clasped the hand of her boy who walked, and together they went to the dust of their home.



The Roomette—At only a fraction more than an open section would cost, this most popular of travel innovations provides the luxury of a private, air-conditioned room which contains a wardrobe, a full-sized bed, concealed toilet facilities and individual temperature control.

The Little Nugget is the social center of the *City of Los Angeles* and one of the principal reasons why the time one spends on this train passes so quickly and divertingly. For in atmosphere and entertainment as well as decoration, this amusing bar-lounge blends every modern comfort and convenience with the opulent, care-free way of life for which California was justly famed in the "Gay Nineties".

Jointly owned and operated by
Chicago & North Western Railway
Union Pacific Railroad



The Longest Streamliner in the World . . .

CITY OF LOS ANGELES

BUILT BY PULLMAN-STANDARD

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF RAILROAD AND TRANSIT EQUIPMENT

SEE how the pulse of travel has quickened in our time. To carry the throngs who prefer this fast ultra-modern service between Chicago and Los Angeles, the Union Pacific and the North Western have added two superb, 17-car, Pullman-Standard streamliners to their great fleets. And—mark this well—despite the fact that they are the biggest trains of their type in the country, so greatly are they in demand by sophisticated travelers that accommodations are reserved days and often weeks in advance.

Yet only six years have elapsed since this company built the first lightweight, streamlined train in America. Only six years have been needed to span the growth of this vital movement from birth to maturity and to establish Pullman-Standard's priority as builder of over 70% of the new equipment purchased by the railroads.

What lies back of this amazing record? On every road for whom Pullman-Standard has built streamlined trains and cars in ever increasing numbers, the answer is the same: the enthusiastic acceptance which travelers like yourself have accorded them.

**These trains are creating new travelers—
new profits for the railroads**

For, wherever Pullman-Standard streamliners have gone into service, they have done more than passively satisfy a need; they have actively stimulated a demand. The safe speed, the nerve-soothing freedom from vibration, and the unimaginable body comforts they bring to travel have accomplished something akin to that which happened when the railroads first drew the country together: *they have kindled the*

public's imagination with the desire to go! They have created a new generation of travelers.

Realizing the full meaning of this, the railroads have answered your desire for streamlined transportation by making it the spearhead of their modernizing policies. And, for your protection, they have turned, for 7 out of every 10 of the streamlined units they have purchased, to Pullman-Standard, who not only created lightweight, streamlined transportation, but whose cars also established the standard of safety by which all similar passenger cars are measured.

In addition to railroad passenger cars, Pullman-Standard designs and manufactures freight, subway, elevated and street cars, trackless trolleys, air-conditioning systems, chilled tread car wheels and a complete line of car repair parts.

PULLMAN-STANDARD CAR MANUFACTURING COMPANY—CHICAGO

Copyright 1940, by Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company



The Compartment is a spacious, airy, private living room for two which at night makes down into a luxurious, air-conditioned bedroom equipped with full-sized beds, complete toilet and wardrobe facilities and individualized temperature control.

The Coaches on this sumptuous train feature both porter and registered stewardess-nurse service and are perfectly decorated and air-conditioned. Their soft, individual, reserved chairs are adjustable to any position—and their washrooms are both spacious and fastidious.



**"Tops"
IN STREAMLINERS
ARE BUILT BY**

Pullman-Standard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

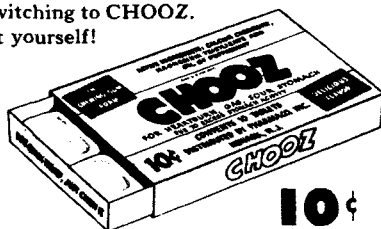
ACID INDIGESTION? QUICK RELIEF—IN CHEWING GUM FORM

I GET GRAND
RELIEF WITH CHOOZ
ANYWHERE, ANY
TIME. SO HANDY! NO
PILLS OR POWDERS
TO TAKE — NO
DOSES TO MIX



Tastes Good! Works Fast!

NO MATTER what you've used before, try this amazing, new way to get fast relief from the gas, heartburn, sour stomach of excess stomach acidity! CHOOZ gives you medically approved ingredients in CHEWING GUM FORM for extra effectiveness. Chew it like your favorite gum. Handy, delicious, effective—no wonder folks are switching to CHOOZ. Try it yourself!



CHOOZ

Chew it for quick relief of acid indigestion
So Delicious — So Handy

DOWN COMES THE PRICE!

**KOOLS NOW
COST NO MORE
THAN OTHER
POPULAR BRANDS**

And you get valuable golden
coupons with KOOLS—America's
finest mentholated cigarette.



getting brighter. Now I could see Parliament; I could see St. Paul's Cathedral; I could see the outlines of the Ministry of Information Building. I was sweating a little and even Sweetheart was quite expectant. Above was the incessant "whoom—whoom" of the German planes. They desynchronize their motors so that it seems as though they breathe. They go "whoom" and then they hesitate and then they go "whoom" again. If their two motors are perfectly synchronized, the searchlights and the guns which work "by ear" could find their exact location.

Sweetheart and I waited. Then it came. The first one was so loud that the noise of it made me sway a little. The second was only slightly less loud. The flare died out and now a small red glow appeared. Those bombs had found a target. The glow grew sullenly, reluctantly, but it kept growing and now it wasn't a glow any more. It was a fire.

The night was full of noise. They were dropping more bombs. Two other fires appeared. They were big fires. Sweetheart and I stood on the roof watching the fires—watching a part of a civilization being destroyed. I looked at my watch. It was 2:30. Then I realized I could tell the time because the fires had lighted the sky. I looked over the city. Six million people were down there—practically none of them asleep. I imagined white-faced women in air shelters; I imagined tight-lipped men beside them clenching their fists, swearing softly and impotently. There is no defense against death from the night.

I stayed an hour. There were three big fires. Sweetheart was asleep. A spent machine-gun bullet or a bit of shrapnel hit the roof. Then another hit. I thought it was time to retire. Sweetheart didn't want to leave.

"Death is for suckers," I told Sweetheart. "Let's get out of here."

There's No Use Ducking

I took him down below and told the elevator man to tie him up to his owner. I went to my apartment. I have two beds there and Arthur Christianson, editor of the London Express, was asleep in one, and Bill Stoneman of the Chicago Daily News was asleep in the other. That was all right. Neither of them had slept for two days. Ed Beattie of the United Press was helping himself to a drink and so was Bob Low, who writes for magazines.

"I might as well live in the Pennsylvania Station," I said bitterly.

"You've run out of ice," Beattie said complacently.

"There's no soda," Low said. "What kind of hospitality is that?"

We sat down and argued about this and that. We talked about the chances of getting hit by a bomb and we all agreed that if it had your name on it you can't duck it and if hasn't your name on it you're all right. We all feel that way.

Then it came. The noise of it filled the room and hung there. We looked at one another in surprise. Our building had actually been hit. It seemed incredible. I opened the door. The corridor was hazy with smoke. Everything was very quiet now. We decided to go into the street to watch. "Let's not wake them," I suggested. "We'll tell them about it in the morning."

They thought that was a swell idea. We laughed at the thought of England's most brilliant editor and one of America's greatest reporters sleeping through a bombing. We went into the street.

My apartment house is very big. The bomb had fallen on the roof of an extension. The place was burning merrily. The bomb had fallen perhaps four minutes ago but already the auxiliary fire fighters were on hand. Except for the blaze there was no other light and there was no confusion.

"Evacuate the building," their chief said curtly and half a dozen guard men ran inside. That made us mad. It would spoil our joke on Chris and Bill. Then Beattie said, "You know I never thought of it but it might have been dangerous, leaving them there."

I looked at him in amazement. Then I realized what fools we had been. We get so in the habit of thinking objectively of being mere spectators that we can't accept the fact that in a siege like we are undergoing now we, too, might get hurt. We were a little ashamed of ourselves. Chris and Stoneman came out with bathrobes over their pajamas.

"We didn't want to disturb you fellows," I told them lamely. "We knew you needed your sleep."

They just glared. I said that Chris was the most brilliant editor in England. He proved it now. When he was awakened by the home-guard men pounding on his door the room was full of smoke. But Chris is a practical man. Automatically he put on my bathrobe, grabbed a bottle of my whisky, woke up Stoneman and hurried to the street. He held the bottle out to us and we felt ashamed of ourselves. We hadn't thought of the whisky. Maybe that's why we are just reporters and Chris is an editor.

The regular fire department had arrived. They worked quietly and quickly. Within thirty seconds four streams of water were playing on the fire. It was four o'clock now. Ladders were against the building and firemen were carrying hose. People from the apartment house came out in pajamas and bathrobes, some half-dressed, some carrying sleeping children, some carrying dogs. They stood there on the sidewalk watching the firemen work. Home guards were all over, keeping people back so that they couldn't interfere with the workers. Home-guard men went from group to group.

"There is a hotel half a block from here," they said. "There is a shelter there, and mattresses for everybody. Please go there."

The strangely clad army obeyed. The blaze was well under control. The bomb had fallen half an hour ago. In that time a large apartment house had been evacuated, shelters had been found for everyone and what might have been a dangerous fire was practically extinguished. England's civilian army had won another victory.

It was chilly now, and we were thankful to Chris for his thoughtfulness. Stoneman and Beattie went to their offices. This was too good a story not to file right away. There are no cabs in London at night during an air raid. They had to walk.

The dawn came to London now. She was a welcome visitor. It had been a long night. Some fools say that London is an ugly city. They have never seen London at dawn. It was a bright, cheery dawn that did everything but sing. German bombers don't bother us at dawn. London had had a beating during the night but in the dawn we saw no scars.

The firemen rolled up their hose. The home-guard men said cheerfully to one another, "How about a spot of tea?"

The fire was out. Two apartments had been smashed. A dozen windows had been broken. No one had been hurt. We went back into the house. Everything was normal. The telephone girl was still there. The elevator was working. Everyone was smiling and content.

"If that's the best old Jerry can do, we got nothing to worry about," the elevator man said.

London Takes It Calmly

The wail of the sirens cut through the dawn. This was the official "all clear" signal. In a few hours we'd hear the German radio. We'd hear, "London was bombed last night by the German air force. More than twenty terrific fires were caused by bombs exploding. Several important military objectives were destroyed. There were several thousand casualties and there was a terrific panic among the people. Half of London is in ruins."

My apartment is near the roof. I pulled away the black curtains we use to keep any light from showing. I can see half the city from my window. Not a single spiral of smoke was rising anywhere. Chris phoned the Express to find out what damage had been done. We learned that there had been five hundred bombers over the city. The damage? They had scored a direct hit on a boys' school, and a great many children who slept there at night had been killed. They had hit a hospital and thirty women had been killed. They had destroyed a warehouse containing silk and another filled with tea. In all they had killed about five hundred civilians. But civilian lives don't count today. A civilization is at stake.

Now looking over the city at dawn, you could almost see London shake the debris out of her hair. You could see the gallant city looking not down at its scarred streets and its mangled dead but upward toward the sun. It was a new day. London would face it calmly.

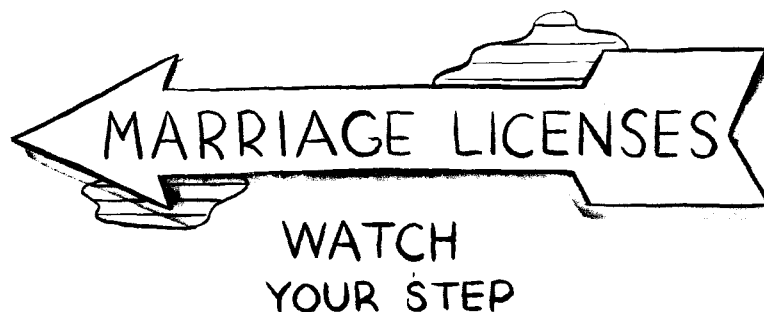
The telephone rang. It was Clayton.

"The boys and I are having a little poker game downstairs," said Tim cheerfully. "How about joining us?"

"This is a fine time to play poker," I told him.

"Any time is a time to play poker," Tim said.

"You have talked me into it, sonny boy," I said. He was right, of course. We had all been gambling with our lives all night. It might be fun to gamble with cards.



FRITZ WILKINSON

And You Know Who I Am

Continued from page 80

SPECIAL "WINTER-CHEK" SERVICE

● Let the Nor'way Anti-Freeze service man "winter-chek" your car. Inspect the cooling system—clean and flush the radiator—install the correct amount of Nor'way.

● Don't delay! Do that—today. Then you can be sure of complete and safe cold weather protection.

NOR'WAY ANTI-FREEZE

ODORLESS—MORE ECONOMICAL

COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 20,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy: The Profession That Pays." LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1048-HA, Chicago. A Correspondence Institution

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES EVERY DAY

A Special Shave Cream—It
Needs No Brush—Not Greasy!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition, Williams, for 120 years makers of fine shaving preparations, has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. Without the usual soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A superabundance of moisture in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly, gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider helps smooth, soften your skin and prevent chapping and roughness.

Free—tube of Glider. Send name, address today. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. EG-18, Glastonbury, Conn. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

The colonel, a man of sagacity, regained his money, but only at the price of Latouche's presence through the run. Once a week he took John's salary from one pocket and solemnly put it in the other, murmuring each time, "Another round for everybody."

This went on for three months, after which came another year of chronic cashlessness. Somehow he managed to appear regularly in the best restaurants, and people didn't seem to mind when he came without a shirt.

Just as he was ready to give up New York, he got a relief job with the Federal Theater and was put to work writing vaudeville acts for bedraggled hoofers, as well as sketches and lyrics for Sing for Your Supper. One poem excited the show's producer, who asked Earl Robinson to compose music for it. Robinson turned out a brilliant score, and when the song, Ballad for Americans, was first sung at rehearsal, the entire cast stood and cheered with patriotic fervor.

Buried under bureaucracy, the show didn't have an audience for many a long month. When it finally did open there was little enthusiasm left in it, and the Ballad might have lain quietly in the dust with the rest of the show and never risen to haunt Mr. Woodrum, if Paul Robeson hadn't heard it and loved it. He sang it everywhere, and it became so closely identified with him that many thought he had written it and Raymond Clapper, a political columnist, wrote: "As nearly as anything that has ever been set to music, this is the voice of the American spirit, seen through the Negro mind."

Latouche was both amused and flattered by this confusion. An admirer of Negro music, he used to express his restlessness by composing "authentic" raves and hollers which he pretended were straight from Chickahominy Swamp, Virginia.

The best is a little number of his, called Come Here, Dog, which John modestly describes as "a devastating picture of aching loneliness." He sang it late at night, screaming across the sleeping city: "It's daaamp in the swaamp, an' Ah'm looo-ne-ly! Come! Here! Dog!"

When his rooming-house neighbors vehemently protested his raving and hollering, Latouche invented a new type of Negro expression—whispers and sighs.

The Ballad Catches On

Latouche and Robinson's Ballad is sometimes confused with Irving Berlin's ditty, God Bless America, which opened the Democratic convention. The main difference is that, while Berlin's composition can be sung by a single voice, Ballad calls for all sorts of choral effects, lyrical questions and answers, and a lynching offstage. As Paul Robeson explained: "Ballad for Americans would be the country's Number One song if a man could sing it alone without sounding as though he were talking to himself."

In spite of this limitation, by the beginning of 1940 the Ballad had really caught on. Thirty thousand Robeson albums had been sold, and N.B.C. was regularly paying Latouche one hundred and fifty dollars per radio script. Producers clamored for material, were profigate with advances, and M-G-M came across with \$6,000 for the rights to the Ballad.

Latouche was in the money and knew just how he wanted to spend it. First he rented a five-room house in

Greenwich Village. It's a parody of a building on a farce of a street, both of which lean thirstily toward the East River. To bring the interior up to the general screwy standard he allowed a young surrealist painter named Jimmy Ernst to run amuck all over the walls, and, as a result, visitors are uncomfortably aware of hands punctured by underdone lamb chops, and Chinese women punctured by underdone hands.

Not satisfied with a house that would haunt a ghost, John set about acquiring a kitchen staff to add class. A certain Jacqueline arrived demanding a position of general factotum. "Can you cook?" John asked. "No, I'm afraid not." Then added brightly: "But I used to be a rumrunner out of Canada." John promptly hired Jack, and is still vainly trying to teach her to cook *champignons à la crème* Charles Septième; a dish of such delicate phrasing that he's sure it would be his favorite—if he could ever get any.

A Slight Misunderstanding

As fan mail grew and work piled up, Latouche developed a desire to possess his own secretary. Just a plain, run-of-the-office girl would never do—so he hired a countess. The countess can't, of course, take shorthand, and her grammar is purely intuitive, but she plays a stunning game of backgammon. "My secretary," John says proudly when confronted by a garbled word, "spells entirely by ear."

She's learning fast, however, and recently John was able to dictate to her his entire Ode to Radio, a twenty-minute poetic invocation which begins humorlessly: "I am the Voice of The Ether." This August the National Association of Broadcasters gave it the largest listening audience anything or anyone has ever had—including President Roosevelt and Hobby Lobby. It was aired over every station in the United States as the N.A.B.'s first gun in its war against the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. The N.A.B. boys thought they had blitzed their enemies—until they read the laughing articles in the morning papers reporting that Latouche was a brand-new member of the opposition.

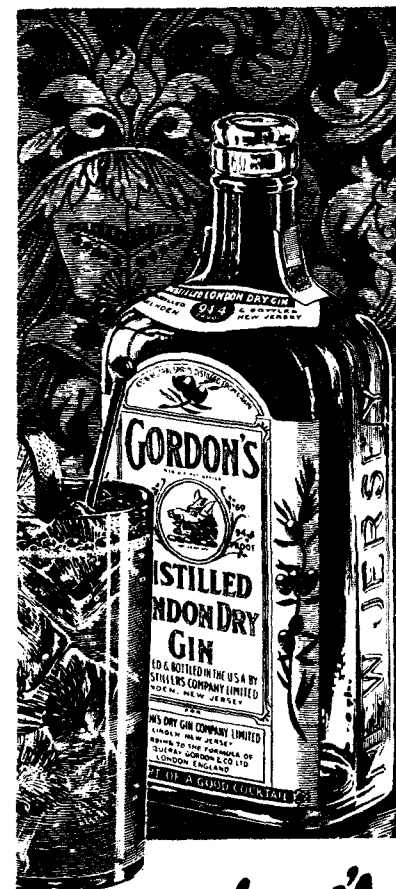
Latouche was right in the middle of a battle royal again. "When I tried to write a song for the people," he says pathetically, "everybody from Wendell Willkie to Henry Ford adopted it as a reactionary anthem. When I tried to write for N.A.B. they immediately turned antiunion and all hell broke loose."

He decided to be gracious about the affair and wrote the president of the broadcasters: "Dear Sir: I made application for membership to ASCAP long before I wrote the Ode. I'm sorry it embarrassed you and would like to return the money you paid me. Enclosed please find my personal check for ten dollars. The nine hundred and ninety seems to have slipped away."

Latouche is going to have more difficulty making time than money this season. He's committed himself to do lyrics for a Negro musical, and George Abbott's version of Much Ado About Nothing; a folk opera with Robinson, a novel to be called Crosstown, and enough other things to drive his agent nearly insane. "There's nothing the guy won't say yes to," he complains, "and nothing that don't turn out wonderful—but, at the same time, all topsy-turvy. It's a gift."

Here's the advantage

DRINKS NEVER
TASTE THIN
WITH
GORDON'S GIN



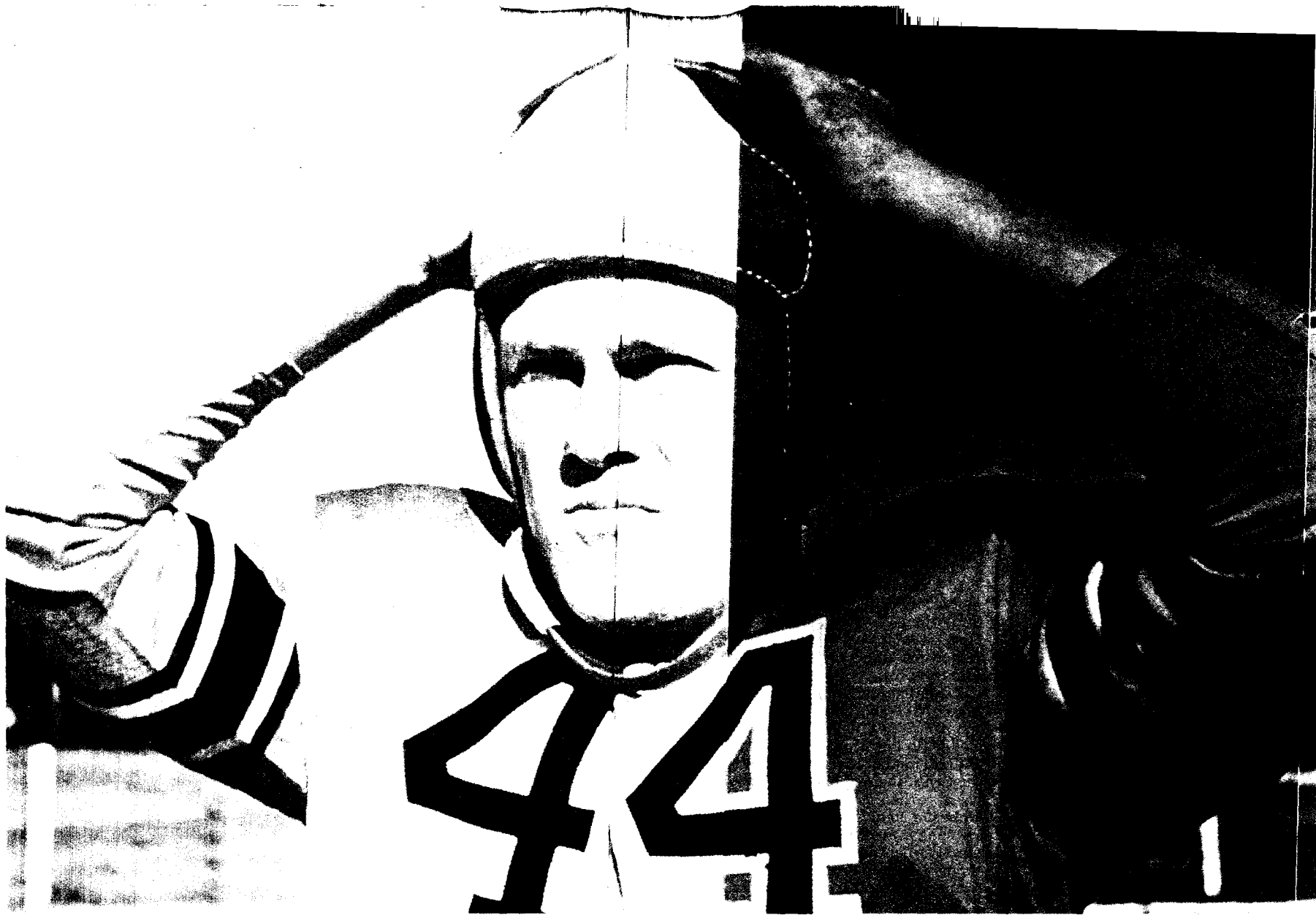
And here's the reason

GORDON'S HAS
THE ADVANTAGE
OF
LIQUEUR QUALITY
& HIGH PROOF
94.4

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits
Distilled from Grain

Copyright 1940, Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd.
Linden, N. J.



All-America Quarterback Paul Christman is a shining example of the quarter who does his own thinking

W E WANT a touchdown!" The old grads of Princeton were jumping up and down in their seats. The undergraduates were yelling themselves hoarse. The coaches were biting their fingernails. It was the beginning of the second half and the score was Princeton 0, Dartmouth 0. Three times in the first half Princeton had marched to the Indians' 20-yard line. Each time they had lost the ball on downs. Dartmouth was being pushed all over the field. Princeton just *had* to score!

The teams lined up for the kickoff. Dartmouth's green tide surged forward—toe met ball. Down the field the pig-skin soared—into the arms of Ken Fairman. The Princeton end sped down the side lines. He twisted—turned—swung his hips. And then he was down. But not until he had reached Princeton's 40-yard line. "Go! Go! Go!" shouted the crowd.

The Princeton team was inspired. They snapped into a huddle and then out of it. The ball was passed to "Kats" Kadlic, the quarterback. Kats faded back and whipped a pass right smack into Fairman's arms, twenty yards down the field. Dartmouth's 20-yard line!

Again a huddle—then a shift to the right. Kadlic had the ball. A shovel pass behind the line to LeVan—good for eight yards! The crowd went wild. The teams lined up once more. Again the ball was snapped to Kadlic. He faded back and feinted a pass to the right. Then he turned and heaved the ball to Fairman, waiting patiently in the end zone.

Princeton had scored! A touchdown in exactly three plays! And it was the only scoring done by either side all afternoon. After it was over, the Tiger rooters, wild with joy, went back to their clubs to celebrate a great victory. Even

Huddle Muddle

By Benny Friedman as told to Bill Davidson

The quarterback of every football team should be a second coach, smart enough to outguess and outplay his opponents. But watch that guy in the backfield next Saturday afternoon—he's just a signal-caller who plays according to the book and gives his brain a rest. It's mostly the coach's fault

the newspapers took up the cry, with column upon column of lavish praise.

But wait a moment. Let's go back and observe this glorious triumph in retrospect. Let me show you how this so-called great victory was one of the most stupid games that has ever been played. Princeton should have won by the margin of four touchdowns or more. Instead, they had to sweat blood to eke out seven points. Why? Because the art of quarterbacking is dead!

A Setup for a Pass

I said before that Princeton was on Dartmouth's 20-yard line three times. All afternoon Dartmouth had been using a seven-man line and a cockeyed box defense in the backfield. This simply means that the two backers-up were so close behind the forward wall that the Indians were using what almost

amounted to a nine-man line. Can you imagine, offhand, any more perfect setup for forward passes or quick kicking? And yet Kadlic, who was a good passer, kept throwing running plays against this impregnable defense.

On each of the three occasions that Princeton got to the twenty, Kats tried a buck on first down, a spinner or off-tackle on second. And only on third down, with about eight yards to go, did he decide to pass. Of course, this was playing strictly according to the book, and Dartmouth was completely prepared. On each occasion, the pass was grounded in the end zone. And on each occasion, Princeton lost the ball and an opportunity to score.

Now, what *should* Kadlic have done? Well, you have your answer already. At the beginning of the second half, he got smart and passed on first down and then did it again. In three plays he had a

touchdown. With Dartmouth's close-up defense, he could have continued to riddle them with passes all afternoon, but instead he went back to his first-half running tactics.

But Kadlic can't really be blamed for this shortsightedness. It's not his fault at all. He is merely the product of the almost universal system of coaching in use today. Coaches do not teach their men to be quarterbacks. They teach them to be signal-callers—to run a team by picking numbers out of a hat.

Consider the Christman Way

A friend of mine once told me that "selling is the art of creating an order where none existed before." In the same way, quarterbacking can be looked upon as the art of creating a touchdown where none existed before. Thus there is the difference between a salesman and an order-taker. And also, in the same way, there is the difference between the quarterback and the signal-caller.

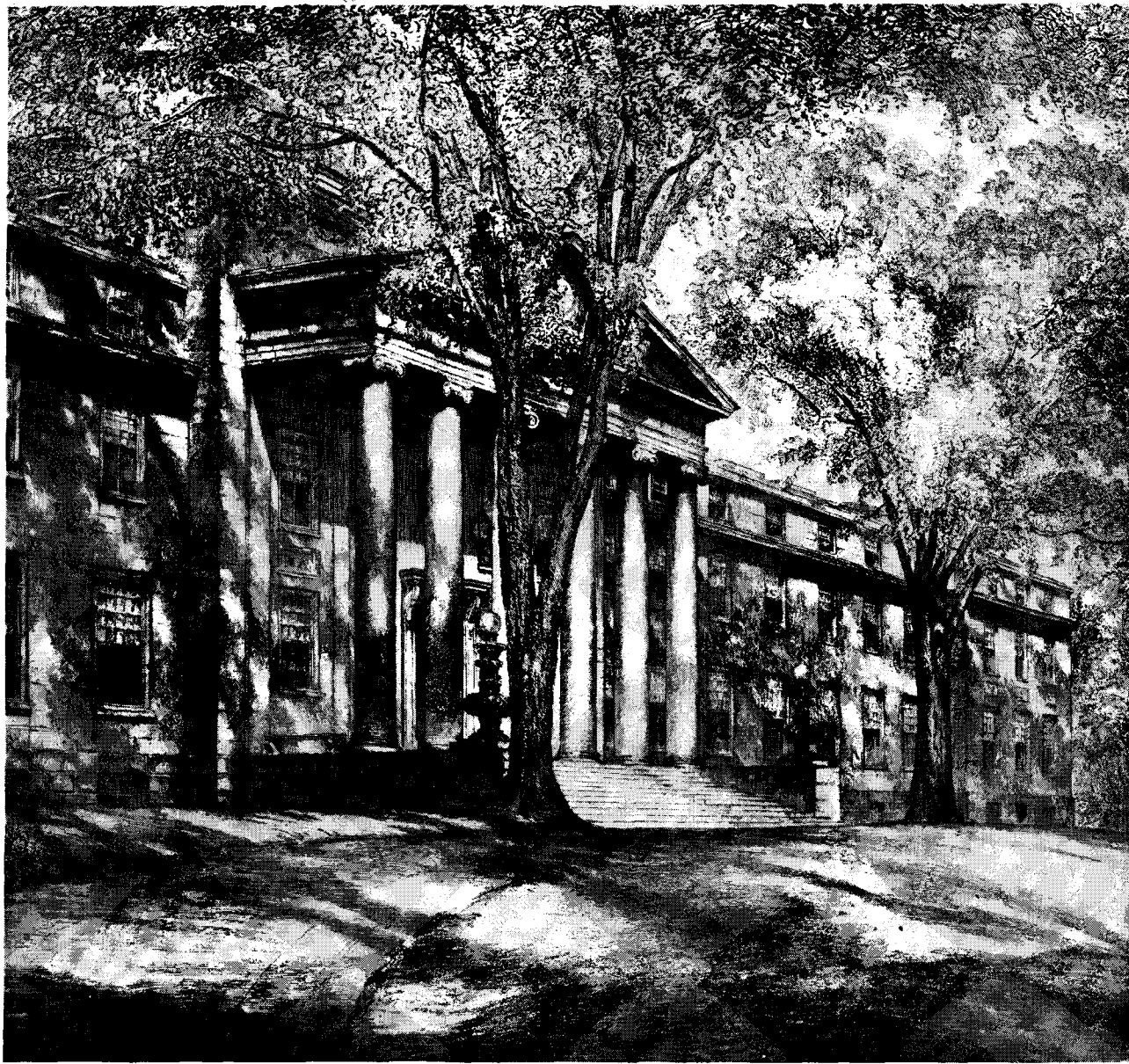
The quarterback plans out master strokes—thinks ahead, plans in advance. He actually creates the possibility for touchdowns. The signal-caller plays according to the formula. He does only what the opposition expects of him.

Now let's take a look at college football today. As I look back over the 1939 season, I can honestly report that the only man I saw all year who could measure up to my standard of a real quarterback was Paul Christman of Missouri. This blond bombshell was known chiefly as a great passer and a better gag man. But he was far more than that. It was he who singlehandedly held a mediocre team together.

Christman's poise on the field was astounding. He had the capacity to stop after a torrid scrimmage and, with a

(Continued on page 96)

1810



1940

Home Office, Hartford, Connecticut

The many protective services of the
Hartford Fire Insurance Company
and the
Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
are available through qualified Hartford agents and brokers
in all parts of the United States.

{ Call Western Union for the name of the
nearest Hartford representative. In Canada,
call Canadian National Telegraphs. }



It's made of steel...*and of mince pies, movie tickets, and a chiffon dress!*

...and all the other things that you...and Mother and Dad...and every other member of the family gave up to save up for that proudest of your family possessions, *your motor-car!*

Now that you've got it...now that your sacrifices have placed that dream-come-true before your doorstep...what will you do to take care of it? To protect your important investment?

Here's the first thing for you to think about: underneath that shining hood is the heart and soul of your car...the motor. And that's where the *vital* matter of the right oil comes in.

The difference in cost between just oil and the *finest* oil is trifling. But compare the difference in performance?...ah! that's no trifle.

And remember, only a part of this difference is immediately apparent...part of it shows up months and even years later in repair bills you may never have to pay...in a higher trade-in allowance you may some day collect on an old car that has stayed miraculously young.

To make Quaker State, the cream of Pennsylvania crude is processed in four great modern refineries under impressively precise methods of control.

But you can forget the technicalities if you will just remember the name...Quaker State. And the green-and-white service station sign! Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Quaker State Winter Oils and Superfine Lubricants, especially made for cold-weather driving, are now available everywhere.
BE PREPARED!

QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OIL
CERTIFIED GUARANTEED

Retail price
35¢ per quart

Trust your car to the Oil of **CHARACTER**

Continued from page 19

kindly and gentle while they squeeze the country dry of clothing and money and food. Four hundred million francs a day the Frenchmen pay as indemnity to the conquerors. That's almost nine million dollars a day. That's nearly twice more than it would have cost France to keep armies fighting in the field. That is more money than there is in all of France but these things are not apparent until you are home and start thinking really hard.

There are beds for the children and for the parents as well. Strangely, there is no hostility toward the German army, or very little. Man can only contain just so much bitterness. After that he is numb, first, and then mercifully he is filled with compassion.

What bitterness and hatred there is in the hearts of Frenchmen, of all Frenchmen except those who rule in Vichy and their handful of satellites, is turned mostly against the men who betrayed France. Their deception was so great it left the true men of France stunned and insensate in their misery. Their dark faces are turned against those who tricked them.

They have not yet recovered sufficiently to feel the weight of the *occupa-zen*. They don't know, yet, what it costs. They do know their armies never met the enemy, that there were only some 50,000 French casualties and two million prisoners. They know that there was no war.

They know their armies were dispersed like chaff in the wind, and that Frenchmen, of their own race, their own blood, were responsible. The German soldiers they see didn't fight their way to Paris over the bodies of their fallen sons and brothers. They came like tourists, driving through retreating armies. They know the French soldier was valorous, but they learn from any who return, now, that they never saw the German army until the retreat was days old and the advancing Reichswehr passed them on their way south.

Government That Means Nothing

They think of Pierre Laval and his shuffled government in Vichy. They remember what he has stood for all these years, that small dark Basque, that "honest broker" of the Ethiopian deal who couldn't say "no" to Benito Mussolini. There is nothing between the people of France and their government with its Nazi-inspired anti-Semitism and its incomprehensible Fascism.

France is governed now by minor civil servants and mayors of small communities and those little men, the police officials. In the occupied territory they work closely with the German officers who are genuinely eager to help and restore normality. In the south of France their orders come from other civil servants in Vichy, from regional superiors and bureaucratic functionaries.

They are without communication facilities, even the government having limited telephone privileges and the right to send only two hundred letters daily instead of the usual two thousand or more.

Politically minded Frenchmen are completely disoriented now, but as completely unconcerned with politics. There is a universal will to see all leaders of recent years, in the army and in politics, dead—shot before a wall. They've turned against Gustave Gamelin and Edouard Daladier and Paul Reynaud. They hate the Laval, the Bonnets. Laval and those who surround him are considered by the French to be "above

or below or beyond the problem of today" which is their way of saying those men are not what France needs. The French want someone to revitalize France, to make it live again, as a land of free men. This is an articulate passion. Many of those whose heads they want are in Vichy.

It is to General Charles de Gaulle the men of France turn as their leader. It does not matter where the Frenchman lives, in the occupied or unoccupied areas. That frontier between the two sections of the country, which may be wiped out any day, anyhow, does not separate Frenchmen from Frenchmen. One must remember that, always.

To all Frenchmen, De Gaulle is something more than an officer who wanted to continue the war at England's side. He has begun to acquire that spiritual power which government plays in the minds and hearts of citizens. Nothing is expected of Laval and his perpetually shuffled cabinet. Everything is expected of De Gaulle.

Laval and his government continue to be treated with contempt by the Germans in Paris. Vichy has no dignity or function and practically no significance as a government. But De Gaulle is a proud banner and each day that banner's colors grow brighter and acquire a deeper significance.

The burden of the indemnity is only a small, visible part of the load Frenchmen carry. There is before them a terrible winter with no hope of succor from any side. The four hundred million francs a day they pay to Germany is trifling compared to the invisible debt being piled up in another way—with the circulation of German monkey money.

These marks, called "Krediton Case," must be accepted by French merchants at a fixed artificial parity of one mark for twenty francs. None can refuse, under penalty of immediate imprisonment. One mark, therefore, would be worth about 50 American cents at normal exchange rates. In Germany a mark is worth only a few pennies. But in France it buys a half dollar's worth. It is the biggest piece of *legal* organized looting known to history.

German officers of whom you ask: "Who's going to foot the bill for these Krediton Case marks?" say to you, smirking, "Only the Banque de France and the Reichsbank can answer that." The amount of marks already in circulation constitutes a fabulous sum.

Some idea of the punitive power of this monkey money can be had from the case of Lyon. In a few days the amount spent by the Germans there equaled one and a half billion francs and represented the value of trainloads of goods, including everything from great works of art to sardines and pots of pickles. The Banque de France redeemed the monkey money, but to do

this with all the Krediton Case marks would tax the powers of revenue of the United States government itself.

Some officers in Paris, when you inquire insistently about who's going to foot the bill, eventually, will tell you "the Bank of England, *mein freund*."

German officers and soldiers, lean on luxury and hungry for the good things of life, have stripped French shops of all those things denied them in the Fatherland. Many Paris shops are now closed, their stocks sold out to German buyers. Clothes are very scarce in Germany. Women are allowed but five pairs of silk stockings per year. Men are granted, for instance, one hundred "clothing tickets," or coupons, each year. One suit costs 65 credits out of the hundred. This leaves little for articles like ties and socks and underwear. The looters are getting those things in France.

National Nostalgia

It is impossible now to buy a pair of silk hose for your girl in Paris. It is almost as difficult to find shoes, coats, or other articles of apparel. Great department stores like Galeries Lafayette may have to close before winter sets in. Their stocks are depleted despite the fact that all put in large stocks when they saw war coming on.

Problems they have many, the French, but their one great desire is to go home. You ask men like Leon Rollin, for years general manager of the Havas News Agency and one of the best-informed men in all France, what is the national will and he says to you, "To go home . . . home . . ."

He sits in his garden in Vichy on this Sunday afternoon, a few blocks from the Hotel Duparc where the Lavalas are gathered. His eyes burn with the light of patriotism. He was wondering whether he could reach America—that was just after the armistice.

Behind him Rollin could look to a brilliant career, devoted to telling Frenchmen the truth within the limits of his powers to obtain it from conniving politicians. He sat there, conscious of the disorder and chaos beyond the wall of his garden.

He's in London now, at the side of De Gaulle. How he managed it I don't know, but he did. How he hated Laval and the Old Marshal and all of those who quit! Of Laval he said, "Why, the man simply isn't French, that's all. He has none of the Frenchman's reactions. He is above or below or beyond our problem. He isn't of it."

He was bitter that six million Frenchmen, women and children live as gypsies in the south of France, out of touch with the rest of their country.

He was bitter, too, and you could see it in the fierce restraint in his voice and the embers his eyes held, toward Old Marshal Pétain. If the Old Marshal, he said, named his horse as his successor as Caligula the Cruel did, people would read about it in the morning papers and they would say, "Well, well, how odd." It was obvious Rollin wasn't being flippant. You remember, of course, that the Romans thought Caligula was mad when he appointed his horse as Consul of Rome.

Rollin was angry for what had happened in the past—the graft, the corruption, the ineptitude of the leaders—he was apprehensive for the future. But he was unafraid.

He went to London, somehow.

You see, only a few Frenchmen signed the armistice. Only a few accepted it. There are others left to fight, maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon.

MY GOOD MAN -
NOBODY PUTS IN
ANTI-FREEZE BEFORE
CLEANING OUT WITH
SANI-FLUSH!



Before you put in anti-freeze, be sure your radiator is clean. Clean out the rust, sludge and sediment that are clogging the delicate veins of the cooling system. You can do it yourself with Sani-Flush for 10c (25c for the largest trucks and tractors).

Just pour in Sani-Flush. Run the engine. Drain, flush and refill (*directions on the can*). Then your radiator is ready for a winter of carefree driving. The motor won't overheat. You don't lose power or waste fuel. Use Sani-Flush before you put in anti-freeze. Or ask your garage or service station to do the job for you. Insist on Sani-Flush. It cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bath-rooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

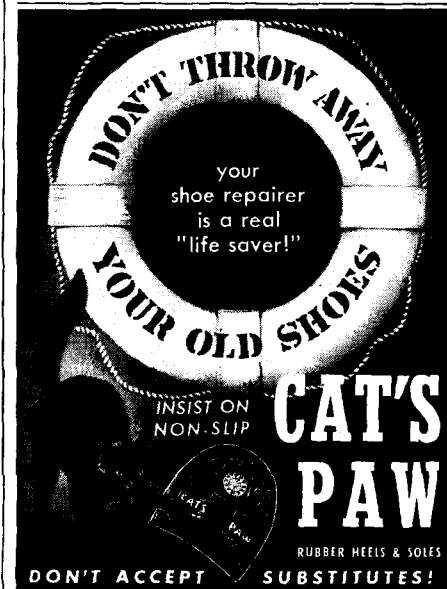
Sani-Flush *Safe NOT CAUSTIC*
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

**WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE—
WITHOUT CALOMEL**

—And You'll
Jump Out of Bed
in the Morning
Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.



**MR.
WILLKIE'S
CHANCES**

By
Walter Davenport
IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S



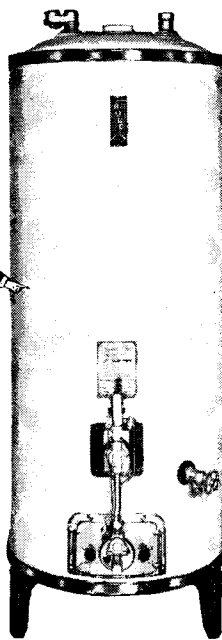
DON'T LIVE IN A
"ONE-BATH" HOUSE... GET A
RUUD GAS
WATER HEATER WITH A
MONEL TANK!

Every dog has his day for a bath. But it needn't be at the expense of the master of the house. A Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heater with a Monel Tank will insure enough hot water for everybody — including the dog.

Bathe alone and like it! Climb into a bath of just the right temperature. Treat yourself to water that is crystal clear — never discolored by rust. Thank your stars that the Monel tank is 100% rust proof — solid Monel throughout, not coated or clad. That's why it's guaranteed for twenty years against leaks or failure due to rust or corrosion.

This is the day to see your gas company, plumber, or dealer in bottled or tank gas and learn how easy it is to bring Monel-protected Ruud Hot Water to your home. And don't forget — Ruud Water Heaters burn gas, the modern economy fuel.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
73 Wall Street New York, N. Y.



STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Collier's, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 1st, 1940. State of New York, County of New York, ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. E. Winger, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of Collier's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and treasurer are: Publisher, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio; Editor, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Charles Colebaugh, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Treasurer, A. E. Winger, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; Stockholders Owning 1% or More of Stock: Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, Easton, Md.; Frederick W. Jaeger, Jr., Jersey City, N. J.; E. T. Sanders, Jersey City, N. J.; Flora E. Whiting, New York, N. Y.; Publication Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Publication Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; W. Roosevelt Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) A. E. Winger, Treasurer. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of September, 1940. (Seal.) Michael J. Ducey. (My commission expires March 30, 1942.)

NOTE—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

Huddle Muddle

Continued from page 92

cold, methodical precision, plot his plays in advance—exactly like a master chess player. He would say to himself, "Let's see, now. A wide sweep to the right, a short forward pass to the right and an end-around play will put us at such and such a spot on the field. That will be a perfect setup for old KF-79. And KF-79 is always a 3-to-1 shot for a touchdown when used in that spot. Okay, let's try it!"

Then he would gather the team around and call the play. A few moments later, Missouri would have a touchdown—on none other than old KF-79. The crowd and the newspapermen in the stands would go wild, but none of them would realize that KF-79 was planned three plays in advance.

But alas, Paul Christman is the last of a fast-disappearing species. The great quarterbacks of the past few years can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Reilly Smith of Alabama and Dutch Clark of Colorado are the only ones I can think of without going into exhaustive research. As for the thousands of other so-called quarterbacks who dot the landscape of our fair country each autumn, they are not quarterbacks at all. They are signal-callers. It is too much for them to think beyond the next first down and first downs don't go up on the scoreboard. They depend upon the coach to send in a substitute with instructions for every possible strategy that might develop. Fielding Yost once said that a good quarterback is like another coach on the field. A signal-caller of the present-day breed is far from that. He is just another player, another cog, in the coach's machine.

But, let's see. What are the requisites of a good quarterback?

The two fundamental rules of quarterbacking are (1) to look the defense over carefully to spot possible flaws, players out of position, then to do something to meet the situation—(2) to play for position, not only in relation to the goal posts, but also in relation to the side lines.

Now, the first of these two rules is sheer heresy, from the textbook point of view. The textbook, for instance, says that in your own territory you try two running plays and then punt. Most college teams are taught to play that way—to play by the book. And yet is it not sheer logic that the most effective way would be to try to outwit the opposition with the unexpected, rather than to overpower them with the expected?

Do the Unexpected

Just a few years back, for instance, Detroit was playing the Giants in New York. Dutch Clark, the Lions' quarterback, had been fooling the New York team with one play all afternoon. Clark would fade back, and the Detroit right half at the same time would float along behind the line of scrimmage. The right halfback would then take a shovel pass from Clark and plow through a hole off left tackle. This play was good for sizable gains every time.

But after a while, the defensive left halfback of the Giants saw what was happening. And he began to rush over to tackle the Detroit right half when he came through the line of scrimmage. Well, that was fatal. As Fielding Yost put it—he was one of Barnum's disciples—a sucker. Clark's eagle eye caught this, and this is what happened on the very next play: The same play was called, and the Giants' left halfback rushed over just as he had done before.

The Detroit right end went through the motions of blocking his tackle. Then he sped like a deer into the territory foolishly vacated by the Giants' left half. Clark faked throwing the shovel pass, but did not let the ball go. Instead he turned and nonchalantly whipped a forward pass directly into the arms of his right end. There wasn't an opponent within a radius of ten yards, and he scored standing up.

Look the defense over—and do the unexpected!

The art of quarterbacking is similar to the art of feinting in boxing. The idea is to feint, feint, feint—to lull the opposition into making one mistake, one opening. And then—bang! In boxing it's a knockout, scored with what seems to be a single blow. In football it's a touchdown. And yet, with very few exceptions, there isn't a quarterback today or a boxer today who knows how to feint an opponent out of position.

You Can Always Go Sideways

As a matter of fact, the concept of checking one's brains on the side lines and playing according to rote is so deeply ingrained in teams that sometimes a quarterback who wants to use his head has trouble with his own men. I'll never forget one game when I was playing with the Giants against the Chicago Bears. We were leading 6 to 0 at the time, but there were only seven minutes to go and we were in a tough spot. Chicago had just punted and we were hopelessly stuck in the coffin-corner right smack on the four-yard line.

First I tried two running plays. These gained exactly three yards. It was third down and seven to go. Obviously, the only thing to do was to punt. But I looked up and noticed something. Chicago was expecting the kick, of course. And the defensive left halfback had dropped all the way back to the safety man to help cover the field and return the punt. And the backer-upper on the left side, moreover, had moved in close to help rush the kicker. In other words, there was a gaping hole on the left side. It might have been lunacy, but I called for a pass into the evacuated territory.

Sedbrook was our right halfback, and on the particular play that I called it was his job to run down and out to the flank and receive my forward pass. The teams lined up. The ball was snapped. I took the pigskin and faded back. But when I looked up and made ready to heave, there was no Sedbrook in sight. He had completely and utterly disappeared! And there I was standing behind my own goal line with two ends and a pair of tackles charging in on me. I thought we were ruined.

But then a miracle happened. I suddenly spotted Munn, our right end, going down the field. He was free! I muttered a prayer and whipped the ball directly at him. The startled Munn looked up just in time to see the pigskin as it dropped into his arms. The Chicago safety man tackled him just short of midfield.

Well, I walked downfield madder than blazes and Sam Sedbrook extricated himself from a terrific pile-up. He walked up to me with a big grin on his face. "Boy, what a block I threw on that play!" He looked at my scowl. Then he looked and saw the ball in our possession down near the middle of the field. "Hey! What happened?" he gasped. As gently as I could, I reminded him that on the last play he was supposed to have received a pass.

"But, Benny!" he shrieked. "Are you

crazy? A pass on *third* down behind our own goal line!"

I still believe that's one of the reasons for the premature grayness around my temples.

The second of the two tenets of quarterbacking, playing for position between the side lines, is really just a variation of the first, but it is more simple. It's just as Fielding Yost used to say, "A team may be able to stop you from going up and down the field, but they can't stop you from going sideways." A good quarterback knows this. He knows that if he can work the ball sideways to a certain spot, with the right or left side line as a reference, he can then pull out a touchdown play that almost always works. In other words, it's just thinking in advance all over again . . . playing chess, with your team as pawns.

Numbers out of a Hat

There's Michigan's famous "Old 83," for instance. I've been asked about that dozens of times. Mal Stevens told me that Missouri had a play much like it and used it the way we did. Christman would maneuver this team to the left of the goal posts about fifteen yards from the side line, when they got down near the 20-yard line. Then he would pull the crusher and it would score for them seven times out of ten!

The ball would be snapped to the tailback, who would hit straight into the line, just left of center, as if it were an ordinary power smash. The center, however, instead of blocking after snapping the ball, would step back and turn around. As the tailback crashed past, he would slip the ball to the center, underhand. The entire interference would swing to the right or wide side of the field. This was the obvious and seemingly only possible thing to do. There was no room for a play on the other side. It was too close to the side line.

But—! The Missouri wingback on the right or wide side of the field would come swinging around to the left all by himself—as if it were a deep reverse. The center would then lateral the ball to the wingback, who would promptly scoot down the side line, completely unmolested. His only job would be to outrace the safety man to the corner of the end zone. Every other man on the defense would invariably be sucked over to the wide side, expecting the only possible play to be there.

And that was like famous Old 83. Old

84 was the exact same thing used on the right side of the field. Either of them invariably worked because of the fundamentally sound psychology on which they were based. The defensive end and backer-up on the side-line side would subconsciously feel that the side line was their aid. . . . And especially did they feel that way when the play began to move, as they expected, to the wide side. It almost always happened that both of them would come tearing in hell-bent-for-leather, to make the tackle. The result? A tremendous hole was opened up between the line of scrimmage and the side line. And that's all a good team needs to break up a ball game.

There are other 83's and 84's in the quarterback's bag of tricks. Hundreds of them. But to the gentlemen who call the signals, they are just so many numbers precisely like the rest, to be pulled out of a hat and used at the exact moment when the opposition expects them.

Coaches have realized this lack of "another coach on the field." Make no mistake about that. And they try to circumvent this lack by countless innovations. In recent years, most coaches have had their teams play for first downs—letting the touchdowns take care of themselves. Thus it is push, pull and smash, with no strategy or quarterbacking needed. And how many of you know that the huddle is also an outgrowth of the scarcity of good quarterbacks?

Yes, the huddle is only about twelve years old. Back in 1928, I saw Chick Meehan's great New York University team use his spectacular military huddle for the first time. After the game I spoke to Chick about it. "Say, that's a great show you put on for the folks out there. I'm going to tip off Ziegfeld about you."

"Benny, don't kid me at a time like this," lamented Chick. "I had to do it because I haven't got a quarterback. I figure that's the best way for them to get their signals straight."

And that's the way it is. The huddle and the intricate backfield maneuvers in use today are meant to cover up a fundamental weakness. It makes for a good show, but it's one of the silliest features in the game of football.

That's the situation, and the coaches know it. But what do they do? They dance about the streets shouting at the top of their voices, "The quarterbacks are dead—long live the signal-callers."

How "Tired Pop" lost his alibi!



2. It's simply by drinking a food that fights fatigue...Knox Gelatine. Mom got the idea when she read of hundreds of men and women who took the Knox 28-day test.* 2 out of 3 who started, and 9 out of 10 who completed it, reported tiredness definitely reduced. They drank the Knox Gelatine Mom uses for salads and desserts.

*23 different occupational groups took the test. Included were both mental and manual workers...salesmen, electricians, typists, physicians, housewives.



3. If you are tired because you aren't getting the right protein...try drinking Knox Gelatine. It's all protein.

Drink 4 envelopes a day for the first 2 weeks, then 2 envelopes a day for following 2 weeks. Thereafter, take as needed. Stir contents of envelope into $\frac{3}{4}$ glass of water or fruit juice. Drink immediately. (Directions in every package.) Knox is tasteless. For details on the Knox Build-Up Plan, write for free Knox Bulletin, Knox Gelatine Co., Dept. 70, Johnstown, N. Y.



Knox Gelatine

A FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

LET MEDICO BE YOUR NEXT PIPE
The wisest dollar you ever spent



With its 66 Baffle filter, FRANK MEDICO accomplishes what no other pipe has ever achieved. Ask any man who smokes one.



WHO SAID GOOD BLADES HAVE TO BE HIGH-PRICED?

Single Edge 15 for 25¢

Marlin
HIGH-SPEED
BLADES

20 FOR 25¢

GUARANTEED BY THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FREE: WEEK'S SUPPLY. SINGLE OR DOUBLE EDGE. WRITE TODAY!

TRUTH ABOUT CORNS

• Corns are caused by pressure and friction. But now it's easy to remove them. Fit a Blue-Jay pad over the corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special medication acts on corn, gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. By avoiding pressure and friction that caused corn, you can prevent its return. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS



"Two-thread chiffon, cotton tops—59¢ special"

WM. VON RIEGEN

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director



How About All That Gold?

THE United States' hoard of monetary gold has increased this year by more than \$3,000,000,000, and the year has still a longish way to go.

Our total monetary gold holding hit 18 billions last February 2d, 19 on May 20th, 20 on July 2d, and 21 on September 9th. The September 9th leap put more than 70 per cent of the world's entire stock of monetary gold in our hands. We use the word "our" only figuratively. Actually, the gold is in the Fort Knox, Kentucky, vaults and various other vaults and mints around the country, and thoroughly sequestered from your, our or any other private citizen's hands.

It's mostly the result, of course, of our gold-devaluation step of February 1, 1934, when the United States government announced that it was going to buy gold until further notice at \$35 an ounce, as against the previous \$20.67.

The further notice never has come; and now there are those who say we'll eventually have 99 per cent of the world's monetary gold. There are also those who say that about that time the rest of the nations will repudiate gold as money and start using poker chips, canceled postage stamps or prettily colored shells for money, leaving us to hold the bag.

Are we fated to act out this Midaslike story? There's no guarantee that we shan't. But there is serious doubt of it.

For all the formal going off the gold standard which England started in September, 1931, gold is still the only money that buys things everywhere in the civilized world. It's still a rare metal. Most important of all, practically everybody wants gold, and would rather use gold for money than any other commodity.

Our real gold threat, it's pretty generally agreed by people who know something about gold, lies in another quarter.

Our main trouble is that the politicians have complete control over our huge and still growing gold hoard. They got that control when gold hoarding was forbidden and all monetary gold in circulation called in, back in 1933. The politicians haven't let go since then, and most likely won't let go until public opinion pries their hooks loose from the gold.

Not that they've mishandled the gold, or stolen a grain or a sliver of it; that isn't the point. It's their power to clip the gold dollar's value that threatens our economic stability.

The politicians have already clipped the gold dollar's value from 100 cents to 59.04 cents, which was what happened when they hiked the purchase price of gold from \$20.67 to \$35 an ounce in 1934. There is at present nothing to keep them from doing it again when they feel the need of another operation on the currency.

They would feel that need if our national debt should get so big as to set a lot of people squawking about it louder than many people have yet squawked. The politicians could then clip the dollar again, say to 50¢ gold or even less. This slash would give them a "profit," which they could apply to the national debt—a few days before some national election, probably. The thing could go on as long as the people stood for it, under the present setup of exclusive politician power over gold.

These currency clippings would be so many solar plexus blows to holders of life insurance policies, bank accounts, annuities, bonds (private and public), and all other forms of debt. The debts would be payable in progressively less valuable dollars. The end of it would be financial and business chaos, hitting all of us right where we live; and the end of that would be some kind of dictatorship dedicated to picking up the pieces.

We need to put a check on this politician control over our gold. The only way to do that effectively, according to the most respected students of the subject, is to bring back gold coins into circulation. We should re-democratize

gold—rescue it from the dictatorship under which it now lives in this country—so that the people can have a hand in managing their own monetary gold supply. The right should be restored to "hoard" gold when the politicians get too willing to toss it to the four winds.

A movement to restore gold to circulation is building up in Congress. We hope it will have unmistakable backing by the general public, until it wins.

Hoe Your Own Row

WHEN seventeen years of age, Mrs. Sweeney turned, as did many young girls, to stenography as a means of earning money. She undertook to excel in this for itself, not just cope with it as a means of admittance to other occupations.

The above quotation is from a recent New York Times article about a lady named Mrs. Fanny S. Sweeney.

Mrs. Sweeney made her startling decision 26 years ago. Now, she heads a concern known as the Master Reporting Company, which reports conventions, meetings of all kinds, even family reunions. Her company has made verbatim reports of speeches by every American President since Theodore Roosevelt, plus reports of other speeches and to-dos to a total of 15,000. Mrs. Sweeney has a staff of 39 expert stenographers, and it is evident that she is feeling no pain financially.

All this happened because when she started out she determined to hoe her own row in life and make the best of it, rather than fix her eyes and heart on far fields that looked greener than they probably were.

We see no need to dilate on the moral of Mrs. Sweeney's saga. She's simply a gal who tried out the simplest success formula in the world, and one of the surest. Yet people who have the gumption to give the hoe-your-own-row formula a fair tryout are as rare as—well, as really good stenographers.

ROBBERY IN AN ORCHID JUNGLE

1. "Imagine pounding through deadly jungle, shot at with poisoned arrows, plagued by insects, snakes, and savage animals—all for an orchid named *Cattleya Gigas Alba*!" begins a letter from an orchid collector. "And I almost returned from my 5,000-mile trip without one!"

2. "After a week in the orchid jungles of Colombia, where orchids of every description hung like a debutante's dream, I still hadn't been able to find a single one of the rare species I was after. I probably never would have found one, if a monkey hadn't stolen into our provisions and escaped with some precious groceries."

3. "With binoculars and gun, I tried to locate the thief, but the jungle had me licked. I was about to put the binoculars away when I suddenly saw, hidden among an unusually large mass of common orchids, the rare one I wanted! When I had it safely packed away, out came a bottle of Canadian Club we'd brought from Barranquilla. I imagine Canadian Club has been enjoyed in some strange settings, but never has it been enjoyed more thoroughly or in a more beautiful setting than it was that day in the orchid jungles of Colombia!"

CHANGE TODAY, AS THOUSANDS HAVE
Taste for yourself why more Americans drink Canadian Club than any other Imported Whisky

WHY do *twice* as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did a few years ago? Why have they changed to this rare, imported whisky?

The answer is in Canadian Club's utterly *distinctive* flavor—its all-round agreeable nature—that surprises and delights *all* tastes. Men themselves say Canadian Club is "*light* as Scotch," "*rich* as rye," "*satisfying* as bour-

bon." Yet it has a delicious flavor all its own.

In Scotland, as in U.S.A., Canadian Club is the leading imported whisky. It is a favorite in 87 lands. Discover why, for yourself. Just try this unusual whisky in your usual drink, and taste the pleasing difference. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today! Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS
WHISKY-WISE
MEN ASK FOR

"Canadian
Club"

6 YEARS OLD



"Yes, sir, the slower-burning cigarette is aces with me. I like all those extras in Camels including the extra smoking"

STRATOSPHERE PIONEER "TOMMY" TOMLINSON,
VICE-PRESIDENT and CHIEF ENGINEER of TWA



Just before the maiden transcontinental flights of America's first Stratoliners—stratosphere ace D. W. ("Tommy") Tomlinson (center) takes time to enjoy a slow-burning Camel with pilots Otis F. Bryan (left) and John E. Harlin (right).



He outflew the weather for Extra Speed

IN THIS "FLYING TEST TUBE," above, "Tommy" Tomlinson pioneered the newest wonder of air travel—the Stratoliner. In rain, snow, hail, and sleet, he "asked for trouble" to prove that high-altitude planes can fly over most bad weather—achieve *extra comfort* and *extra speed*. He likes flying...likes Camel cigarettes: "There's never a time—no matter how much I smoke—that I don't get a fresh thrill out of a slow-burning Camel. That extra flavor is always welcome."

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

He turned to Camels' for Extra Mildness

TWENTY YEARS—7,000 hours of flying—more hours above 30,000 feet than any other flyer. 19 national records for speed and endurance. That's the flying log of "Tommy" Tomlinson above. His smoking log would read: "I wanted more mildness in my cigarette. I changed to Camels and got what I wanted—extra mildness with a grand flavor."

Skill, vision, perseverance...

The qualities of the pioneer—"Tommy" Tomlinson has them all—in extra measure. Mildness, coolness, flavor—the qualities of a fine cigarette—Camels have them all...with that extra measure of each that has made them America's favorite.

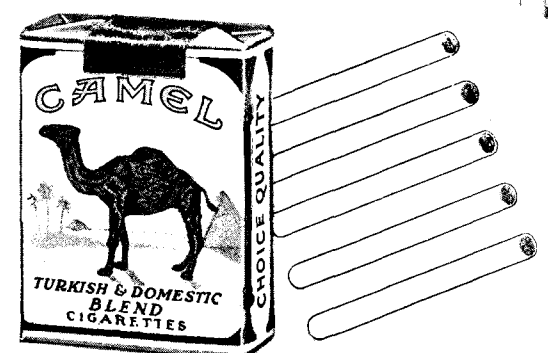
Fast or slow?

The way your cigarette burns does make a difference. Slower-burning Camels give you the natural mildness and coolness of costlier tobaccos *plus* the freedom from excess heat and irritating qualities of too-fast burning. Before you take it for granted you're getting all the pleasure there is to be had in a cigarette, try Camels. Get the extras—including extra smoking per pack (see right).

EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**



GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS